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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1848.

ART. I.—*Novum Organum; or, True Suggestions for the Interpretation of Nature.* By FRANCIS LORD VERULAM. London: Pickering. 1844.

THAT ‘the Organon(1) of Bacon(2) was not designed(3) to supersede(4) the Organon(5) of Aristotle’(6), is a well-known axiom, ‘opinor omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus esse,’ thanks to the logic, the confessedly ‘popular’ logic, of Doctor Whately.¹ It is a pleasing paradox, in these self-opinionated, would-be-enlightened days, to find the literary world composedly acquiescing in the dictum of a superior ecclesiastic, especially one so Proteus-like and variable as he who now presides over the sister metropolis. We might argue well, *à fortiori*, for the judgment of a Butler or a Berkeley upon a like subject.

Unfortunately, however, the meaning of the above dictum is by no means as clear as it appears; our arch-logician maintains it may ‘be regarded as at least six different propositions: ‘If the word numbered (1) were in italics, it would leave us at ‘liberty to suppose that Bacon might have designed to supersede ‘by “some” work of his the Organon of Aristotle, but not by his ‘own Organon; if number (2) were in italics, we should understand the author to be contending that, whether or no any ‘“other” author had composed an Organon with such a design, ‘Bacon, at least, did not; if number (3), then we should understand him to maintain that, whether Bacon’s Organon does or ‘does not supersede Aristotle’s, no such “design,” at least, was ‘entertained; and so with the rest.’ Truly, this is to surpass the inspired Pythian herself! *Κροῖσος* “*Ἄλυν διαβὰς*, &c. is a complete joke to it. We are once more thrown upon the wide sea, and that which we had fondly deemed our polar-star, as well from its altitude as from the decisive characteristics it exhibited, is discovered to be a vague meteor, not less fallacious

¹ Elements of Logic, p. 98.

and wanton than the *ignis fatuus* which, in a far lower sphere, plays over the bogs and morasses of the Emerald Isle. This perplexity does not, however, seem to have harassed the public mind; nobody seems to have regarded the question as one of the least importance. Bacon, it is tacitly agreed upon all hands, did very well for the age in which he lived; what he thought, said, or wrote, it is, in the present advanced age, superfluous to inquire; and, in the present instance, such a conclusion may commend itself to our acceptance with a twofold force; as to hold the above proposition, in any sense, would involve a careful perusal of the *Organon* of Aristotle, as well as of Bacon, both, it is to be feared, equally consigned to the shelf by far the greater proportion of the classical world. But, after all, it is not Bacon's *Organon* only that we would fain rescue from oblivion—in the writings or the mind of the great author, it is by no means to be regarded as a single work; it is, indeed, the key-stone to the arch, and the foundation of the entire superstructure; but it is, at the same time, but a part of the whole—but a compendium of the ultimate principles to which the details may be traced; nor must we forget to contemplate the stately trunk and widely disseminated branches, while we scrutinize, with wonder and amazement, the deeply-fixed tap-root of the British oak. To quote the poet inversely—

‘Tantum vertice ad auras
Æthereas, quantum radice in Tartara tendit.’

‘Very apt, indeed, the last half of the lines especially,’ says a disciple of Cudworth, or a glowing admirer of the late reaction towards a more Catholic spirit, ‘as applied to Bacon. I have always considered him the Coryphæus of the sceptical philosophers and free-thinkers of the last century.’—‘Doubtless you have, good sir,’ it is returned; ‘but have you ever examined the writings of him you calumniate?’

We have introduced these reflections somewhat familiarly, but we intend them not the less seriously. Like many more master-minds, Bacon has not only been misinterpreted, but ignorantly traduced. Many that profess to follow him have a mere general idea, that he was to science what our reformers were to religion; and these they have already demonstrated, as they imagine, by a like barefaced assumption, to have totally disowned and reprobated the doctrine, ceremonies, and practices of the Church anterior to the Reformation. It is not more wonderful that they who virtually deny many parts of the Book of Common Prayer should delude themselves into the notion that they hold the self-same doctrinal views as those who framed it, than that those who advocate a universal scepticism should

claim to be treading in his footsteps who first advocated upon particular subjects the right of a free inquiry. Nor, on the other hand, can it be a matter of surprise, that those who view the Reformers with suspicion on account of the charge to which, directly or indirectly, they have laid themselves open, of dis-severing the unity of the Catholic Church, should regard with greater complacency one who so vigorously sapped the foundations of the old philosophy which, before the Reformation, was implicated by the closest alliance with the received theology. But neither the one nor the other are to be condemned unheard; and certainly, if it is in the least degree possible that the suspicions towards the Reformers may be diminished, or contrariwise balanced, by a fair and impartial examination of the writings they have left behind them, it is far more probable that injustice may have been done to Bacon, when it is as fully considered, as it ought to be, that his principles are distinctly propounded with a salvo to religion. And here, let it be premised, we do not intend to discuss his personal character. Not to allude to the more positive blots in it, of which, considering his deservedly great fame, there were not a few, it has been observed elsewhere very impartially, that 'his moral qualities were not of a high order'. . . . Nothing, indeed, like intemperance or profligacy are laid to his charge—but 'his faults were coldness of heart and 'meanness of spirit: he seems to have been incapable of feeling 'strong affections, of facing great dangers, of making great 'sacrifices: his desires were set on things below.' . . . This may provoke a scornful smile from those who would instantly retort, 'How complete the analogy between his character and his philosophy!' but it is not remarkable, we reply; for what man, that does not dissemble, is not the living effigy of his principles? and the more he gives vent and expression to them, insists upon, develops, and applies them practically, whether by word or deed, the more he will be insensibly affected by them, till he grows into the exact embodiment of them. Only, therefore, let a deficiency be proved, and the necessity for the introduction of the Baconian principles be fully shown, as a counterpoise to the old system, and his character will not only have been accounted for, but, to a certain extent, even palliated in the very points in which it failed, so far as he can be called a victim to his principles. It is like what often occurred, and still occurs, in a religious controversy, that those who write against a particular error are betrayed into the opposite extreme; and thus S. Austin, in his 'Refutation of Pelagianism,' occasionally employs language redolent of a later Calvinism.

¹ Edinburgh Review, July, 1837, p. 29.

To return—we assert it is our confident impression that Bacon is very generally misrepresented, because he is not very generally, or at least carefully, read. Hallam, indeed, seems to think he has been more studied of late than heretofore. ‘Scot-land,’ he says, ‘has the merit of having led the way; Reid, Stewart, Robison, and Playfair, turned that which had been a blind veneration into a rational worship; and I should suspect that more have read Lord Bacon within these last thirty years than in the two preceding centuries.’¹ On the other hand, one who ought to be conversant with the habits of his countrymen observes,² ‘It is by his *Essays* that Bacon is best known to the multitude. The “*Novum Organum*” and the “*De Augmentis*” are much talked of, but little read. They have produced, indeed, a vast effect on the opinions of mankind, but they have produced it through the operation of intermediate agents. They have moved the intellects which have moved the world.’ Again, it is a matter of history, that Archbishops of Canterbury, Sancroft and Tennison for instance, and great and good men formerly, like Bishop Andrewes and George Herbert, were reckoned among the devoted admirers and students of our author³—admirers he may have of the same kind even in these days—but we have never heard of any that professed themselves his devoted students in these days. Since the publication of the ‘*Intellectual System*,’ for a reason we shall presently assign, the orthodox have manifested considerable shyness towards him, without cause, we think; and accordingly, it will be our endeavour in the present paper to lay down what we imagine will exhibit the true view of his philosophy from the following considerations:—

1. What Bacon did attempt and intend in his scheme;
2. What he did not intend; and
3. The manner in which he accomplished his purpose, which will at once embrace the spirit and method of his inquiry.

From these reflections it will be seen how far he kept within his own province, and in what respects he may have deviated; and these last, whether attributable to his own inconsistency, or to the circumstances of the times in which he lived; how far he is to be considered responsible for the speculations, to which, owing to the above vacillation, he may, in a certain sense, be said to have encouraged; and how far he may be justly deemed irresponsible for the application of his principles to subjects he never for a moment intended they should apply.

¹ Hist. of Literature, vol. iii. p. 25.

² Edin. Rev., July 1837, p. 102.

³ See, respectively, pp. 17, 155, 156, and 192, of the Prefatory Matter to the Fol. Ed. London, 1730, vol. i.

And first, Bacon's intentions and aspirations are sufficiently clear, though perhaps the title of his great work, the '*Instauratio Magna*,' may have a tendency to obscure them. It is, indeed, a comprehensive designation for a stupendous treatise, and, internally examined, it will not be found wanting to its professions. Still it is not to be inferred from hence, that he considered the whole previous system equally old and effete, equally curt and contemptible, equally needing a regeneration. That there was a considerable deficiency somewhere he assumed—indeed, it was a self-evident truth. Innumerable facts bore witness to the shallowness of the old philosophy, viewed as a whole; and day after day some fresh discovery was announced, that overturned the entire basis of a favourite dogma, and opened the way to a new world of truths, hardly less important or less extensive than the recent addition of the Western Hemisphere.¹ But to detect in what locality the fault lay precisely required a patient analysis of the whole. Like a skilful watchmaker, when a clock or watch is out of order, Bacon knew the most obvious step was to take it to pieces, not that the respective parts, without exception, wanted repair, or that the entire works were to be replaced, but that the disturber of the general harmony and regularity being discovered and rectified, all might be burnished and polished, and made to correspond with the mainspring, wheel, or fusee, which had been restored. The principal flaw was so monstrous, that it threw minor irregularities into the shade; but, it being effectually removed, other defects hitherto imperceptible would present themselves, were they not anticipated by a careful revision, and all component parts made of a piece.

Now, as we have before observed, Bacon intimates very plainly, and very frequently, where the fault lay, and what branch it was of the ancient philosophy which he laboured to remedy. In his prefatory reflections to the '*Instauratio Magna*,' after expressing his firm belief that the previous errors never would correct themselves:—'*propterea quod notiones rerum primæ, quas mens haustu facili et supino excipit, recon- dit, atque accumulât, (unde reliqua omnia fluunt), vitiosæ sint, et confusæ, et temerè a rebus abstractæ: neque minor sit in secundis et reliquis libido et inconstantia. . .*'² He adds: '*Ex quo fit, ut universa ista ratio humana, quoad inquisitionem naturæ, non benè congesta et ædificata sit; sed tanquam moles aliqua magnifica sine fundamento.*' So, too, in the work entitled, '*Cogitata et Visa de Interpretatione Naturæ*,' the very name of which leads to the conclusion here sought to be established,—'*Franciscus Baconus sic cogitavit. Scientiam*

¹ Nov. Org., Aph. xcii.

² Edit. Fol London, 1730, vol. i.

‘in cujus possessione genus humanum adhuc versatur, ad certitudinem et magnitudinem operum non accedere. . . .’ And the particular branches, which he instances to prove the deficiency, are medicine, magic, and alchemy; then, after a suitable enlargement upon these, follows his next reflection:—

‘Cogitavit et illud, inter ista scientiarum detrimenta, naturalis philosophiæ sortem præ omnibus minus æquam esse; ut quæ a laboribus hominum leviter occupata, facile deserta, nec majorem in modum culta et subacta sit. . . .’¹ He assigns one very probable reason for the said omission, to which we shall subsequently recur, and thereupon announces his inference very decidedly:—‘Itaque visum est ei, naturalem philosophiam, incumbentium et paucitate, et festinatione, et tyrocinio, destitutam jacere. Nec ita multo post visum est ei, hoc ad universum doctrinarum statum summopere pertinere. Omnes enim artes et scientias, ab hac stirpe revulsas, poliri fortassis aut in usum effingi, sed nil admodum crescere.’ In other words, the watch was out of order because the mainspring was defective. A solid reason is here furnished for taking the whole watch to pieces. The same thing might be illustrated from the reasons alleged by him for his rejection of the syllogism,² and remodeling of the inductive process; from the new sense attached by him to the formal cause,³ and the imputation he casts upon the previous employment of the final cause,⁴ and from many like indications. We shall only further instance the first aphorism of the ‘*Novum Organon*,’ in which is contained the germ of the whole.

‘Man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, does, and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature, either with regard to things, or the mind, permit him; and neither knows nor is capable of more. . . .’ And the 129th Aphorism of the same book, where he dilates upon the excellence of his proposed end, ‘the introduction,’ he says, ‘of great inventions appears one of the most distinguished of human actions; and the ancients so considered it. For they assigned divine honours to the authors of inventions, but only heroic honours to those who displayed civil merits (such as the founders of cities and empires, legislators, the deliverers of their country from lasting misfortunes, the quellers of tyrants

¹ Comp. *Nov. Org.* I. Aph. lxxviii—lxxxii. vol. ii. p. 267, 8, where he treats of the causes of error.

² *Instaur. M. Distribut. Oper.* p. 13, 14.

³ Vide *Nov. Org.* I. Aph. li. See also Book II. Aph. ii., and note to Eng. Trans. Pickering: 1844.

⁴ *Nov. Org.* I. Aph. lxviii., where it is classed among the ‘*idola tribus*,’ Book I. Aph. ii. See also *Advancement of Learning*, p. 149. Pickering: 1838.

‘and the like); and if any one will rightly compare them, he will find the judgment of antiquity to be correct. For the benefits derived from inventions may extend to mankind in general, but civil benefits to particular spots alone; the latter, moreover, last but for a time, the former, for ever. Civil reformation seldom is carried on without violence and confusion, whilst inventions are a blessing and a benefit without injuring or afflicting any. Inventions are also, as it were, new creations and imitations of Divine works, as was expressed by the poet:—

“Primum frugiferos fœtus mortalibus ægris
Dididerunt quondam præstanti nomine Athenæ,
Et recreaverunt vitam legesque rogarunt.”¹

It is undeniable, we conceive, from these passages, and we could have produced many more, that the consideration uppermost in Bacon's mind was Physical Science. This was the branch he deemed, and justly deemed, so defective. To restore, promote, commend, adorn, and amplify, this hitherto neglected study, was his undisguisedly chief aim and proudest aspiration. He is so far carried away by his subject occasionally, that he styles it philosophy, knowledge, science, without any specific epithet to restrict his meaning, as though it were not a mere branch, but the entire tree.² Even a later writer had fallen into the same inaccuracy, did he not explain himself once for all in his introductory remarks;³ and those who wish to enter more particularly into the various ramifications which have since germinated most luxuriantly from this one branch, will recognize in the ‘History of the Inductive Sciences,’ the development of our philosopher's leading idea. It was for this he sacrificed every moment that he could steal from his public employments⁴ to make experiments upon nature till they killed him;⁵ for this he endured obloquy and the unjust imputation of his contemporaries;⁶ and for this he did not grudge a labour of eighteen years, to bequeath the guide he had been at the pains of discovering in his own case to his successors.⁷ We cannot subscribe to the opinion which has been expressed elsewhere, that ‘the end which Bacon proposed to himself was, to

¹ Eng. Trans. as before. Lucret. vi. 1. Comp. Advancement of Learning, p. 186.

² *E.g.* Nov. Org. xciii., where he applies Dan. xii. 4, to it.

³ Whewell's Hist. of Inductive Sciences, Introd. p. 6.

⁴ Pref. to the Nov. Org.

⁵ Edinburgh Review, as before, p. 68.

⁶ Nov. Org. Aph. lxxxix.—xci., where he can hardly be supposed not to have experienced in his own case what he remarks.

⁷ Brucker: Hist. Crit. Phil. Period iii. Pars ii. lib. i. c. iv. § 7.

'use his own emphatic expression, "fruit."¹ At least it seems a superficial way of regarding it, and adds certainly nothing to its lustre. It savours of the old mistake revived, which confused the 'utile' and 'honestum,' of which Cicero complains.² That his philosophy resulted in the 'utile' there can be no doubt; but it was the 'honestum' which impelled him: else why does he so constantly inveigh against 'experimenta fructi-fera,'³ as opposed to 'lucifera?' Why does he call his treatise 'the advancement of learning,' or 'of the sciences?' and not of expediency? Truth is at all times a profitable study; speculative truth feeds the intellect, moral truth attempers the manners, physical truth ministers to the needs and comforts of the outer man: and yet it is universally acknowledged possible, as well as commendable, to study truth for its own sake. This we maintain Bacon to have done, though the department which he selected was the very one most calculated to produce obvious and immediate results, and we affirm that had the study of ethics, or metaphysics, or even of the logic he holds so cheap, because so over-rated, been equally neglected with physical science, and, contrariwise, physical science equally cultivated as they were, his was the mind that would have laboured to supply the deficiency, and would have assisted to complete the perfection of the human kind wheresoever it needed a helper.

And now let us pause to inquire in what state he found physical science. As a whole, it was very nearly in the same condition in which Aristotle had left it, after a lapse of seventeen or eighteen centuries. Not that we mean to insinuate that Aristotle had been the sole or chief benefactor to it in his day, but that his system, like Aaron's rod, had devoured the rest. On the contrary, we affirm that, without disparaging his service to ethics, politics, logic, or metaphysics, of which we cannot speak too highly, there were several essential defects in his customary procedure, when applied to physics. We think the negative argument⁴ afforded by the great fact of the stagnation of the arts and sciences, during the whole time his system was in the ascendant, would be conclusive against it; even though internally examined, it did not exhibit the strong proofs it does of its essentially non-practical tendency. Though we admit a few of the arguments in his Physical Lectures to point to some remote speculative truth, there is not one of which we could say that it had in the

¹ Edin. Rev. p. 65.

² De Officiis, iii. 3.

³ Nov. Org. Aph. xcix., ciii., cxxi. Elsewhere he beautifully applies the fable of Atlanta to those who stopped to pick up the golden apples in the pursuit of knowledge.

⁴ Præf. ad Inst. Mag p. 8.

slightest degree conduced to the present advanced acquirements of the natural philosopher. The fact is, Aristotle was too dogmatic and positive to study nature with the spirit of a humble empiric, too general and abstract to descend into the minute intricacies and infinitesimal proportions of the physical world.¹ The creature, so to speak, is the exact *ἀντίστροφος* of the great Creator. To the 'natura naturans' belongs oneness, unchangeableness, and universality; to the 'natura naturata,' particularity, variableness, and variety. To beings of a finite capacity the latter appears infinite in her arrangements and effects. Language the most particular cannot embody them, much less therefore the more abstract generalizations; senses the most acute fail to detect them, much less therefore can the observations of the many.² Aristotle's arguments are not unusually based upon what may be called the experience of the million. He frequently commences his inquiry with a reference to the *ποσαχῶς λέγεται*, the different acceptations of a word. The same remark extends to the appeals made by him to the opinions of those who preceded him; when he refutes them, it is either by a personal or abstract argument, and not by facts; when he brings them over to his side, it is for the most part by a constrained and purely nominal amalgamation. Seldom does he confute what they have alleged by a reference to the more clandestine operations of nature; and when he appeals to *τὰ φαινόμενα* for the truth of his own position, they are generally the most obvious and ordinary. For the most part he delights to argue from the arbitrary creations of the mind,³ upon a single vague doctrine, viz.: contrariety,⁴ for instance, the whole of his physical system may be said to rest. The observations he made were the result of a laborious and active exercise of the senses, and his most subtle facts were derived from experiments connected with anatomy. But with the hidden properties and elementary substances of the natural world, he seems to have been wholly unacquainted; the principle which Bacon so frequently enunciates—viz. 'ut sensus tantum de experimento, et experimentum de re judicet'⁵—upon which modern chemical analysis is based, was unknown in his day. His language is frequently so general, that it can be accommodated to recent discoveries, though they run exactly counter to the views, which it is otherwise

¹ The Defect is illustrated Nov. Org. Aph. xix. and xxii.

² Distrib. Op. Instaur. Mag. p. 16. Nov. Org. Aph. xxiv.

³ Nov. Org. Aph. xlv. and lxiii.

⁴ Brucker, Pars ii. Lib. ii. c. vii. § xiv. Comp. Hist. of the Induct. Scienc. Vol. i. p. 40, though we do not entirely subscribe to the remark there made.

⁵ Instaur. M. Distrib. Op. p. 15, and Nov. Org. i. Aph. xlix. Comp. Aph. iv. which says, 'Man, whilst operating, can only apply or withdraw natural bodies: nature internally performs the rest.' This is a supplement to the above.

ascertainable, were entertained by him on the subject ; and the superficial character of his inductive process, while it fully explains the last-mentioned defect, was at the same time a barrier and a stumbling block to any deeper investigation. In the same spirit he is blamed, and we think not unfairly, by Bacon, for his employment of the final, to the utter abandonment of the physical, cause ; it arose from the objective obviousness of the one, as well as from a subjective blindness to the other. Far be it from our intention to disparage the great Stagyrte, for a deficiency more attributable to the age, than to the man ; had his metempsychosis been attainable, amidst the empirical developments of the seventeenth century, his transmigration might have received actual confirmation *a posteriori*, from the existence of a Bacon. It is curious to find our philosopher depreciating Aristotle for the oriental despotism with which he trampled upon the necks of his predecessors ; is Lord Verulam, we ask, himself, more lenient in his treatment of the Peripatetics, the Platonists, in fact, the entire Greek philosophy, and the schools ? But we shall pardon our British 'Great King,' on the same principle by which we feel disposed to make allowance for his illustrious prototype. To reform philosophy, was no less a Herculean labour, than to form it ; and cumbersome errors required a vigorous hand and strong language to remove them. We are of course confining our remarks to the particular branch, which we assert it was the object of our philosopher to reform : and here we say that Bacon would never have been obliged to disparage Aristotle to the extent he did, had it not been for the use which had been made of his system. Not only were the errors we have already enumerated, perpetuated by his immediate successors, and during the middle ages, but through innumerable relations and accumulations they had been swelled into a mountain, like a snow-ball rolled by school-boys during a thaw. It was bad enough, that during the period of the Alexandrine School, commentators devoted themselves to illustrate Aristotle, or perhaps more strictly speaking, to effect a reconciliation between him and Plato, by reflection, abstraction, verbal exposition, and inference ; while they utterly neglected to test his dicta by observation, application to facts, real comparison, and induction—it was bad enough, we repeat, that nature should be studied in a book ; that is, in the experience of the past, and in the mere critical manner we have described ; to the entire omission of the investigation of her phenomena—but it was far worse when, together with these overgrown incongruities and complicated errors, Aristotle, as a whole, was made the text-book of a theology ushered into the world long since his day ; and the logic, ethics, politics, physics, and metaphysics

of a heathen were perforce ground and pounded into a religious system, without the least consideration paid to the essential character of the respective elements thus introduced—all were weighed in the balance of the deductive syllogism, and all considered equally abstract and dependent upon argumentation. There were no distinctions, practical distinctions we mean, made between what was discoverable by nature, reason, or revelation; but the first was dismissed unheard; the last explained away; while the second summoned all causes whatever to her tribunal, and ruled with a despotic sway. We do not mean to assert such effects to have been deliberately intended by the schoolmen; we do not mean to say that there were not circumstances over which they had not the slightest control, which effectually closed the avenues to a wider field; we do not mean to deny that we are still indebted to them for a valuable legacy upon points the most momentous to our moral and religious interests; but we do maintain that if the innovations made upon the schools by the Jesuits are justified in the communion which most upholds them, and upon a subject in which they were so well versed as theology; much more imperative may 'we,' of a communion not so favourable to them, deem the Baconian reforms to have been, and upon a subject in which they were so profoundly ignorant as physical science. In the words of a recent author who, consciously or unconsciously, is ever expanding Bacon: 'A universal science had been established with the authority of a religious creed. Its universality rested on erroneous views of the relation of words and truths; its pretensions as a science were admitted by the servile temper of men's intellects; and its religious authority was assigned it, by making all truth part of religion. And as religion claimed assent within her own jurisdiction under the most solemn and imperative sanctions, philosophy shared in her imperial power, and dissent from their doctrines was no longer blameless or allowable. Error became wicked, dissent became heresy; to reject the received human doctrines was nearly the same, as to doubt the divine declarations. The scholastic philosophy claimed the assent of all believers.'

Such being the state into which science had fallen, nothing short of a review of the whole could suffice. The branches so long interwoven were to be disentangled, separately pruned, and re-adjusted; all linked together in the indissoluble bond of truth; but to each was to be assigned a proportionate sphere, beyond which, as it was enjoined not to digress, so within it, in the same

¹ Hist. of the Inductive Sciences, vol. i. p. 314-15. Comp. Bacon Nov. Org. I. Aph. lxxxix. Cogitata and Visa De Interp. Nat. vol. ii. p. 269. Works.

way, the rest were forbidden to obtrude. But this by the way, and as a means to the proposed end; for, as we have already seen, it was the defective branch, to which the attention and energies of our philosopher were directed. He expressly declares the inadequacy, as well as the impertinency, of his method to elucidate things divine by the comparison of our sense with the sun, 'which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe; but then again it obscureth and concealeth the stars and celestial globe:' and 'so doth the sense discover,' he adds, 'natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine.' And it is his candid acknowledgment, 'that divers great learned men have been heretical, whilst they have sought to fly up to the secrets of the Deity by the waxen wings of the senses.'¹ Again: 'Scriptum est,' he says, 'Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei; at nusquam scriptum invenitur, Cœli enarrant voluntatem Dei.'² Thence revelation alone, he concludes, can enlighten a man upon the mysteries of our creation and redemption, or furnish a full and complete understanding of our duty to God and to our neighbour. And under the same view he condemns those 'who pretended to find the truth of all natural philosophy in the Scriptures.'³ Again, Bacon frequently declares it not to be his purpose to interfere with the old system, otherwise than by the introduction of what he conceived necessary to supply a deficiency. He even allows his predecessors considerable proficiency in so far as concerns abstract speculations.⁴ 'It is his good fortune,' he says, 'as he considers it, for the sake of extinguishing and removing contradiction and irritation of mind, to leave the honour and reverence due to the ancients untouched and undiminished, so that he can perform his intended work, and yet enjoy the benefit of his respectful moderation.' . . . 'For we deny not,' he adds, 'that the received system of philosophy, and others of a similar nature, encourage discussion, embellish harangues, are employed, and are of service, in the duties of the professor, and the affairs of civil life.'⁵ And the same thing he repeats elsewhere of the deductive syllogism, adding, that it may also subserve theology.⁶

Now that he was, on the whole, consistent with these his expressed intentions and prescribed bounds, is no less clear from the manner of his inquiry, than from the deep humility with which he commences it; such a spirit, it is evident, is not that of a sceptic or unbeliever. We are strikingly reminded of the

¹ Advancement of Learning, p. 13.

² De Augustinis Scient. lib. ix. c. i., and compare his beautiful Prayer, Præf. ad Instaur. M. p. 11.

³ Adv. of Learning, p. 326.

⁵ Pref. to Nov. Org. 4—7.

⁴ Præf. ad Instaur. M. p. 10.

⁶ De Augustinis Scient. lib. v. c. 2.

Bishop of Oxford's Sermon before the British Association last year, when we hear Bacon humbly professing: 'Quâ in re ei quid profecerimus, non alia sane ratio nobis viam aperuit, quam vera et legitima spiritûs humani humilitatio;' and we shall qualify a remark which we made some time since with much pleasure, under the impression that we know of one English Bishop, at all events, who is familiar with the aphorism which says, 'We have now treated of each kind of idols and their qualities, all of which must be renounced and abjured with firm and solemn resolution; and the understanding must be completely freed and cleared of them, so that the access to the kingdom of man, which is founded on the sciences, may resemble that of the kingdom of heaven, where no admission is conceded except to children.'² Our Newton's humility is too trite a fact to require proof, but we claim the same virtue, though not perhaps acknowledged so universally, for our Bacon. Such a spirit is indeed implied in the notion of one who may be truly said to have explored nature. Her page requires infinitely more patience to decipher than the most abbreviated manuscript. 'To this first condition of successful study,' says Dr. Wilberforce,³ 'pride is the direct antagonist. The pride of ignorance is, we all know, most impatient; it gathers up the merest external resemblances, and then generalizes at a grasp. And very little removed from this state is the impatient man, be his actual attainments what they may. His own thoughts, his own impressions, his own fancies—these are the facts of the self-sufficient. He cannot endure the slow laborious processes to which the student of nature must submit.' These, and the like remarks abound in the Baconian aphorisms.

And now briefly to revert to the method employed by him which gives name to the treatise specified at the head of this article, the 'Novum Organon; or, True Suggestions for the Interpretation of Nature.' It is, as we have observed, of itself a proof of what he designed to restore; being, in fact, 'ars instrumentalis dirigens mentem in cognitione rerum physicarum.' It is called the inductive process, because it 'leads' from facts 'to' principles; from particulars 'to' universals; from the judgment of the senses to the judgment of the intellect. It is opposed to the 'deductive' process in the same way that definition—the logical, we mean—is to division. In definition the process is upwards, so to speak. When we define man to be a rational animal, both terms of the definition are a degree more

¹ Præf. ad Instaur. M. p. 10.

² Nov. Org. I. Aph. lxviii.

³ Sermon. 'Pride a Hindrance to True Knowledge,' 1847, p. 16.

abstract than the term defined; when we divide men into whites, and blacks, &c., the members of the division are more concrete than the term so divided. The more abstract a term is, the higher, according to the analogy suggested by the visible world, we seem to go for it, *i.e.* the farther from the senses; when we turn to a more concrete, that is, a more sensible image, we seem to descend from our eminence; we quit the intellect and come down to the senses.

What, therefore, definition and division are with reference to things absolutely considered, or viewed disconnectedly, that induction and deduction are the things contemplated in a mutual relation, with a known or assumed agreement or disagreement. By induction we rise from the judgment passed after examination upon the particulars of a certain class, to the establishment of a general law, by which the remainder, which we have not examined, are, for the future, to be tested. By deduction we take our stand upon the general law so gained, evolve the particulars implied under it, and assert their conformity to it; and as the particulars compounded constitute the general law, so the general law, when analyzed, is found to be a mere compound of the same particulars. Inductive facts are the ministrations of the senses to the mind; the general law is the instinctive abstraction of the mind consequent upon them; and the deductions which ensue, are the re-action of the mind upon the senses. The trite proposition, 'all men are animals,' is at once the apex of the inductive and the deductive syllogism; it is the summit to which the one attains, and from which the other descends. They may be contrasted as follows:—

A. B. C. D. are animals.

A. B. C. D. are all men (*i.e.* constitute the whole human race).

All men are animals.

All men are animals.

A. B. C. D. are all men.

A. B. C. D. are animals.

Thus the one is the exact reverse process of the other. By the first we analyze; by the second we compound. By the first the mind is impressed, informed, and stored with ideas; by the second the mind applies what has been acquired, and makes a practical use of her knowledge. As for the processes themselves, both are equally connatural and innate. All practise them instinctively, without exception. But because external objects are not so readily presentable to the mind as the words that describe them, and still more, because our ideas are scarce communicable without words; both are apt to be made conversant with words only, to the exclusion of the things signified by them; we dwell upon the sign or token till we have lost sight of the object; of which, it ever ought to be remembered,

it can only be the most inadequate representation. Now, this is by no means so deleterious in the deductive, as in the inductive, syllogism; because it is by induction that the mind is informed and endued with a knowledge of the external world; and hence, so far as it is possible, it should be derived immediately from the objects themselves, through the legitimate channels—that is, the senses. These are naturally formed to convey the image of the thing itself. There is a certain proportion between them and the object, and they act spontaneously. Words are arbitrary signs, and have not the slightest perceptible connexion with what they signify. When we know things, we may select the most appropriate words to represent or communicate them, and that by a perpetual law; but words will not convey the slightest knowledge of the things they signify, till we have received our impressions in the first instance, however faint, of the things themselves, through the senses. When, therefore, we have seen, heard, smelt, tasted, or touched a sensible object, then only can we be said to have a definite notion about it, or be competent to discuss it; but, provided our examination of it, in the first instance, was as accurate as the case required, we are not obliged to recur to it every time we argue from it, and infer a necessary result. Doubtless, it will be the safer plan to be sparing of our argumentations; and to make our deductions experimentally, and not simply nominally. Having got our general law, let us make the application a practical one, as Bacon says;¹ we may stop short, if we please, to talk about what we have acquired, and rest upon our oars, but we shall do well to remember that if we do so, our knowledge will be stationary, and not progressive.

This was the defect of the Peripatetic system; it encouraged the most superficial induction; and then, delighted at the information so acquired, it never ceased to talk about it, or laboured to augment it. It confined itself practically to the deductive process, and the deductive process to mere words, as the subject-matter. Witness the contents of the *Organon* of the Stagyrice. It begins with the anti-predicaments, as they are called, which consist in a mere distinction of the modes of predication; next come the categories, which, it is ever to be understood, are considered there with reference to predication, and not existence;² their consideration as entities being referred to the metaphysics. After these we have the treatise ‘*De Interpretatione*,’ which starts with the definition of a noun, verb, and sentence. In the ‘*Topics and Analytics*,’ arguments, and not things, are discussed; and in the ‘*Sophistical Elenchs*,’ it is

¹ Nov. Org. Aph. ciii—evi.

² Vide Toletum ad Categ.

needless to say, the whole stress is to expose the different plays upon language. We can only remember a single place where the nature of things seems more directly brought under consideration; viz., in the physiognomical syllogism at the end of the 'Prior Analytics;' but Aristotle had been led into it by what preceded, and he only mentions it to close the book. Elsewhere he says expressly that it belongs to others to investigate the subjects¹ upon which his logic is to be employed, and he is content to assume the principles which they supply, and to argue from them. Indeed, while speaking of the subject-matter, it is but fair to observe, that the consideration of words, to the neglect of things, is by no means so prejudicial to the cause of ethics, politics, and religion, &c., which we call the Aristotelian range, as it is to physics, and other more directly objective sciences; and for this simple reason—that the words employed here bear reference, for the most part, to the transactions of mankind; and so each individual has that within him by which a continual check is imposed upon the arbitrary fitfulness of the language used to express them. No external comparison is needed from time to time, because the internal test is sufficient; while in the study of the objective world it is not so; but words require continually to be compared with the things they signify, that every new discovery may be fully taken into consideration.

Literally speaking, therefore, Bacon reformed induction and deduction alike with reference to the subject-matter; he innovated upon the deductive process no less than upon the inductive, when he recalled both equally from words to things; the mechanical part is the same, but the subject-matter is changed; the mind works according to the same rule, but the results are widely different; only let it here be observed, that, dwelling upon argumentation as Aristotle did, it was natural to expect that he would attend to the mechanical structure of the one most conversant with discussion (his whole art being, as the very name testifies, that of 'dialectics') and neglect the one least so; and that Bacon, on the other hand, intent as he was upon the advancement of his physical science, would attend to the mechanism of the one most suitable to his purpose. And so in fact we find it; Aristotle mentions, indeed, the inductive, as well as the deductive, syllogism in his scheme; but applies himself, it may be said exclusively, to the formal development and cultivation of the latter. Bacon, too, mentions both in his scheme; but applies himself with equal exclusiveness to the formal development of the hitherto neglected one, which was likewise the most suited to advance his cause.

¹ Anal. Prior. lib. i. c. 30.

We are by no means disposed to subscribe to the views of a writer from whom we have already ventured to dissent; and to ascribè little 'practical value to the analysis of the inductive 'method which Bacon gives in the second book of the *Novum 'Organon,*' because, 'it is an analysis of that which we are 'doing from morning to night, and which we continue to do even 'in our dreams.'¹ This is simply the old story revived against the Aristotelian dialectics. We comply with the rules of grammar in our daily conversation; yet, are the labours of the grammarians to be held cheap who discovered them? Who is not occasionally persuasive? and yet is rhetoric a barren study? Have not profound musicians assisted the cultivation of the musical faculty, by the analysis they have been able to furnish of the laws of harmony? and have not the brush and pencil approached more to the life, since the laws of perspective have been made a preparatory study? What Aristotle observes in the commencement of his *Rhetoric*, may, we think, fairly be said to determine the question:—'Δι' ὃ γὰρ ἐπιτυγχάνουσιν οἱ τε διὰ συν-
ήθειαν καὶ οἱ ἀπὸ ταῦτομάτου, τοῦτου τὴν αἰτίαν θεωρεῖν ἐνδέχεται·
τὸ δὲ τοιοῦτον ἤδη πάντες ἂν ὁμολογήσαιεν τέχνης ἔργον εἶναι'... Nor, on the other hand, after what has been said, can we assent to the insinuation contained in the previous paragraph of the same author, that Aristotle had anticipated Bacon in his discovery. The Baconian and Aristotelian induction, we trust we have proved, are not to be confounded; that of Aristotle being conformable to his system—a system in which argumentation, ethics, politics, religion, in a word, the subjective, that is, the intellectual and moral world, are the legitimate province;—that of Bacon, to his system, which is the investigation of the objective, that is, the physical world.³ Equally plausible would it be to deny to Bacon the origination of the *experientia literata*, classification of 'facts,' or 'experiments' committed to paper, which he so often desiderates,⁴ and which has been the means of so much improvement since his time; because Aristotle so constantly recommends his hearers to make a collection of 'arguments,' in a common-place book systematically arranged, to which they may recur continually, when preparing themselves for a disputation.⁵ As if the study of words, and of objects, though apparently connected, is not many ways distinct and widely

¹ Edin. Review, p. 88.

² Rhet. i. 1.

³ Vide Pref. to the *Nov. Org.* p. 6.

⁴ Vide *Nov. Org.* i. Aph. xcviii.—ciii.

⁵ Vide Top. viii. c. 12. Δεῖ δὲ καὶ τὰς ἀπομνημονεύσεις καθόλου ποιῆσθαι τῶν λόγων
..... Δεῖ τε δεῖ σκοπεῖν τοὺς λόγους.—§§ 11, 12. Δεῖ δὲ καὶ πεποιημένους ἔχειν
λόγους—§ 11, 12, 17. Comp. Anal. Prior. lib. i. c. xxvii. xxx. Anal. Post. lib. ii.
c. xiii. in which συλλογισμῶν and προβλήματα are respectively said to be
the objects of the collection.

diverse. We affirm that the Baconian induction does not in the least interfere with the Aristotelian ; but that, leaving it in the position which it occupies on the surface, it descends a step lower in the investigation, and institutes a searching inquiry into the particulars themselves. The Aristotelian says, '*Hic et iste magnes attrahit ferrum, ergo omnis.*' The Baconian subjects the particular instance to a rigid examination, before the vulgar truth is received, that '*hic et iste*' do what is alleged. What is it that really attracts in the loadstone? is it the stone, or some peculiar virtue that is inherent in it, and never found elsewhere? For this purpose we bring before the mind as the result of our experiments, a collection of instances agreeing in the form of the magnetic influence ; secondly, a collection of instances apparently connected closely with the preceding, which nevertheless want the said form ; thirdly, a table of instances in which the said form is exhibited in a greater or less degree ; fourthly, what is the immediate consequence of the above review, the rejection of the extraneous matter in which the said form is found—the stony particles, for instance, or the steel. And thence, fifthly, we may venture to make our first deduction as to what is really the attractive thing in the magnet. Bacon, indeed, does not stop here, but we shall not attempt to follow him ; we shall content ourselves with the observation that a single instance, properly subjected to his tests, is sufficient to establish a general inference ; and further, it is easy to see, that though primarily and mainly applicable to the investigation of nature, the method here specified may be found of incalculable service, within even the Aristotelian range. For, example,¹ it is to be remembered, in morals, answers to induction in physics ; and we shall be far more candid and impartial in our practical deductions, when we have first subjected our example to the rigid analysis here prescribed. The Aristotelian *example* is equally superficial with the old *induction*. A person infers summarily and peremptorily that free trade is the mother of national embarrassments, because it is assumed to have been so in our particular case. But here the Baconian induction would cry query? It bids the inquirer not to be satisfied with *comparentia ad intellectum instantiarum convenientium*. Did a panic never occur before the introduction of free trade? did it commence with the first free-trade measure, become worse with the second, spread universally when the protective system was wholly abandoned? Can we reject railroads, the late famine, unwarrantable speculations, and the like, from a proportionate share in it? It is not to be supposed, of course, that politics

¹ Comp. Arist. Anal. Prior. ii. 25, 26.

will admit of the same searching analysis with physics, or that in so complex a subject-matter we shall ever attain to the simple cause; still, they who are real inquirers after truth, will be pleased to be taught the means of coming to a right decision in a particular case, and sophistry will be convicted in the attempt to pass off her presumptuous dogmatic assertions. So far, therefore, from slighting the labours of our philosopher, in the very particular of which he was most proud,¹ and considered most likely to advance the interests of the cause he upheld, and to secure numerous discoveries to a future age, we lament greatly that its practical utility has been so very generally overlooked; and we would submit to the serious attention of the logic Professors and Prælectors in our Universities, whether or not it is a grave desideratum, that the Baconian inductive process has not been taught commensurately with the Aristotelian deductive syllogism; for it is not that one contradicts or supercedes the other, but both are, or may be, co-existent or subsidiary to the same end; both are helps to the reason, and assist to the formation of a right inference.

Taking, therefore, the foregoing to have been a fair description of the province occupied by the Baconian philosophy, and of the void into which he stepped—not marching into a hostile territory with fire and sword, but as the French are said to have conquered Italy,² marking the doors of the house he designed to occupy with chalk—we shall neither listen to those who regard him simply in the light of the antagonist of Aristotle and of the schools, because he introduced a new and hitherto unexplored way, and developed a branch of science which they had well nigh overlooked; nor to those who, with Cudworth, would impeach his orthodoxy, because he rejected the consideration of the final cause from his system;³ nor to those who, with Lord Bolingbroke,⁴ think they have his countenance because it was his observation, ‘Scriptum est, Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei, at nusquam scriptum invenitur, Cœli enarrant voluntatem Dei;’⁵ nor, finally, to those who would make him advocate a universal scepticism,⁶ disparage authority, utterly scorn the mediæval Church, because he taught that true physical

¹ Vide Dedication to Bishop Andrewes, Works, vol. iii. p. 535. Comp. Nov. Org. i. Aph. cxxvii—cxxix.

² Vide Nov. Org. i. Aph. xxxv.

³ Vide Brucker, Per. iii. ii. i. civ. and Cudworth, Intell. Syst. i 5, p. 679, 680. Quarto, London, 1743.

⁴ For a short account of the argument, vide Leland's View of the Deistical Writers, letter xxiii.

⁵ De Augmen. Scien. lib. ix. c. 1.

⁶ It remains perhaps to be considered, how far Locke was justified, who, it is said, ‘successfully applied Lord Bacon's mode of investigation to the study of the human mind,’ &c.—*Tytler's Elem. of Hist.* vol. ii. p. 429.

science could only be based upon experiments; that abstract dogmatism was fatal to its development; and that it had been a grave mistake, which confounded natural philosophy with religion. The first of these we conceive to have been sufficiently answered in the intrinsic difference we have already pointed out between the Baconian system and the Aristotelian. The second have not a word to say, when it has been fairly considered that physical science was his aim; every science being determined by the subject-matter, and the final cause¹ being wholly irrelevant to that of the above mentioned. Still less is Bacon to be censured because he refers to the written word for a revelation of the 'perfect' will of God. And lastly, has he not expressed himself with sufficient plainness, that it is the natural outward and visible world, which he desires may be handled experimentally, and subjected to a strict critical analysis? Surely there could never have been the least advance made in the arts and sciences, if we were bound indissolubly by the opinions of our predecessors;² and we conceive nothing can be more just, or more solid, than the remark with which he shows that those who object antiquity, are not to be heard in his province. 'For,' says he,³ 'the opinion which men cherish of antiquity is altogether idle, and scarcely accords with the term. For the old age and increasing years of the world, should, in reality, be considered as antiquity; and this is rather the character of our own times, than of the less advanced age of the world in those of the ancients.' Granting he does occasionally use strong language, when he is endeavouring with mighty efforts to release the physical science from the thralldom in which it had been held; yet, elsewhere, he shows himself plainly grateful to the middle ages for the lamp they had handed down to him in the torch-race; and very graceful and very candid is his justification, for instance, of the monastic system, than which its most ardent admirers can scarce venture a better defence in these days. Speaking of the respective merits of the practical and contemplative life, he says:⁴—'Neque sanè fieri potuit, ut de hâc re dubitatio in ecclesia unquam suscitaretur (utcunque plurimis in ore fuerit dictum illud, "pretiosa in oculis Domini mors sanctorum ejus:" ex quo loco mortem illam civilem, et instituta vitæ monasticæ et regularis attollere solebant;) nisi illud etiam unâ subesset, quòd vita illa monastica merè contemplativa non sit, verùm planè in ecclesiasticis officiis versetur, qualia sunt jugis oratio et votorum sacrificia Deo oblata. Librorum item theologicorum multo in otio con-

¹ Vide Adv. of Learning, p. 148—150.

² Nov. Org. i. Aph. lvi.

³ Nov. Org. i. Aph. lxxxiv.

⁴ De Aug. Scien. lib. vii. c. 1.

'scriptio, ad legis divinæ doctrinam propagandam; quemadmodum et Moses fecit, cum per tot dies in montis secessu moratus esset.' And still more impartial is the closing sentence: 'Contemplativam vero quod attinet meram, et in se ipsâ terminatam, quæque radios nullos, sive caloris, sive luminis, in societatem humanam diffundat, nescit eam certe theologia.'

That Bacon's inductive method should have been applied by his contemporaries or successors to theology, is easily explained, considering the way in which physical science had been implicated with theology. Every question in those days wore a theological aspect; and the Bible is not more unhappily a text-book in our Sunday and even week-day schools in the present age, than were the semi-religious questions of the schools ordinary subjects of argumentation and discussion in those times; in fact, people had nothing else to talk about. Still, if they are to be excused who originally joined together things ever to be kept asunder; much more he, whose object it was first to separate them, and in the next place to adorn, improve, remodel the neglected one. We cannot consider a man responsible for the wilful or unconscious perversion of his philosophy by his successors. We say, therefore, Bacon has been to a great extent unfairly accused. But it is not, however, our object to make people fancy he is wholly immaculate, or endowed with a superhuman consistency. Here and there, indeed, it cannot be said that he keeps within the limits of his plan; occasionally he seems to confuse persons and things; occasionally he seems to forget there are exceptions; occasionally he employs a superficial argument, and occasionally lapses into dogmatism. For instance, when he speaks of the old ethical system, and notices the grand deficiency which Christianity supplied in the theological virtue, charity; we are by no means disposed in the first instance to acquiesce in the solidity of the argument by which he says it might have been discovered; namely, the analogy which nature supplies of the double relation of a body, as it exists *per se*, or forms a part of the universe;¹ arguments from analogy being of a negative and not a positive, of an indirect and not direct, tendency. And secondly, why does he admit the fact, that however wanting it might have been in the pure Aristotelian ethics, it not only found a place, but the very highest that could be, the moment those ethics were christianized by the Schoolmen? Aristotle and the Schoolmen are usually ranged under the same category by him when he blames them; it would have been only fair to have acknowledged where the commentators had introduced a desirable gloss upon the text. Had

¹ Vide Adv. of Learning, p. 234.

Bacon studied II. ii. 23. of the *Summa*, he might have seen the desiderated virtue fully analyzed; had he turned to I. ii. 65, he might have found another deficiency, (which he reports at the end of the seventh book (chap. iii.) of the *De Augmentis*, to have been only cursorily foreshadowed by Aristotle, in what he designates heroical virtue) admirably supplied; had he looked into I. i. 22—48 inclusive, though he might have still censured Aristotle for the omission, he might have been able to refer to a writer, by whom a full consideration of the passions had not been unheeded. We likewise think he might have excepted Cicero, when he says a regard to characters and dispositions had been overlooked, who treats of them formally in his excellent work *De Officiis*;¹ and we do not consider the censure just, which he passes upon Aristotle, that, allowing he may have depicted virtue to the life, he does not explain how we may become virtuous. Though the Stagyrice may not be so prolix as our author, which we by no means consider a defect in the former, the leading motto of his *Ethics*, *ἡ γὰρ δεῖ μάθοντας ποιεῖν, τὰτα ποιοῦντες μανθάνομεν*, together with the first, second, fourth, and ninth chapters of the second book, are quite sufficient, in our opinion, to cancel the imputation.

But that to which we most object is the arbitrary, dogmatic manner, with which he takes upon himself to pronounce against the old acceptation² of the formal cause, and to consider it as a thing equally devoid of meaning and objective truth. Here, we do contend, Bacon was so far carried away by the greatness of his discovery, that he considered the whole universe was laid at his feet, and measurable by it. Physical laws, it is true, the natures, properties, and processes of the material world, had never been inquired into, so to speak, by those who preceded him; and these undoubtedly constitute the system we see, and have a real, though it may be a transient existence. But is there nothing else to be found in the universe? nothing immaterial and invisible? no substance distinct from matter, and existent under wholly different conditions? Whether Cudworth may or may not have demonstrated the existence of a plastic nature,³ which he believes incorporeal, though a grade below sensitive life, he has undoubtedly exposed the absurdities of the Hylozoists. We do find fault with the following dogmatic language of our philosopher; we do consider him so far a party—wilfully or not it may be doubted, but still a party—to the

¹ Lib. i. 130—134.

² τὸ τί ᾗν εἶναι 'quidditas,' or definition. Vide Arist. *Metaph.* iv. (v.) c. 2, and S. Th. ad C.

³ *Intell. Syst.* I. c. iii. By a plastic nature he seems to mean the old 'Anima Mundi' in a confined orthodox sense. Is not Wordsworth's 'active principle' akin to this?—*Excursion*, b. ix. 1.

spread of the materialistic doctrines in the succeeding century ; and we venture to assert that, had he been consistent with his usual diffidence and humility, and particularly with the very inductive method he lays down, he would never have hazarded the like assertions to those contained in the fourth book (c. i.) of the *De Augmentis* : —

‘Notavimus,’ he says, ‘paulo superius (ubi de formis loquebamur) differentes illas duas animarum emanationes, quæ in primâ utriusque creatione se dant conspiciendas : nimirum, quod altera ortum habuerit e spiraculo Dei, altera a matricibus elementorum. Nam de animæ rationalis generatione primitivâ ita ait Scriptura : “Formavit hominem de limo terræ, et spiravit in ejus faciem spiraculum vitæ.” At generatio animæ irrationalis sive brutorum, facta est per verba illa : “Producat aqua, producat terra.” Hæc autem anima, (qualis est in homine) animæ rationali organum tantum est, atque originem habet et ipsa quoque, quemadmodum in brutis, e limo terræ—neque enim dictum est, “Formavit” *corpus* “hominis de limo terræ,” sed “formavit hominem ;” integrum scilicet hominem, excepto illo spiraculo.’ . . . ‘Itaque nobis,’ he adds, ‘non nimium placet confusa illa et promiscua philosophorum de animæ functionibus tractatio ; ac si anima humana, gradu potius quam specie, discriminata esset ab animâ brutorum ; non aliter quam sol inter astra, aut aurum inter metalla.’

And then, after enlarging upon what he considers the consequent inference, that the nature of the human soul can only be discoverable by the light of His inspired Word, by whom it was inspired into the first man, he proceeds with reference to the animal world : —

‘Doctrina vero de animâ sensibili, sive productâ, etiam quatenus ad substantiam ejus, vere inquiritur. At ea inquisitio nobis quasi desiderari videtur. Quid enim ad doctrinam de substantiâ animæ faciunt actus ultimus, et forma corporis, et hujusmodi nugæ logicæ ? Anima siquidem sensibilis, sive brutorum, plane substantia corporea censenda est, a calore attenuata, et facta invisibilis ; aura, inquam, ex naturâ flammeâ et aereâ conflata, aeris mollitie ad impressionem recipiendam, igneo vigore ad actionem vibrandam dotata ; partim ex oleosis, partim ex aqueis nutrita ; corpore obducta, atque in animalibus perfectis in capite præcipue locata, in nervis percurrans, et sanguine spirituosio arteriarum relecta et reparata, quemadmodum Barnardinus Telesius et discipulus ejus Augustinus Donius, aliquâ ex parte non inutiliter asseruerunt.’ . . .

Now with regard to these passages it may be observed in the first instance, that it is a somewhat awkward consequence Bacon would infer from revelation—namely, that in a human being there are two distinct souls, the rational and the sensitive ; and we are not quite certain whether the voice of the Church may not have already defined the contrary.¹ ‘Homo,’ it is clear, is not complete without the rational, and therefore will not be made so by saying it includes the sensitive soul and the body in the passage alleged. Besides, it never can be proved that ‘the

¹ Synod. Univ. viii. Can. 2. Vide Martínez in Arist. De Animâ, I. c. 5, ad f. Ruvium, ad ii. c. 2.

breath of life' means the rational, to the exclusion of the sensitive, soul. Doubtless the superiority of the human soul over the rest may be proved *a posteriori*, and the consequence resulting from it may be that souls are specifically distinguished;¹ still the Peripatetic doctrine, so far from contradicting, alleges the self-same thing, and only maintains a common genus.²

Again, by assuming the fact that the souls of animals are material, he has encouraged others to assume the like of the human soul;³ and the very same description of the sensitive soul, as it exists in beasts, has been often since, not perhaps indeed in the very same words, applied to the whole soul, as it exists in men. Now it is clear that a very significant argument may be drawn against the materiality even of the sensitive soul, from the fact that physical science has never been able to analyze, and consequently to compound it; and this proves Bacon's description to be mere words, otherwise it would be possible from his receipt to compound a sensitive soul, while as for the required organ, it might be always had in a carcase. Indeed, to make a candid avowal, it does not seem possible that intermediate ground can be tenable: soul and matter require to be distinguished throughout the universe, or they will be throughout the universe confounded. If the souls of the lower orders of the creation are allowed to be material, it will soon be concluded those of the higher orders are; and then, like Tertullian,⁴ perhaps, we shall feel ourselves obliged to confess that God is so too. Such a consequence may, indeed, tend to expose the absurdity, when fully considered; meanwhile we may thank the inductive sciences for a negative argument, as observed above, that not even the souls of the lower orders of the creation are so, or at least can be proved so.⁵

At the same time the probability that they are immaterial, granting it to have been made to appear so, does not infer their personal immortality, any more than our personal immortality proves our antecedent existence: all that it appears is, that the principle of life is ever a distinct substance from the system animated by it; its immateriality and its personal existence involve two separate questions; and the resurrection of the animal world, in the same sense as that of the rational world, is

¹ Vide Summam Theol. I. Quæst. lxxv. Art. iii. ad 1.

² Vide Ruvium ad Arist. De Animâ, ii. c. 3.

³ e.g. Lord Bolinbroke. vide Leland's View of Deistical Writers, p. 350.

⁴ Vide S. Aug. De Animâ, et ejus Orig. ii. 5. In Hæres. lxxxvi.; and comp. Cudworth, Intell. Syst. i. iii. p. 174.

⁵ Clarke, Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God, p. 90. 'From which most excellent discovery,' he remarks in a like case, 'we may, by the bye, observe the usefulness of natural and experimental philosophy, sometimes even in matters of religion.'

a doctrine from which we instinctively shrink, and against which the schools have unanimously pronounced.¹

But, to state the case within legitimate bounds, there seems considerable proof, *a priori*, that the souls of the inferior creatures are immaterial, as well as of men.

I. David says, 'When Thou lettest Thy breath go forth they shall be made;' just as he had said before, 'When Thou takest away their breath, they die.'² It is not contended that these words are so forcible as those which describe the creation of the first man, at the same time it cannot be said that they are not remarkable.

II. Does not the resemblance of their body to the human body seem to indicate a certain proportionate resemblance in the soul? not but that every resemblance necessarily pre-supposes a difference.

III. The arguments collected by Cicero in the 1st book of the *Tusculans* for the immortality of the human soul, seem in a lower degree to apply to the inferior orders, *e. g.*

'Serit arbores, quæ alteri sæculo prosint,'³

At the same time it is to be remembered that the inferior orders propagate, and so naturally perpetuate themselves.

IV. Prophecy seems to intimate a general restoration of the whole created universe, by the imagery with which it adorns the future kingdom of the Messiah. If it be said that the inferior orders are to be regarded as types, and not things; it may be replied, that holy men have been employed as types in the same prophetic language, but do not therefore cease to be things, either now, or with reference to a future state. Add to which, that the inferior orders seem to have shared Paradise with our first parents.⁴ We need not deny what seems to be generally admitted,⁵ that the annihilation of the soul of a beast is consequent to the annihilation of the body; while we look for a literal accomplishment of the prophecy which says, 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb.'⁶ We need not assert that there will not be a particular resurrection of birds, beasts, and fishes, as well as of men: while we have a strong presentiment that the forms and types of the creature existing in the Divine Mind will reproduce their real objective counterparts in a future state. We may 'look for a new heaven and a new earth,' with S. Peter, 'according to his promise,'⁷ and at the same time feel sure that, in the equally inspired language of the Preacher, there is a sense in which 'the earth' may be said 'to abide for

¹ Vide Scholasticos in IV. Sent. Dist. xlvi. ² Ps. civ. 29, 30. ³ Lib. i. c. 14.

⁴ Leonard Coq. ad xiv. c. 11. De Civ. Dei, thinks it can scarce be doubted.

⁵ Vide Gennad. De Dog. Eccl. c. 17, and Bp. Bull, Ser. ii. p. 31. (Oxon. 1846.)

⁶ Isaiah xii. 6.

⁷ 2 Peter iii. 13.

ever.¹ What have ever been the views of the Church upon the subject, may be gathered from one of the most diligent collectors of the opinions of her Doctors.

'Elementa, id est cœlum et terram, non credamus abolenda per ignem, sed in melius commutanda: figuram quoque mundi, id est imaginem, non substantiam transiturem.'²

It is admitted that the Schoolmen seem to speak against a resurrection of the animal world, and, in a less degree, of the productions of the earth;³ but we have little doubt we could explain what they really mean, had we space for a theological investigation. Commentators, it is to be observed, on the same side, speak unreservedly, when it is incumbent upon them to explain passages of the following nature.

Eccl. iii. 14. "Εγνων ὅτι πάντα ὅσα ἐποίησεν ὁ Θεὸς, αὐτὰ ἔσται εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα.

Rom. viii. 21. ὅτι καὶ αὐτὴ ἡ κτίσις ἐλευθερώσεται ἀπὸ τῆς δουλείας τῆς φθορᾶς εἰς τὴν ἐλευθερίαν τῆς δόξης τῶν τέκνων τοῦ Θεοῦ. Οἶδαμεν γὰρ ὅτι πᾶσα ἡ κτίσις συστενάζει καὶ συνωδίνει ἄχρι τοῦ νῦν.

1 Cor. xv. ἵνα ἡ ὁ Θεὸς τὰ πάντα ἐν πᾶσιν.

To refute a pantheistic doctrine which had been built upon the last passage, it is observed by one,

'Deus erit omnia in omnibus; ergo omnia, id est omnes res creatæ, erunt et permanebunt.'⁴

While another says upon the preceding text,⁵

'Nota est Theologorum doctrina, in resurrectione hominum futurum renovationem totius creaturæ, quam significat Scriptura, 2 Petri iii. Apoc. xxi. et Isaïæ lxx. novas cœlos et novam terram promittens.'

And so it may chance to turn out in the end, that the forms and essences of the Schoolmen, rightly understood, may long survive the husks and membranes in which they are enveloped: and that in 'the glorious manifestation,' of which the Apostle speaks, they may declare the glory of God, and be the means of showing His handywork more perfectly to His regenerate people, when the subject-matter of the Baconian philosophy (τὰ περὶ γένεσιν καὶ φθορὰν, as they may fitly be called) shall be no more.

¹ Eccl. i. 4.

³ See as above on IV. Sent. Dist. xlviii.

⁵ Estius in loc.

² Gennad. De Eccl. Dog. c. 70.

⁴ Corn. a Lap. in loc.

ART. II.—*Sketches of Continental Ecclesiology ; or, Church Notes in Belgium, Germany, and Italy. By the Rev. BENJAMIN WEBB, M.A.* London: Masters, 1848.

AMONG the numerous difficulties and embarrassments which beset those members of the English communion who have begun to look upon religious matters with a deeper earnestness, and a more rational discrimination, there is none, perhaps, which more forcibly arrests our attention, none which more saliently demonstrates how very unhealthy and unnatural the present condition of the universal Church must be, than those involved in the question of foreign travel. To quit the territorial heritage of the English Communion must, of necessity, assume a difficult aspect even to that better class of travellers who have been led to understand and to prize the inestimable value of Church ordinances, and the grievous loss which even a temporary deprivation of them entails, particularly when accompanied with that mental excitement and greater risk of human life, which unquestionably accompanies foreign travel under its most favourable shape, and in the times of the utmost tranquillity. Shut our eyes as we may do to the fact, bolster ourselves as we may do in the pleasant dreams of community of feeling, and of uniting on the ground of the common past, yet we cannot but feel very bitterly that as soon as ever we set foot upon the territories of the western, or indeed of the eastern, Church, we become self-excommunicated. We may gaze at the fairest cathedrals, we may listen to the entrancing notes of a soul-melting hymn, ‘Veni Creator,’ or ‘Pange lingua,’ or to the world-famous ‘Miserere’ in the Sistine Chapel, and fancy we form one of the flock; we may kneel upon the pavement and join in prayer with those around us, but let us once attempt to do that which alone constitutes fellowship, alone makes worship in its highest sense, partake with our brethren of the bread of life, and our illusion is rudely broken, our isolated position is brought most distressingly home to us, and we find ourselves treated as more completely strangers and aliens, than we should be led to think ourselves were we to stray into the conventicles of the most heretical sect in our native land. Such is the condition of the traveller through Catholic lands. His position in those where the various forms of foreign Protestantism are established, is, of course, to the Catholic-minded Anglican, one of equal desolation and equal sickness of heart, arising, indeed, from other causes, which we need not here

recount, but still such as to make it a very grave question with any one how far he is justified in adventuring the trial. So far the priest suffers equally with the layman; but the latter has a still further and much heavier deprivation. Unless under favourable circumstances, he is not only an exile from the Church of the country, but from the Christian Church altogether. Except in a few principal towns, or in case (which we cannot but think is the bounden duty of all who can afford it to take care should be their privilege whenever they travel abroad), he is happy enough to be the companion of a Priest, he must continue destitute of the means of grace; and if he be stricken with mortal disease, he must die the death of the infidel. But the Priest cannot divest himself of the presence of the Christian Church; he bears it with him; and so long as he has the use of hand and of tongue, it is his own fault if he is deprived of the benefit of the Christian sacrifice. We do not, indeed, counsel our friends of the Clergy to follow the example of the enthusiastic but somewhat unreasonable Mr. Perceval, who went from Bishop to Bishop, demanding that outward communion, which he might have recollected that no individual prelate or simple priest could grant him, without himself becoming the whole Roman Communion, and himself annulling the acts of centuries. But we do advise him to be careful for his own soul's health, and not to grudge himself that spiritual food of which he has been made the dispenser.

We do not mean to press these observations as if they were of universal or even general acceptance, for there are many cases in which foreign travel may be not only advisable but even necessary; occasions, for instance, of health, or business, or public service, or scientific or literary research. We have rather been talking against mere holiday touring, against visiting foreign lands for the sole object of relaxation, which we do not think, as a general rule, is in the present divided state of the Christian Church, (putting the strange political aspect of Europe, which has nothing to do with the main question, out of sight,) an entirely healthy amusement. There is much to be seen, much to distract the mind, and give it pleasurable occupation in our own island, not merely in such beaten districts as those of the Wye and the Lakes, or the Isle of Wight, but in many another part of England. Those who can superadd to mere scenery hunting some special scientific taste, cultivated for the sake of recreation merely—architecture for example, or natural history—will find their sphere of amusement proportionably increased, without having too lightly to resort to the perilous experiment of deserting, for the time, the shelter of their mother Church.

But it is time to break off a discussion into which we have been betrayed by having to review a work of foreign travel, and to proceed to the book before us, which we have somewhat unfairly overlooked, while theorising as to whether Englishmen ought to travel at all. We are glad to find that, as the production of an English Clergyman, and as a scientific work, it is fairly one of the exceptional cases of allowable travels. We can with justice state, that it presents a thoroughly original picture of Belgium and parts of Germany and Italy. We need hardly say, after such a prelude, that it is not a general tour, nor a statistical or geological survey, nor even a merely architectural visitation, for there has already been more than one book of architectural travels published through the regions in question. It is strictly and literally the record of a journey undertaken with the intention of investigating the 'Ecclesiology' of those portions of the continent. Little short of having some new point of view in which to regard these beaten paths, could have justified a fresh volume of travels in those regions, over which Mr. Webb's course lay, written, when it was, before the late European revolutions, from the rank soil of which we may now hopefully expect fresh crops of tours, till the faces of Lamartine and Charles Albert shall have become as stale as that of Louis Philippe is already to the diligent student of Punch. But he most entirely fulfils this requirement. Ecclesiology is a new and still tentative science, just as much as geology was some time back; and it is therefore as necessary for its students to examine Europe *de novo* ecclesiologically, and to map it into its ecclesiological districts, as a similar undertaking was for those who first developed geology.

The commencement (for it is of course, after all, but a commencement), of this undertaking on the part of members of the English Church, could not possibly have fallen into better hands than it has done. Mr. Webb was already well known in the ecclesiological world, as the co-founder and active Secretary of the Cambridge Camden, or, as it now calls itself, the Ecclesiological Society, which has, it must be confessed, helped in no little degree to promote throughout our communion the revival of the perception of the outward requirements of Divine worship. He had trained himself among our own cathedrals and parish churches, and learned to realize their outward forms and inward meanings; and he could, therefore, when first he set out on his continental investigations, bring to bear upon what he saw the results of a ripened judgment and of much aptitude of apprehension. He has accordingly produced a work which must be extremely interesting to all students of Ecclesiology, from the abundance of well digested matter which it contains. It may

indeed be considered its only fault, if this is a fault, that it is too technical; and is not as much as it might have been here and there enlivened, by such incidents of personal adventure and descriptions of scenery, as would tend to localize the churches he talks of, and, without detracting from the dignity of the work, render it more likely to win favour with those who are not as yet fully converted to the charm of pure Ecclesiological research, but are yet sufficiently anxious for information on the subject, as to be led to take up a volume with so captivating a title on the back as 'Continental Ecclesiology.' Still this would have increased the bulk of what is at present a book of considerable dimensions, or else led to the omission of matter more germane to its especial subject. On the whole, therefore, we believe that though Mr. Webb may not have consulted most wisely for the sale of his travels, he has for their intrinsic worth to ecclesiologists.

The work divides itself very manifestly into two parts. So long as Mr. Webb lingers in Teutonic realms, he is evidently uneasy to move on, his descriptions are for the most part somewhat brief, and his incidental notices few and far between. He disposes of Belgium, and those parts of Germany which he visited, and the Tyrol, in less than 200 pages. In Italy, on the contrary, he seems to revel; he lingers in city after city, he becomes more copious and descriptive, he shows glimpses of character, amid the routine of measured description. The chapter on Rome, as was natural, is the fullest and most *soigné* of all, assuming quite the shape of a separate treatise, with more of classification and of method than any other part of the work. We really hardly know whether to scold him, or to praise him for this. A work ought certainly to be natural, and we have no more right to quarrel with an ecclesiological tourist for telling us which district of churches most arrested his attention, than we have to reproach the Almanach des Gourmands, for the enthusiasm with which it approaches the classic ground of Perigord or Strasburg. Still Mr. Webb cannot altogether shelter himself under travellers' privileges; he has thrown enough of system into the book to make us call for more, and to claim that equal justice shall be done to different countries. Yet the circumstances under which he travelled made this almost impossible; and we ought to be very thankful to him for having made so much use of two long vacations. We do not think that any other student could have, in so short a time, accumulated so much matter, bearing at once upon the architectural features of the various churches, and upon their ritual peculiarities, and (wherein Mr. Webb's excellence resides) the treasures of painting which they contain. Had Mr. Neale written the

book, we should probably have had more of what we have adumbrated above—a very picturesque and interesting tour, with most valuable Church notes worked up into it—much poetical description, and stores of recondite learning brought to bear upon points which interested the author—but we doubt whether he would have tarried so long to note the minutiae of pictures, and to copy their legends, as his brother secretary of the Ecclesiological Society has done.

It is not at all surprising, that Italy should have so forcibly captured our tourist's affections. He entered that country, as most people do, with the idea that he should find pointed architecture a mere sickly exotic in it,—a few specimens like the cathedrals of Milan and Siena, and the church at Assisi, scattered widely apart, and showing the marks of their German origin too palpably to be mistaken. To his astonishment, wherever he went, he found indications of an Italian school of pointed architecture; in every town of any magnitude, there were pointed churches, of a type indeed very different from those of Northern lands, but still truly pointed, and in their differences showing, (with much of the old Roman servitude remaining in many,) a real accommodation to the difference of climate, which admitted of being further developed, and adopted in other countries where the temperature called for similar deflections from these forms of pointed architecture, with which England is peculiar. Here, then, was a theory to be followed out, a fact to be realised, which, to an inquiring mind, was of great interest; and still more so, when it concerned no obscure regions, no buildings of secondary importance; but Italy itself, and those churches which had entwined themselves round the annals of her famous middle age. What wonder is it, that he should devote himself with greater zeal and carefulness to the study of these churches, than the better known ones of Belgium? We happen to know, that still more lately than Mr. Webb, Mr. Pugin went to Italy for the first time, prepossessed with the same prejudices, and returned similarly undeceived, with a rich sketch-book to testify to his conversion. The Italian portion of the present work, is not the only result of Mr. Webb's journeys; to his first visit to Italy, we owe a very interesting and useful paper, on the application of pointed architecture to tropical climates, written with a view to church building in our Colonies, and published in the Transactions of the Cambridge Camden Society.

Our author does not of course confine his notices to the greater churches, which, although of obviously best worth seeing, are not of themselves sufficient to give a knowledge of the ecclesiology of any country, any more than having

fastidiously mixed with the aristocracy, and the aristocracy only, of the land, would entitle a traveller to say, that he had thoroughly studied the national character. The descriptions, however, of inferior churches, we leave where we found them, as they will not be so interesting to our general readers, and those who study ecclesiology more particularly ought to provide themselves with the book itself; we shall, in order to give them an idea of Mr. Webb's style, as well as to introduce them to Continental churches, quote a few passages, chiefly of impressions of some of the most famous cathedrals of Europe, appending a few remarks of our own, and so leave the book to the mercies of the two classes of persons,—those who will read it at home, with their feet before their fires, and those who will lay it by, till Europe is peaceable enough for them to pack it up in their portmanteaus, along with Murray's Hand-books, adapted to the changes of 1848.

We shall begin with a church which, from its vastness, and its proximity to our shores, has attained a greater degree of celebrity than its deserts entitle it to, the Cathedral of Antwerp, for so of course it still is, although, on the restoration of the Belgian Church, its Bishopric for some reason was not restored along with the rest.

‘ This famous church sadly disappointed me, both externally and internally. Excepting the west front, there is an unfinished look about the outside: the mouldings are shabby, the flying buttresses to the apse wanting in dignity, and the meanest houses (the complaint of every traveller) still abut on the walls, to the great disgrace of the authorities. Again, the central lantern is crowned by a bulbous top, which is positively hideous. The roofs of all four arms of the great cross are extremely high; but though gabbling nobly in the nave and transept fronts, and ending apsidally in the choir, they are all four hipped in the most ugly way, instead of gabbling on the central lantern. Consequently no such majestic effect of roof as at Ely or Westminster can be gained. Many foreign churches fail in this respect. The west front is well known by drawings. A great peculiarity in it is the entire absence of imagery, excepting a rood in the tympanum of the middle door, and the almost severity of the general style of the ornament. This absence of what has been well called “ frippery,” has gained the design the approbation of the Italian editor of the *Eglises principales de l'Europe*, and may perhaps be accounted for by the singular fact that one of its two architects, Amelius, was a Bolognese. The north spire is completed, is 432 French feet high, according to Simonau, and was in building from 1422 to 1518. It is beautifully treated up to where the tower ends: the great buttresses are subdued, and lead up the eye very gently; the windows are to an Englishman's eye unnecessarily large, but are kept down by the surface-panelling (in itself very indifferent) of the whole. But the design of the spire is less happy. The gallery at its foot overhangs, after the secular style of the late town-hall architecture of the Low Countries. The spire itself does not answer the English notion of one. The English idea of a spire may be taken to be a solid covering indefinitely attenuated; but the Continental type is a series of galleries, gradually diminishing. The English spire—I call it so merely for shortness, for

beautiful examples of this type are found in France, as on the south-west tower of Chartres, and the two towers of S. Etienne at Caen—seems the most real in principle; being only the necessary weather-capping of the bell-tower, rendered beautiful and symbolical by the genius of the Pointed style, not open to let out the sound of the bells, but merely pierced for wind-holes and light. In fact, that type of belfry where the spire itself is pierced seems to be a Romanesque one, never fairly developed. The Romanesque tower is, in theory, merely a number of stages, one over the other: this has been *translated*, but not developed, in the open spire. To recur to the Antwerp example. The spire is scarcely proportionate to its tower, is open, and horizontal in character, and spoilt by exaggerated overhanging crops to the pinnacles. The simple weathercock above the iron cross is quite refreshing, after a spire which looks like confectionery. The towers are engaged, by which much external grandeur is lost: but extent of internal area (it measures 63,375 French feet), is the weakness, so to say, of this church. The inside has two narrow aisles on each side of the nave, and a row of broad chapels beyond each, giving the extraordinary internal effect of seven parallel alleys. The rood-screen has disappeared, probably a sacrifice to this notion of area. The pillars, 126 in number, are most disappointing: they are very meagre, their bases are hidden by the raising of the floor to keep the church safe from inundations, and the nave-arches have no caps at all, but spring continuously from the side members of the pillars: a most tame arrangement. Then the spandril-spaces of these arches are most superficially panelled: and, with no more triforia than a mere passage defended by a late pierced parapet along the bottom of the huge clerestory windows, the eye reaches the vaulting. The apse is wanting in grandeur: the high altar under it, a vast pseudo-classical design, would ruin the effect of an apse, in spite of its picture, the famous "Assumption" of Rubens, a very flower-garden of colour, but most unfit for a Christian church. Antwerp cathedral has come to be regarded as a picture-gallery for Rubens, rather than anything else, and the guides will, without a blush, point out to you the portrait of the *Chapeau de paille* in the representation of the Ever-Virgin. However, some works of the new revival are in progress. M. Geefs is erecting some new carved stalls of most creditable design; perhaps a little starved in execution. They are to be in four divisions, of which three are now finished (1847). They appear not to have returns. A new rood has been suspended in the choir-arch, carved and coloured; the arms ending in fleurs-de-lis, which are rather over-sized. Also in the south choir-aisle there is a new altar with canopy, in Pointed style, very satisfactorily treated, with a picture of the new Catholic school over it, in a painted and gilt frame.

'Rubens' "Raising the Cross," is east of the north transept, and his "Descent from the Cross," east of the south transept: both of great size with wings.

'Benediction is sung about five P.M., every evening, at the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, in the south aisle.'—Pp. 14—16.

Mr. Webb, in this passage, seems to us to have forgotten another species of spire, of which there are several instances on the continent, of extreme beauty,—the tapering pierced spire, the spire that is composed, not like that one at Antwerp, of series of towers of diminishing diameter, but, like our English ones, of sloping sides, pierced, however, in traceried patterns, instead of being left solid, or perforated with spire-lights merely. To this class belong the famous spire at Freyberg, in Breisgau,

and those with which it has for centuries been intended to crown Cologne Cathedral. This type of spire is as pure a one as the solid spire of England. The diminishing tower is, we agree with Mr. Webb, by no means so satisfying, but we can hardly bring ourselves to call it a Romanesque belfry never fairly developed; the Romanesque spire was one of sloping sides, very obtuse, to be sure, and, at first, more like a pyramid than a spire, but still completely of the same genus as those of Salisbury and Chichester. The pierced spire, like that at Freyberg, was either an improvement or a corruption of this, but still one which retained the normal form, the pyramid, of its Romanesque prototype. On the other hand, the spire of diminishing stories was a purely original idea, one of the strange caprices of the architects of the Flamboyant age, with no prototype which we can remember, except that of the Chinese Pagoda, or, perhaps, the Tower of Babel.

Mr. Webb is very much pleased with the Collegiate Church of S. Michael, and S. Gudule, at Brussels, which, by the way, he calls the Cathedral, incorrectly we apprehend, as there never has been a bishop of Brussels.

‘This is a noble church, of remarkably good detail, dating from 1226, that is, of well-developed Continental Middle-Pointed; but a long time in building. Its grand feature is the west front, imposingly elevated on a high flight of steps. There are two towers, which have never had their spires. The general effect is not less striking than that of Notre Dame of Paris, in point of solemnity and severe simplicity. But it surpasses in positive beauty the French example, and no less so, in my judgment, in respect of purity and dignity, the west front of York, to which it also bears much resemblance. Perhaps we may define this front as being what Westminster aimed at being. At York the buttresses are too prominent; there is an over-great horizontalism apparent, and the ornament is too florid: at Brussels, the buttresses quite satisfy the mind without being offensive, the windows are without any exaggeration in size or detail, and the ornament is sufficient without excess. A remarkable originality is given to the front by the making the outer (north and south) parts of the towers project, as it were, in a kind of solid buttressing, so that the real fronts of the towers are rather recessed, and do not occupy above two-thirds of the whole external face. The windows are disposed evenly, relatively to these reduced fronts; not placed as at Antwerp, for example, with reference to the dimensions of the whole face, where half a window is, in the original design, concealed by the thickening of the tower walls for the staircases. Some judicious repairs have been effected to these towers.

‘The interior of the church is also fine; there being a well developed triforium. Some fine stained glass remains in the south clerestory: but nothing can be worse than some modern “transparency” glass, put up in 1842. The detail of this cathedral is the best that I have seen in Belgium. A remarkable interior effect is produced from the fact of there being two vast chapels, of very late Pointed date, added one on each side of the choir-aisles. The choir is lofty, and its aisles low: but beyond the latter soar the extremely high vaults of the chapels. There is a most incongruous pseudo-classical chapel built at the extreme east end.’—Pp. 18, 19.

It is not very long since we have seen the west front of York, and we must confess we consider the usual charge brought against it of its buttresses being too prominent an unfounded one. The pediment, no doubt, is too horizontal, but the buttresses, though very massive, are well proportioned. Had Mr. Webb named Beverley instead, we should have most fully agreed with him. The west front of this Minster, an inferior imitation of York, made in the third pointed age, has buttresses of a bulk which quite throw every other portion of the façade out of keeping, especially, capped as they are with towers of such distressing thinness.

Cologne Cathedral, of course, works our ecclesiologist up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

‘The cathedral must be mentioned first, but it is too glorious a work for description. Regular in plan, and almost uniform in detail, it does not afford much for the note-book. The impression that it gives is a whole: one of inexpressible grandeur and beauty. In this respect it is like S. Peter’s, that the first glance can in no degree appreciate its scale. The proportions are vast, but most accurate and beautiful; so that at first they only satisfy, and it is long before they begin to astonish. It is curious that one feels as if one had very soon “seen” the cathedral. Unlike S. Mark’s at Venice, for example, where every part and detail seems to detain the visitor, Cologne only impresses with one great effect. Even if a long time be consumed in the church, it is not in the examination of a number of interesting points, but in a contemplation of the whole. The mind expands and soars away in this prodigious temple, forgetful of minute particularities. The eye sees rich details, gilded capitals, coloured imagery, gorgeous windows, but rests on none of them: these are rejected as being only subservient to the great idea: or rather they are not rejected, for they are too humble and well ordered to be obtrusive. They are just where and what they ought to be; necessary but quite subsidiary parts of the design; and claiming to be no more. It is just as in the solemn performance of the ritual of the altar, where there are many degrees of ministers, each in his duty, and order, and dress, and local position, contributing to make up the whole act of sublime worship. It would be wrong if one knee knelt too many, one taper flashed needlessly, one censer swung too prominently. The rapt worshipper sees all and yet sees none. All he sees and feels is that, in the very beauty of holiness, the highest service that man can offer is being rendered to God in the Divine Liturgy. So the unknown designer of Cologne made every art and even substance minister as it were a rational service in its appointed subordination around the material altar for which he, a true poet, made this material shrine. He has fixed and embodied a heavenly vision. He conceived a not unworthy temple for Him Whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain; and we see in wood and stone the expression of his sublime thought. His poem presents to us a master harmony, in which metal and stone and wood, and every art that moulds them, combine to praise and glorify God: and his work exalts the soul to adoration, much in the same way as does the sublimity of an Alpine range. A glorious view of what we call external nature, can certainly elevate our souls towards heaven. Much more so can Christian art. External nature need not speak of more than the greatness and goodness of our Creator: but Christian art in all its branches leads the beholder directly to Him,

who took the manhood into God, and by His Incarnation permitted and authorized and sanctified our use of matter in His service, and to his glory.

'I shall not endeavour to give an idea of the plan or detail of the Dom, because Boisserée's beautiful engravings are so generally accessible: and the restorations and new works have proceeded so fast since the last time I saw them, as to make any account I could give superfluous.—I am constrained to doubt if there is so much symbolism in the details of this design as one would have expected. There is, however, a beautiful effect to be seen from the west end of the choir. The three stilted arches of the apse end the view, and of these the middle one shows a beautiful window of two trefoiled lights, with three equal trefoils in the head.

'Even in this most perfect example of Foreign Pointed, it is remarkable that the triforium is more like a prolonged compartment of the clerestory than, as with us, a constructive portion of the design. This, of course, partly arises from the greater freedom with which Continental Pointed allowed of separate roofs to its aisles, instead of lean-tos. Our own architecture, even in late and in elaborate examples, religiously retained the older type.

'The choir of Cologne is surrounded by an original stone parclose, very high, panelled on the surface, and with an open moulding at the top. The tracery of it is very beautiful. The stalls within it have back-hangings of red and gold. The altar is carved, and on ordinary days has no frontal.

'There are some monuments in the church of great excellence.

'The shrine of the Three Kings is at present in the easternmost chapel of the choir. A large fee is paid to open the iron railings, and to have the tapers lighted by which the jewels and relics can be seen. The effect is tawdry and bad. The poor, who cannot pay the fee, try to get a glimpse through the grills when a party of visitors is admitted.

'The treasury is inferior to that of Aix-la-Chapelle, but very costly. It contains a shrine of great beauty, and a fine crozier, seven feet two inches high, with the Crucifixion in the middle, and the Evangelic symbols at the four points, with a knop four feet five and a half inches from the bottom, which is not sharp-pointed. I may notice also a monstrance, of 1658, of gold, covered with jewels; some of which hang like earrings to it. There is an exquisite pastoral staff, very sharp-pointed, six feet four inches high, with no knops, but three joints, enamelled in alternating lozenges all the way up, and enriched at the top with most delicate tabernacle-work of gold. A thurible, I presume of Romanesque date, exactly resembles the church of the Holy Sepulchre, Cambridge: there is a surrounding aisle with lean-to roof and windows and buttresses; and above, a clerestory of the same kind under a nebule cornice, all capped by a conical roof.—Pp. 35—38.

Nuremburg was, we need not say, visited, and the following description of the fittings of the Churches of S. Sebaldus, and S. Laurence, both for three centuries devoted to Lutheran worship, may be read with interest in certain religious circles.

'S. SEBALDUS.—This is a most magnificent church, of peculiar character. It has two towers and spires, covered with coloured copper, and huge roofs similarly decorated. The nave and west apse is Transitional or First-Pointed, 1215; the transepts and choir—very much more lofty than the nave—are later.

'The western apse has one bay and a pentagonal end. It is of early First-Pointed kind, with a trefoiled arcade of good mouldings all round, and is raised on five steps. It now holds a brass font, circular, of late date:

and an altar of S. Catharine, over which is retained a carved triptych with painted leaves. This has some fine heads, and is dated 1453.

‘The whole eastern part of the church is later (1361—1377) and much more gorgeous. The windows are necessarily very large and lofty, and are almost entirely filled with stained glass. The way by which the church was so splendidly ornamented was this: each of the great mercantile families seems to have borne the charges of a portion. In the choir-aisles, for example, every bay, each of which contains a window and two statues in niches, was given by some one family. The subjects, therefore, have no necessary connexion, for each family chose its own design.

‘The most remarkable thing, with respect to the whole church, is the Catholic aspect still preserved by its Lutheran holders. Scarcely one feature has been disturbed. The choir retains its double stalls, its altar—vested in purple with four candlesticks, with a poor reredos, but exquisite rood with S. Mary and S. John,—and the bronze shrine of S. Sebaldus. The whole church is studded with altars, still vested and fitted with lights: and on a north altar, near the empty tabernacle, a lamp still burns continually. I chanced to reach Nuremberg on the Feast of S. Sebaldus. The church was crowded, every altar lighted, and the shrine and altars garlanded with flowers. It was a very singular exhibition of Protestantism.

‘The choir, however, is stuffed up with flimsy seats of deal: and there are some modern deal open seats with poppyheads.

‘An image of S. Sebaldus, a palmer holding a church, faces the pulpit. I need not describe the shrine, the masterpiece of Peter Vischer. It is world-famous and well known by plates. It has only one fault, a corruption in some of the details, which might be expected from its date, 1508—1519.

‘S. LAURENCE.—Another most noble church, remarkable for the beautiful rich effect arising from the deep coloured stone of which it is built: and retaining its Catholic fittings. The choir has its surrounding arches as lofty as the vaulting, and from the immense windows of the aisle, all full of stained glass, is quite a blaze of coloured light. The nave has lower arcades, and above them a blank space for triforia and clerestory; and a fine rose window at the west end. The nave is of about 1200, I should say; and the choir is said to have been in building from 1439 to 1477. Here also there are two western towers with metal spires, of great and picturesque beauty; and the great door is canopied and adorned with excellent statuary. This church contains also the famous Tabernacle (*Sakrament-häuschen*) of Adam Kraft, carved most delicately in stone, and tapering up to an immense height in intricate open work. The date of this is 1500. The conceit of supporting this huge mass of stone on the crouching figures of the carver and two scholars is far from pleasing in effect or feeling.

‘The church is most remarkable for its decorations. The noble families of Nuremberg seem to have contended which should spend most in ornaments. Thus, as in the Sebaldus-kirche, particular families gave windows; and the same, or other houses, crowded the church with single statues, groups, bassi-relievi, altars with furniture, pictures, monuments, arms, and inscriptions; so that the enrichment is almost unequalled. The windows are most gorgeous. One of them in the south chancel-aisle called the *Wolkamer Fenster*—that, namely, given by Peter Wolkamer—has European fame. The subject is a tree of Jesse, with very many saints on each side. The figures are all small, and of the most bright and contrasted colours; but the masterly treatment of the work has made the result a most harmonious whole.

‘The next window to this—the *Schlüsselfelder* window—contains a most singular device. The Evangelistic Symbols are represented in surplices

(looking like Gnostic Eons) and are pouring coins into a mill. M. Kellner, the present glass-stainer of Nuremberg, has added to this window Albert Durer's Four Apostles, executed by himself, with a great deal too much shading and effect.

'The church contains eleven altars; of which the high one is by Heidehoff, built a few years since. It has a rood behind it, and six candlesticks, each carried by an angel. The work is good, but modern looking. I fear I can give no idea of the richness of the whole interior. Almost the whole Kalendar, one would say, was commemorated several times over in the windows, or triptychs, or carvings. The main points of our Blessed Lord's life are repeated in various ways, and materials, and styles, in all parts. As if no other room could be found, a large carving of the Assumption is suspended from the roof in the chancel. Beams are laid from cap to cap of the arcade, holding angels with candlesticks or other figures. When I saw the church, it being a feast-day, the walls were hung all round with vast tapestries of the Life of S. Laurence (the patron) and S. Leonard, of the fourteenth (I think) century; of course concealing other ornaments. It was a very excess of richness. There is a great rood, beautifully floriated, suspended, and standing on a rood-beam.

'A magnificent corona lucis (Kronleucter) of twelve lights is attributed to Peter Vischer. The dedication-crosses remain, coloured red, nine and a half feet from the ground. One Byzantine painting of the Madonna is preserved. Several triptychs are by Wohlgemuth; and here (as commonly in Nuremberg) the front of the super-altar is painted in a series of the heads of saints; either arbitrarily chosen, or, more often, our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary, with six apostles on each side. A triptych, in the north pier of the chancel-arch, contains the story of S. Eucharius. It would be impossible to name all the saints commemorated in the decorations of this church.

'It remains to mention a new pulpit by Heidehoff. It is rich, and boldly carved in stone with figures of the apostles, evangelists, and smaller statues. The attitudes are, however, strained; and the stairs are made to interfere disagreeably with the pillar against which the pulpit is set.'—Pp. 105—109.

As a pendant, however, we must quote the notice of a third Church in the same city—

'S. GILES.—The ancient church was burnt in 1696, only three chapels being saved. The new one is very large and gaudy, of classical style: cruciform, with double galleries round three sides, both of the nave and transepts. It is Protestantism run mad. It is a strange thing that this Lutheran body at Nuremberg has retained so much of Catholic fittings and arrangements: but the Egidienkirche will show that it has no true feeling or apprehension of them. The Reformation would seem to have been an easy change here; without iconoclasm or exasperation. At any rate they had no Will Dowsing, as we had, to destroy what the Reformers had left.—The altar is classical, with a Deposition attributed to Van Dyck, and six candlesticks, of which two are old, four modern. Here, as in some other churches, the Lutherans employ one or two lecterns on the altar steps, as if for Gospel and Epistle; and two kneeling cushions are often laid on the steps.'—P. 112.

We shall not attempt to follow our author through Italy; we should, if we did so, involve ourselves in a surge of discussion and description which would be nearly endless. These chapters will be read now with all the more interest, because they

describe a state of things which has already passed away for Italy, as completely as the line of the Etrurian Lucumones, the Emperors, or the Gonfalonieri. Part of the fabric existed when Mr. Webb's last sheet went to press, the remainder has been submerged in the short interval which has since elapsed. He describes those old times, when Austria ruled over Lombardy, and the absolute monarchs of Sardinia and Tuscany dozed on their seats beneath the shadow of the banner of Hapsburg, and good Pope Gregory XVI. and his ministers, in all the effete obstinacy of blind incapacity, suffered the seeds of every evil to germinate throughout the Roman states, all the more rankly because growing in the shade.

We must, however, let the cathedral of Milan, which with that of Florence constitute the chief glories of Italian Pointed, pass in review, and the Basilic of S. Mark, that strange shadow of the Eastern Church cast upon Western Europe; and, for its dignity's sake, and its unique altar, S. John Lateran, 'omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput.' Both S. Peter's, the type of the world and the Church in ill-adjusted alliance, and Ravenna, we leave to the book itself. They are too interesting as wholes to admit of being excerpted.

'The DUOMO [of Milan].—This famous church would require a better pen than mine to describe it. It is one of the largest and most perfect examples of the Pointed style in Italy, and has many peculiarities unlike the Pointed of the north of Europe. Moreover, its architect was a German, whose adaptation of the style to a more southern climate, must be considered as in some respects more interesting than works of Italian architects themselves. Consequently few buildings have been more discussed than this.

'Its foundation was laid in 1386, by John Galeazzo Visconti, first Duke of Milan. A stone inserted in the north choir-aisle commemorates this in the words, "El principio dil domo di Milano fu nel anno 1386." The architect was Heinrich von Gemünden; in Italian *da Gamodia*; who also designed the Certosa of Pavia for the same founder. Many years were spent in the building. The octagonal lantern was commenced by Omodeo, in 1490. The whole church was consecrated by S. Charles Borromeo in 1577.

'The plan consists of a nave and double aisles, separated from each other by arcades of nine arches; two transepts, each with double aisles, of three arches on each side of the "crossing," which is surmounted by an octagonal lantern; and a choir of three bays, and a broad three-sided apse surrounded by a broad aisle, and with sacristies to the north and south sides.

'The first thing to be noticed in this plan is the absence of chapels. The Ambrosian rite only recognises one altar, and I believe there was only one in this church till some minor ones were introduced by S. Charles Borromeo. But these added altars are absolute deformities to the church, not being in chapels, but merely affixed to walls, *e.g.* of the east sides of the transepts, and the north and south walls of the outer aisles. The design of the whole, and the detail, are uniform. The nave is higher than the first aisles, and these again higher than the outer ones. Consequently both the nave and the first aisles have clerestory windows. The piers are of enormous size and height: in plan an octofoil, each foil being composed of an ogee roll and fillet. The bases are of the same plan, but with boldly pro-

jecting mouldings. The caps are banded with a moulded abacus above a band of flowers: upon which stands a row of eight statues in niches belting the pier; from above this spring the pier-arches, sharply pointed, and a vaulting-shaft, clustered of five, rises on the face of the wall to about the level of the apex of the pier-arches, from which point diverge the pointed arches and ribs of the quadripartite vaulting. The clerestory wall in each bay has a window of three lights, each containing two smaller lights, with trefoils in the heads, and a row of quatrefoils at the base. Two small pierced quatrefoils, square below, light a concealed triforium passage. The cells of the vaulting are painted in very beautiful tracery of the most flowing kind: but this is an inexcusable unreality, however good in effect. This description is true of the transepts and choir as well as the nave. The arcade between the outer and inner aisles is similar, except that the caps have not the band of statues, but the inner aisles have similar clerestory windows. The outer aisles have lofty windows of three lights, with traceried heads, and a kind of foliated transome, higher in the middle than in the side lights. The aisle surrounding the choir has three immense and most magnificent windows in the three sides of its apse: these are of six lights, with vast traceried circles in the heads, and are full of gorgeous stained glass.

‘The central lantern is square, but is vaulted from an octagon. The vertical walls of the square are covered with statues in niches: the pendentives have high-reliefs of the Four Doctors in oval medallions: and there is a three-light window in each cell of the cupola.

‘And now to come to the ritual arrangements. The church was of an uniform level till the time of S. Charles Borromeo: but he, by the aid of the architect Pellegrini, raised the choir considerably, and constructed an undercroft, or *chiesa hiemale*, of Renaissance style. The whole choir is screened from the surrounding aisle by a high wall: the stalls are in the apse itself, behind the high altar, which, however, stands only a little in front of the chord of the apse, and has the main choir westward of it. The altar is of a very unfit design, and is covered by a suspended baldachin, which looks absurdly like the hangings of a bed. There are sacrarium-rails before the altar, and other low rails on some steps under the choir-arch: thus there is a “sacrarium” between the two rails, exactly as in the present arrangements of Westminster Abbey; and to make the resemblance more like, people are allowed to sit there during Divine Service. There is a vast organ with painted leaves, above the screen, on each side of this sacrarium; and embracing the huge girth of the piers of the choir-arch are two ambons of metal-work, richly elaborated; erected by S. Charles Borromeo. At an immense height, above the caps of this arch, is a rood-beam bearing the rood, and two attendant figures, besides two angels kneeling in adoration. On the beam is inscribed, “Attendite ad petram unde excisi estis;” and on its east side, “Exulta et lauda habitatio Sion.” There are two crowns hanging in the choir, each having seven lights. High up, near the roof, is suspended a reliquary containing a nail, believed to be one of those used to crucify our Lord. This is visited once a year by some of the clergy, who are drawn up in a kind of car, by ropes through holes in the vaulting. The frontal on the high altar had the superfrontal returned down the sides, and a cross embroidered in the middle.

‘I have already mentioned that some subsidiary altars have been admitted, to the great prejudice of the design. The transepts originally had doors, which were blocked up by S. Charles Borromeo, who threw out in their places two small three-sided apses with Pointed windows, but many Renaissance details, and set up altars in them. That on the south is dedicated in honour of S. Giovanni Buono, an early bishop of Milan; that on the north to our Lady of the Rosary.

‘Immediately under the central lantern is an eight-sided opening in the floor of the church, guarded by a low balustrade, through which is seen the subterranean chapel where S. Charles Borromeo lies enshrined in a crystal-coffin. This is reached from the *scurolo*, and is very costly, but of most unsatisfactory decoration.

‘At the north-west part of the north aisle is a baptistery under a Renaissance canopy, designed by Pellegrini; and there are some, but not many, interesting monuments and statues.

‘The exterior is very unlike a northern Pointed church. It always reminded me of a swan floating on the water: it is of dazzling whiteness, and very broad, and seems low in proportion to its area. The roof is of one low span, embracing the nave and all the aisles. There is thus no broadside of roof to show, and what there might be is masked by high open parapets of most delicate work. These parapets mount up the gables, besides crowning every horizontal line, and at equal distances rise pinnacles from the flying buttresses, each ending in a statue instead of a crop. The effect is very singular, but not particularly successful; for the statues themselves are not distinguishable, and scarcely satisfy the eye as to the mechanical function they fulfil. The external walls are in reality much higher than most Pointed examples, there not being any chapels; and the buttresses are of very slight projection, scarcely more than pilasters: the immense area of wall thus gained is very elaborately panelled all over with numerous statues and canopies, and the ascending lines of the panelling and the statued pinnacles are that which gives a vertical effect to the design.

‘The octagon is also capped by statued pinnacles, and supports a single open spirelet terminating in an ugly gilt figure of the Blessed Virgin. The cathedral is dedicated in honour of her, and the inscription “*Mariæ Nascenti*” is to be read on the west front. This spire was not finished till 1772, under the care of Francesco Croce.

‘The west front is not satisfactory, some of the Renaissance windows of Pellegrini being retained in the late Pointed façade, which was added in the beginning of the present century.

‘The roof is not of lead, but of slabs of white marble, like the rest of the church. The whole building is in a fine state of order and repair, large sums being annually expended in its support. The view from the summit on a clear day is, I should think, unrivalled in the world: it commands the whole range of the Alps from Mount Cenis on the left to the Tyrol, and the Apennines bound the prospect on the south; while nearly the whole plain of Lombardy lies around.

‘I know few churches where the performance of Divine Service is more stately and reverent than in the Duomo of Milan; and the peculiarities of the Ambrosian use make an object of especial interest to an ecclesiologist. I will describe high mass on an ordinary Sunday, August 3, 1845. Tierce is sung about ten, the antiphons being accompanied by the organ. The north organ is generally used, and a choir in surplices is placed in the gallery before it. The celebrant and his attendants enter in procession. The psalm *Judica me, Domine* is chanted. An acolyte read a long *Lectio* from the north ambon, after which the subdeacon sang the epistle from the same. He then returned to the altar, and preceded the deacon to the same ambon. While the deacon sang the gospel, the people stood up, and the censers were swung. After the gospel, the clergy took their seats near the throne to hear the sermon, which was preached from the south ambon, by a priest in surplice, stole, and cap. The sermon was about modern exhibitions of Pharisaism, and the preacher addressed different classes of his hearers with great animation. After the sermon, some members of a confraternity, or bedesmen, two men and two women, in black and white mantles, brought

in an oblation of the elements. They stood at the end of the choir, and the deacon came with much ceremony to receive the offerings. During the offertory, the whole of the clergy went in order round the altar, and each knelt and kissed the gospel corner. During many parts of the mass, the deacon kneels at the south, and the subdeacon at the north end of the altar, the celebrant, of course, standing at the west side. Six lights are brought in at the time of consecration. The celebrant at one time extends his arms in the form of a cross. The *In principio*, after the mass, was not said; nor was *Ite missa est* sung. The deacon wears a broad stole over the left shoulder fastened under the right arm. In the Ambrosian rite, the altar must be detached; at certain times the deacon goes all round it, censuring it. No small bells are rung during the mass.

‘After vespers, the choir went in procession all round the church, bearing a banner of the Blessed Virgin, with two crosses, four tapers, and attended by some members of a confraternity, to the north transept. There they sang a short office, and the singing-men, standing in a group, sang an anthem, just like a grace sung in the hall of Trinity, at Cambridge.

‘There was *Dottrina Cristiana*, or a Sunday-school, in the nave in the afternoon.

‘The dress of the canons is a scarlet cape and mantle worn over the surplice; the minor canons carry furred caps over their arms; and the singing-men wear over their surplices hooded black mantles, faced and lined with green. The surplices used in the Duomo are all knitted, and very short, but not slit at the sides as in France, nor crimped.

“When I was in Milan, in 1844, the high mass on Sunday, October 5, was sung in the north transept, not at the high altar, it being the Feast of S. Mary de Rosario.

‘Nothing can be more beautiful than to watch the waning of the daylight in the cathedral. It is generally very quiet, and comparatively empty, and one is generously allowed free access to every part without question or annoyance. When it becomes almost dark, the four lights round the shrine of S. Carlo Borromeo become very striking, and there are also eight lights burnt in the choir, and one suspended high up near the roof, by the reliquary which holds the Nail of the Crucifixion. These lights merely show their brightness, and exaggerate the gloom of the vast church: they do not attempt to dissipate it.’—Pp. 200—205.

‘S. MARK.—I suppose this church is unique in the world in almost every point of view in which it can be regarded. It is of pure Byzantine architecture, of the tenth century, having been designed in 976 by architects of Constantinople, brought over for the purpose. The germ of the plan is a Greek cross, with five domes, one over the central lantern, and one over each arm: but the nave is extended westwards, and the choir has also greater length, with a smaller dome beyond the eastern one, and further ending in a small round-headed apse. All the arms of the cross have aisles; but there is no retrochoir. The aisles are remarkably narrow compared with the breadth of the nave. The construction of the building is this: the corners of the squares of the ground-plan are occupied by vast rectangular masses of masonry, connected with each other by segmental arches as broad as the masses themselves: these squares have pendentives supporting circular tambours pierced with windows, and capped by domes. Those of these broad arches which divide the central spaces from their aisles are traversed by three or four small arches; which latter sustain a wall connecting the imposts of the greater arches. These are not galleries, because they do not extend over the aisles,—which are vaulted at the height of the crown of the greater arches, but merely viaducts by which a passage is carried from pier

to pier. These viaducts have been furnished or railed in with parapets formed of ancient monumental slabs placed at random. The slabs are of various marbles, often carved with crosses, and are often placed upside down, and sometimes cut in half in order to fit in. There are therefore no triforia, and no clerestory: all the light being admitted through the tambours of the domes. There is, however, a large round window in the south transept: the north transept is quite blank, and covered with mosaics.

'No language could adequately describe the singular effect produced by the extreme gorgeousness of the ornamentation of the interior. It is one complete blaze of beautiful marbles and mosaics. There is not an inch of common or shabby material. Every part, not covered with bright mosaics or gold grounds, is of polished marble of some rare and exquisite variety, or is richly gilt; and the very floor is a mosaic of rich patterns and colours. Porphyry, jasper, serpentine and alabaster, verde, and rose antique, and a hundred others, give a truly eastern magnificence; to which art has lent its magic in every conceivable branch. Here, there are exquisitely wrought gates of bronze by Sansovino; there, shafts of transparent alabaster carved all over in delicate reliefs: while above, the mosaics and legends over every part of the domes and roofs add a new interest. And further, besides the church itself, and its impressiveness and associations, there is a deep symbolism of arrangement and ornament conveyed in these decorations. If ever the eye is raised, it falls on some words, or scenes, or figures, which not only themselves convey a religious meaning, but suggest other more recondite ones for contemplation by their position and antithetical distribution. A meditative person having entered the church, and given himself up to the thoughts suggested, could scarcely tear himself away from the fascinating influence of the place.

'It is not in my power to offer any clue to the hieratic symbolism of S. Mark's. Without drawings, and with limited time, it would be next to impossible for any one to do this fully. I shall, however, describe several parts as well as my notes enable me to do; after having first gone through the actual ritual arrangements of the church.

'There is here a real rood-screen, rightly placed along the eastern face of the central lantern. It consists of two low walls of marble, one on each side of a rise of steps leading to the holy doors; above which is a cornice or entablature, going across the whole breadth, supported on four small shafts on each side, and sustaining a floriated rood placed between fourteen statues of the twelve apostles, with the Blessed Virgin Mary and S. John next the Cross. It bears the legend, "✠ M C C C L X X X I I I I. hoc opus factum fuit tempore excelsi Domini Dni. Anthonii Venebio Dei gratia Ducis Venetiarum ac nobilium virorum Dominoru. præfatæ ecclesiæ benedictæ beatissimi Marci evangelistæ." Within the rood-screen, the square under the eastern dome is occupied by some modern seats (!) at its west part, and by the patriarch's throne at the north-east opposite to the sedilia, which are moveable seats on the south.

'The altar stands eastward of this area, under a baldachin. This altar is the shrine of S. Mark: it is of marbles and porphyry with columns at the corner. The baldachin, which is asserted to have come bodily from S. Sophia's, stands on four elaborately carved columns: of which the two eastern have subjects from the Old, the two western from the New, Testament. The altar stands at the further part of the area of the baldachin; and consequently the celebrant stands facing east, with his back to the church. A patriarchal cross stands on a fixed base at the north-west of the baldachin; and a fixed credence-table on its south side. The stalls are double, in the apsidal space behind the altar; and there is an organ on each side. North-east of the stalls is a fine brass eagle-desk, standing on three lions; and

opposite to it on the south-east the great letter for the antiphonary. I mentioned that this space had further a small eastern apse: this is occupied by a smaller altar, made of wonderfully precious marbles, and under a canopy resting on spiral columns of transparent alabaster. There are numerous lamps in the choir depending from the roof.

' Now to come out of the choir. North of the rood-screen, and on the west face of the north pier of the arch of triumph is an ambon,—an irregular hexagon, supported on seven marble shafts, with a stone desk, facing south, for the Gospel. Above this, also raised on columns, which rest on the ambon, is a smaller pulpit-like seat with a donical top, in which the Doge used to sit on certain grand occasions. Another ambon, or pulpit, is on the south side of the screen.

' The area of the church is quite unencumbered; but a marble seat runs round all the walls. There is a much frequented modern altar, against the east side of the east aisle of the north transept, dedicated in honour of Notre Dame de l'Orient: and there is a small chapel, north-west of the north transept, dedicated in honour of the Madonna de' Marcoli; of whom there is a beautiful marble statue of Andrea Pisano.

' Against the west face of one of the piers on the north side of the nave there is a beautiful little altar complete, with a small pentagonal baldachin over it: this is said to have been brought from S. Sophia's. The baldachin has monolithic marble shafts and stilted round-headed arches, and a pyramidal roof of marble.

' At the south-west of the nave there is a baptistery, with a dome, and a separate chancel under a smaller dome; and west of this is a chapel called of S. Maria della Scarpe, containing a fine bronze recumbent figure of Cardinal Zeno, dated 1515. The west and north sides of the church have an external kind of cloister: the place of which, on the south side, is occupied by the baptistery and chapel last described.

' At the south side also is the treasury, where are preserved reliques and vessels of great value. The chief ornament, however, is the Pala d'Oro: an altar-piece of gold and jewels for the high altar. It is embossed in various small reliefs and enamels, and is said to be of Constantinopolitan work of the tenth century. The subjects have generally an explanatory legend; *e.g.* HANASTASIS: and there are many figures of prophets, apostles, and angels. In the middle is a figure of our Lord, in majesty, with the Evangelistic Symbols round Him: and there is an enamel of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in a light blue dress under a dark blue mantle. The jewels are often very large, and are set so as to project out from the front. There is an inferior frontal of silver-gilt, with twenty-six saints in niches. The frontal ordinarily upon the high altar is a contemptibly mean one. Among the treasures are many chalices; some of which are said to have come from Constantinople. These may probably have been used for communicating the laity; but I could not well examine them.

' And now to attempt to describe the mosaics.

' I was present in S. Mark's at high mass on the Feast of the Assumption, 1845. A fee gained admission to the modern seats, described above as being just within the rood-screen. Consequently I was within two yards of the Patriarch's throne. The canons of the church sat in their stalls behind the altar; they wore stoles over their surplices, and copes, or else chasubles, of gold. The Patriarch came in in procession, knelt at a kneeling-desk which had been prepared for him before the altar, and then went to his throne. He was attended by a priest, in surplice, stole, and cope, and by two others in dalmatics and copes, one holding his mitre, the other his crozier. Tierce was first sung, but the psalms were not chaunted antiphonally, but sung, like our modern "services," in solos, duets, &c.; and the

antiphons were omitted,—I mean, were not sung properly by precentors. After Tierce, the patriarch was vested publicly for mass on his throne. He was celebrant, and was attended by the three mentioned above, besides his deacon and subdeacon. There was a large hired choir, both of voices and instruments, in the gallery by each organ. The magistrates attended in much state. Eight lights were brought in at the consecration. After the mass an indulgence was proclaimed; and the patriarch—after the mass, not after the gospel—went to the ambon on the *south* side and preached, eloquently enough, in his mitre and chasuble. During the sermon the canons and others left the choir, and sat as near as they could to the pulpit. The patriarch then returned to his kneeling-desk before the altar, and was there unvested.'—Pp. 268—275.

We wish that we had space for Mr. Webb's account of the Duomo of Florence. One word, however, upon a single point. Mr. Webb had perhaps better have told his readers, that the real name of the worthy who is commemorated as Giovanni Acuto, was John Hawkwood. We hardly think that he need have put a mark of exclamation after the announcement that the two western side windows were false. He meant, of course, by this to show his horror of a sham. But he forgets that all these windows are shams, and that he had previously praised them for being such—for being broad lancets inside, and so affording an area for painted glass, and at the same time for being externally traceried. But this tracery is, of course, mere panelling; and if once we concede that it is allowable to extend it before a really untraceried window, we have no right to complain if we find it in those bays which are not pierced for light. Whether the expedient be legitimate or not, on which we do not wish to enter, we think Mr. Webb has assumed its legitimacy far too lightly, considering the strong 'anti-sham' position which he has so long taken up. What would he say to such a contrivance in a church by Mr. Salvin or Mr. Ferrey, adopted for the sake of showing some piece of modern glass-painting?

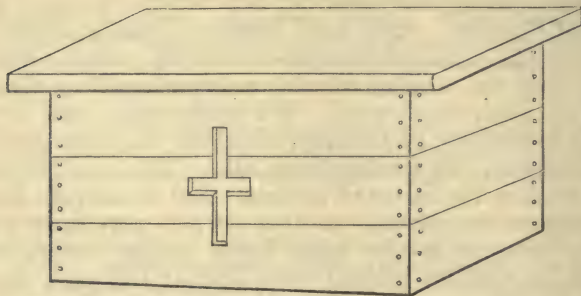
'S. GIOVANNI LATERANO.—This famous church, the episcopal throne of the Pope in his capacity of Bishop of Rome, was built on the site of the Lateran palace. First dedicated to the Saviour, it is now under the invocation of the two Saints John. It bears the proud title "*Sacrosancta Lateranensis ecclesia omnium Urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput.*"

'It was first rebuilt by S. Adrian I. at the end of the eighth century, and having been burnt, again rebuilt in Renaissance by Borromini under Innocent X. The apse, however, was saved, and remains; having been built in Pointed, and covered with mosaics by Nicolas IV. in 1291. The apse faces west, and the doors are at the east end.

'Originally this was a basilica comprising a nave and four aisles, reached by seven doors from a vestibule, and opening into a broad transept, out of which opens a round-ended apse, of the same breadth as the nave.

'At present nothing old remains in the nave except the mosaic pavement. There are still nave and four aisles, very grand and costly, but of the most distressing unchristian architecture; with a heavy, flat, but richly gilded

roof. The transept is on a higher level, but also modern. The high altar stands under a Pointed baldachin on the rise of the transept at the end of the nave. This altar is one of the most famous in the world, being of wood, and believed to be one upon which S. Peter himself celebrated. It is the only wooden altar allowed in the Roman Communion, and is used exclusively by the Pope. It is mentioned in all ritualists, as the one exception to the rule about stone altars: *e. g.* in Durandus *Rationale*, I. vii. 28. (Cambridge Translation, p. 153.) I was very curious to see this altar, and after some trouble succeeded in doing so, the frontals, &c. being removed: but still it was enclosed in a kind of network, and not quite easy to be made out. The following sketch will give an idea of it. It is said to be of cypress-wood: it looked like planed wood, by no means discoloured with



age. A broad plank, rather thick, was supported on four uprights, to which are nailed planks, three in number. The upper plank considerably overhangs the base. It is about four feet high. Inside, I suppose, it is hollow, but is said to contain reliques. The altar faces towards the nave, *i. e.* to the actual east; but ecclesiologically speaking, to the west. Above it is a Pointed baldachin, with a gallery at the top; from which rises another very lofty and very well-designed Pointed canopy, with foliated arches. This upper structure contains the heads of S. Peter and S. Paul. This Pointed work was executed under Urban V., between 1362 and 1370.

‘The apse, which is semi-domical, and contains four obtusely Pointed windows, is of the date 1291, under Nicolas IV. The mosaic represents a half-figure of our LORD—much more ancient than the rest—surrounded by angels. Below it is a cross, represented as jewelled and as perfused with grace, which a Dove is shedding down upon it. From its base flow four streams, *Gion*, *Pison*, *Tigris*, and *Eufrates*, from which various sheep and harts are drinking. Below is a river, *Iordanes*, in which are fishes, birds, boats, and men. To the right of the cross stands the Blessed Virgin, *MP. ΘΥ.*, with her right hand on the head of Nicolas IV., who is kneeling. Next stands S. Peter with the legend, “*Tu es XPΣ. filius Dei vivi*,” and next S. Paul, with the words, “*Salvatorem expectamus Dm̄ I. C.*” On the other side are S. John Baptist, S. John Evangelist, and S. Andrew. Besides these there are small figures of S. Francis, and S. Antony;—Pope Nicolas was a Franciscan. Below, alternating with the windows, are figures of the remaining apostles. The artists of this work are commemorated by name—*Jacobus Torrite pict. ho. op. fecit*—; and he and his assistant, *Fra Jacobo da Camerino*, are represented at work.

‘The inscription is not without interest. “*Partem posteriorem et anteriorem ruinosas hujus sancti templi a fundamentis reedificari fecit et ornari*

opere musivo Nicolaus IV. filius S. Francisci, et sacrum vultum Salvatoris integrum reponi fecit in loco ubi primum miraculose apparuit quando fuit ipsa ecclesia consecrata—Anno Domini MCCXCI.”

‘There is a fine recumbent monument of Pope Martin V., fully vested, and with triple mitre and pall, with crossed hands, at the end of the nave, with its back to the altar; *i. e.* facing the actual east. Much of the detail is wonderfully debased. The epitaph is not bad: “Martinus . Papa . V.—sedit . an. XIII. mens . III . dies . XII.—obiit . ann. MCCCCXXI . die . XX. Februarii—temporum . suorum . felicitas.”

‘There are confessionals for different languages in this church. There is now a retrochoral aisle behind the apse, with which however it has no communication. There is a row of columns in the middle of it, and the vaulting is Roman. Here, to my unspeakable disgust, I was shown one of the famous “false relics” of the Lateran, but which are still shown as true, and perhaps believed by the ignorant to be true. This was no other than the identical table on which our LORD celebrated the Last Supper: stuck upright in a dark hole behind a grating. Nothing in the world, it seems to me, can justify such an exhibition as this: but I cannot describe my feelings about it.

‘On the north side of the church is a very beautiful cloister, surrounded by an arcade of round-headed arches rising from double columns, twisted and otherwise ornamented. This cloister is full of monuments and fragments of the older church; *e. g.* of the ancient ambons and paschal candlestick. In the middle is a well,—coolly asserted to be the identical well of Samaria. There is yet another smaller cloister, of Transitional style: with the arcade on a podium, and the columns resting on lions.

‘The west vestibule of the church is all Renaissance, but fine of its sort. There is an exquisite view of the Campagna and the Alban hills beyond from under the portico.

‘There are several chapels of great richness, but bad detail, added to the basilica. A curious external effect should be noticed, from the east side. The transept wall is very lofty, and panelled with corbel-tabling; and the apse and its surrounding aisle seem quite small in comparison. Engaged at the end of the south transept is a thin square tower, with a pyramidal spire; which makes the elevation of the transepts look exactly like a nave.’—Pp. 507—510.

Mr. Webb should have stated that the original basilic still remains absolutely imbedded in the new one. The method adopted at its so-called restoration was to fill up every alternate arch, and to case the pillars with plaster, we believe. Thus a series of heavy solid piers was produced. Then the intermediate arches were travestied into Renaissance, and *quantum suff.* of decoration superadded. When will the old church emerge?

Mr. Webb’s summing up of the condition of outward religion at Rome at the epoch of his visit in 1845, will probably surprise some of our readers, (it would have surprised more six months ago,) grieve, we trust, all, while at the same time it may afford support to some who are striving to regulate their faith according to the Scriptural direction,—‘By their fruits ye shall know them,’ and who, if pained and troubled, as they may possibly be, at instances of unreality, and neglect, and profanity, in our own communion, may be prevented from making the sad

experiment of seeking consolation at other Altars, when they learn that shortcomings are not our unique distinction, but will even be found in those Churches where they had the right to expect the most extreme degree of zeal and devotion.

‘A person who should wish to witness the religious ceremonies in Rome, must buy the *Diario* for the year, in which is set down under every day the name of the church in which the Station is held, and in which he will also find every peculiar rite or festival duly commemorated. When it is the Station in a church, the Blessed Sacrament appears to be exposed nearly all day on the high altar, with innumerable lights; and all the devout in Rome make a point of betaking themselves there in the course of the day, in order to win the indulgences which are proclaimed in connexion with such a church, altar, or festival. And again, a particular saint’s day is not kept in every church, as with us: but in one or more particular churches, to which, accordingly, every body resorts on that day. Thus larger indulgences are obtained, and also of course the festival is kept with greater pomp, each church in turn hiring a number of vocal and instrumental performers.

‘I was not in Rome at a very favourable time for religious services. I shall, however, describe the chief of the ceremonies which I was able to witness. Generally speaking, I was not much impressed in Rome with an idea of the devotion of the people: it seemed, indeed, to be below the Italian average. And the clergy were, in general, markedly more irreverent than usual. I saw, however, a very pretty sight one Sunday evening in the Forum. The Litany of the Blessed Virgin was being sung in the oratory attached to SS. Cosmo and Damian; and the crowd being much larger than the chapel would hold, many were kneeling and singing outside both the doors, and some also on the opposite side of the road,

‘One thing that struck me much was the absence in Rome of any constant magnificent exhibition of ritual, such as is afforded in the cathedrals of Florence and Milan. One might have expected great dignity of worship in all the chief basilicas, considering the wealth and grandeur of their religious foundations,—or at any rate in S. Peter’s. But this is far from being the case. So far as I could ascertain, a *messa cantata*, without any special pomp, is performed on most, not all days, in the *Cappella del Coro*: and very perfunctorily, I can testify, is it done. On S. Matthew’s day, Tierce was sung in this chapel, but was not followed by a *messa cantata*. There were merely two or three low masses said at some of the subsidiary altars of the church. At least I expected, in my simplicity, to find vespers sung solemnly every day. In this again I was mistaken. I found that it is only on certain festivals that vespers are sung; and then in a kind of temporary choir formed by means of benches, with backs covered with red cloth, placed longitudinally on either side of the altar of the festival. I shall have occasion to mention the second vespers of Michaelmas day, so sung.

‘S. Peter’s did not seem to be very much frequented. In the afternoon it was not unusual to find it nearly empty: once I saw a solitary old woman sitting before the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Not but that many visit the church daily, and kiss the toe of the bronze image of S. Peter. Crowds also kiss the toe of the miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin in S. Agostino, and there is a third image in Rome—I forget in which church—similarly honoured. This is a very easy kind of devotion. An indulgence is given, I need not say, in return for each kiss. In like manner an indulgence is gained by kissing the cross in the Coliseum (as M. Renouvier¹

¹ Sur les monuments gothiques de quelques villes d’Italie, p. 85.

has mentioned with disapprobation), these words being written up : *Baciando la croce si acquista un anno e xl. giorni d'indulgenza.*

‘ One thing which surprised as well as distressed me in Rome, was to find some of the most interesting and curious churches, with their patron-saints still sleeping beneath their altars, neglected and almost profaned. It is true that the population has been drained off to the Campus Martius, leaving these churches lonely in the midst of the accumulated ruins of centuries ; surrounded by deserted gardens and half-tended vineyards, and only to be approached by rugged lanes winding between the patched and perishing walls of former palaces : but they are still the tituli of the cardinals, and still enjoy revenues. It is not as if the clergy and their revenues had been drafted off to the modern city : that is full of churches and clergy, founded and endowed by later munificence. The truth is, that these ancient buildings are so many sinecures, slowly perishing, and, with some few exceptions, only not destroyed. But surely spots so sacred deserve to be cared for, and it would not be much to expect that in the Eternal City the cardinals should keep vicars in the venerable churches whence they derive their titles. A daily mass, even without a congregation, is not so rare a thing in the Roman communion, as to make it unreasonable to expect that a beneficiary should care for the daily offering of the Christian Sacrifice on altars so holy and undoubted—the cradles of our religion.

‘ And here I must observe, that the inconsistency of the Roman Church in respect of its value for relics and sacred spots, is a serious offence to many minds. Why, for example, should the body of S. Bartholomew the apostle be suffered to lie in his church on the Island, without votive lamps and careful tending, in a forlorn, unfashionable, contemned church, while no honour can be too great or constant for S. Philomena ? I have failed to find any explanation of this, except in the fact that indulgences form the mainspring of the modern devotion. Obtain an indulgence for this church, or this altar, or this worship, or this saint’s day, or this relic, or this prayer, or this action,—and popularity will follow. Neglect to obtain an indulgence, through poverty or want of zeal, and the intrinsic authenticity of a relic, or undoubted sanctity of a spot, will not suffice to gain a reasonable veneration, except, it may be, from a thoughtful Catholic of the English communion.

‘ But to revert to the ancient Roman basilicas. In some of them a Sunday mass is said ; in some (I was told) a yearly mass on the day of the patron-saint. At other times they are deserted, except when visited by a tourist or ecclesiologist, who may care to see sights so uninteresting compared with the attractions of the modern capital. They are generally in charge of a “ hermit,” some man who lives in the church, or in the deserted buildings attached to it. These hermits I found, for the most part, very dirty and unintelligent ; and I cannot forbear mentioning an adventure at S. Prisca. I had made several vain attempts to get into that church, or to rouse the hermit in the adjoining house. At last I went again, this time with a guide, whose repeated thundering knocks, at last, just as we were once more leaving in despair, brought a man to an upper window. “ Are you the hermit ? ” “ No ; I am the hermit’s friend, living with him : have you come to buy the dog ? ” “ No : come down and open the church.” Down he came, and soon opened the west door, from which bounded a beautiful Italian greyhound. He still had no other thought than that we had come to buy his dog, and he invited us in to see it go through its tricks. I insisted at least on the tricks being exhibited outside ; which was done, and then we saw the church, amidst the pressing solicitations to buy the dog of the hermit’s friend. The hermit’s friend was a Prussian, and, if of any religion, a Lutheran.’—Pp. 55—59.

There are two German cathedrals of surpassing interest both architecturally and historically, those of Aix la Chapelle and Treves, about which Mr. Webb is provokingly brief. In the case, indeed, of Treves, he pleads not being able to find his notes of it; but surely his well-stored memory could have provided him with something more to say of the only cathedral north of the Alps, which is supposed to contain any really Roman work. We think, too, that he might have been more diffuse upon the Dom of Mentz, as the Metropolitcal Church of Germany for a thousand years, from the days that the stout-hearted Englishman S. Boniface planted the Cross in that forest tract, till the havoc of the first French Revolution swept over Rhineland. It has, indeed, all along struck us that Mr. Webb is haunted with too great a fear of saying anything which he fancies his readers may already know, or may easily learn for themselves elsewhere; such a feeling is no doubt in itself commendable, but it may easily be pushed to excess. People want pictures of Churches, and they do not like the trouble of putting in so many shades for themselves, though they may very well know what those shades are.

Our readers have, of course, heard rumours of the revival of Christian architecture in Germany; it will not be uninteresting, therefore, to let them hear the impression which three of the most notable structures of the revival in that land made upon the individual to whom more than to any one is due the credit of having rightly and continuously directed the freshening current of ritual and religious externals in our communion.

‘A very conspicuous object to one ascending the Rhine is the new church of S. APOLLINARIS, built by M. Zwirner, the architect of the completion of Cologne cathedral. It stands nobly on a height above Remagen, facing a bend of the river; with the chateau of the noble founder below. With so fine a situation, and so eminent an architect, this church ought to be good. Nor would it be fair to condemn it altogether, although I certainly found cause to be much disappointed with it; for there is much respectable detail, and some grandeur about it: but many an English architect would have produced, I believe, a better design. The plan is an equal cross, all four arms being equally high, with sharp gables, and a small apse set on the eastern end. The whole church is raised on a crypt, built of a blue stone, different from that used in the upper part. This crypt is lighted all round, by large round cinq-foiled windows. The apse in the crypt is round-ended, but in the church above it is five-sided. There are plain buttresses at the four angles, rising into good pinnacles; and each of the five sides is canopied, with crockets and a crop, above a two-light window, trefoiled with a quatrefoil in the head; the pediment being filled up with radiating tracery. But of these five windows, the three eastern are blank, each light being occupied by a statue under a canopy, and the other two are only partly glazed, part being unpierced. Surely this is an inexcusable unreality, for the mere sake of an external decoration. A very poor surface arcade runs all round the apse below. The cruciform part has none but round windows, excepting

the faces of the nave and south transept—which have fine four-light Middle-Pointed windows, with quatrefoils above the pairs of lights, and a large-foliated quatrefoil in the general head,—and the north transept, which is quite blank. These round windows are filled with eight trefoiled leaves, are boldly moulded and have an open ornament—like a Tudor flower—outside their outer rim. But all the windows north and south of both chancel and nave are blank, those east and west of the transepts alone being pierced. A pierced parapet, rather weak in point of design, runs round the church, being continued horizontally across the four gables, and forming thus an external gallery: above this, each gable is panelled in seven graduating trefoiled lights, and each gable also is crocketed. This is a common foreign plan of cutting a gable by a horizontal line; but I think it a defect in point of verticality, and indeed a Romanesque element not eradicated.

‘The west front has the window described above continued below in a double door of good mouldings and beautifully cut. It is flanked by two very thin wiry towers, which have three stages each, under a horizontal crowning gallery; above this two more stages, better treated, and capped by pretty, but low, quadrangular spires of pierced work and crocketed up the angles. There are also at the angles of the eastern arm of the cross, two thin octagonal turrets crocketed, which are, however, nothing more than exaggerated pinnacles, and each of the transept gables has also low pinnacles. This again is surely a Romanesque idea. German Pointed, in many particulars, never worked quite free from Romanesque, unlike France, England, and of course Cologne cathedral itself. But M. Zwirner, so well acquainted as he must be with Cologne, might have been expected to develop in this. The prevalence of Romanesque features in German Pointed is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that Romanesque continued to flourish in Germany after Pointed had been fully developed.

‘I had merely time to remark that the interior (July, 1844) was being entirely painted by artists of the revived Christian School.

‘I noticed that M. Zwirner has used water-pipes instead of gurgoyles, and has embedded them in a channel formed in the ashlar.’—Pp. 59—61.

The Church of S. Boniface and the Aukirche, both built at Munich by the ex-king of Bavaria, next claim our attention. The Aukirche has been already described by Mr. Webb, in the *Ecclesiologist*, vol. iv. p. 87.

‘S. BONIFACE.—This is called a basilica, and certainly resembles one more than any other kind of church. The architect is M. Ziebland, the painters M. Hess and his pupils MM. Koch and Schnorr. The church is built in red brick, with white stone dressings. The west front shows a low gable with three round-headed windows, above a kind of entrance portico, made of nine round-headed arches. Inside there are double aisles of great height, and a round apse: besides a clerestory. The apse is painted with our LORD in a vesica-formed aureole, in white, attended by the Blessed Virgin Mary, S. John, and twelve Saints, some of whom have a Greek stole. Above the arch is the Agnus Dei and twelve sheep; a basilican device. The frescoes representing the life of S. Boniface are truly beautiful. One at least has been lithographed on a good scale. In 1845 they were nearly finished, except at the west end.

From these notices it will be seen that although these churches are (one at least) of a somewhat larger size, and of more elaborate ornament, than those recently erected in our

own land, yet in point of architectural purity, and the real feeling for Christian architecture, they cannot compare with such churches as S. Saviour's, Leeds, or S. Paul's, Brighton, (not to mention the sumptuous and religious, but un-English, church at Wilton,) and that with the addition of paintings, such instances of our English revival of Christian art would stand a rigid comparison with the works of a king in his capital. Recent events have indeed stripped the new churches at Munich of very much of their extrinsic interest. We cannot now (to say the truth, individually we never did) look at them as at all evidences of religious intentions on the part of their chief promoter:—with what different feelings do we enter S. Saviour's, Leeds! And even if the moral sentiment of Europe had not been outraged as it has been, by that wretched greybeard voluptuary, we could only have regarded him as having patronized Christian art in an eclectic and unreal manner. The same individual who founded the Aukirche and the Basilic of S. Boniface, was the builder of the heathenish Walhalla, and of the Pompeian Palace.

An ecclesiological movement was in progress in France before the late catastrophe, real, we fully believe, on the part of its true promoters, though aided, and at the same time snubbed, by the government, in pursuance of its systematic and significant lack of principle. The principal church to which it has given birth is that of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, near Rouen, (described in the *Ecclesiologist* for last January,) large, sumptuous, and interesting in some points, failing in others, and altogether such as need not make us at all ashamed of ourselves. How far church building may thrive under the Republic, supposing this to continue, remains to be seen.

The early and orthodox members of the Cambridge Camden Society, have long been taught to regard galleries, or 'scaffoldings,' as the result of the Puritan movement in England, and duly to execrate them in company with Cromwell. They will, we fancy, be not a little startled when they find that this corruption has an earlier and a Catholic origin, and that constructional galleries are not uncommon in Pointed churches (chiefly of a late date) in Rhineland. Mr. Webb enumerates the successive instances of galleries which he comes across in his travels with a sort of malicious dryness, just as if they were matters of course, without at all considering the feelings which he may lacerate by the accumulated proofs which he brings forward, that there is, after all, a great deal of authority for galleries.

S. Foilan, at Aix la Chapelle, is a 'little Late-Pointed Church,' and has 'an original stone gallery at the west end

of the nave and two aisles, with an open arcade for its front.' At the west end of S. Ursula, Cologne, is 'a very large 'stone gallery, contemporary with that part of the church,' namely, of Romanesque date, and forming beneath a species of narthex. The Jesuits' Church, in the same city, is a large flamboyant one; 'the aisles are broad, and have original galleries 'in them subvaulted in stone. The galleries are reached by 'spiral staircases. . . . There are altars at the eastern ends 'of the galleries, used by the students in the seminary, and 'archives are also kept in them.' S. Columba, Cologne, also Third Pointed, has double aisles; 'the outer aisles being vaulted, 'and having stone galleries (also vaulted underneath), which 'extend also along the west end of the nave, and have a pierced 'arcade in front. This is a very singular feature.' There is a western gallery in the Romanesque Abbey Church at Laach. At Sinzig Church (of late Romanesque), the triforia have been built sufficiently large to serve as galleries. The Jesuits' Church at Treves, 'a fine, large, Late-Pointed church' has 'a 'stone west gallery, with a front of pierced flamboyant tracery.' The aisles of the rubble Pointed church of Dausenau, in Nassau, have 'galleries subvaulted, and this gallery is continued 'across the west end on pillars.' The Church of the Carmelites at Boppard, 'a noble late Middle-Pointed church,' has at its west end 'a large subvaulted gallery, consisting of a pierced 'flowing parapet, supported on three obtuse, four-centered 'arches; with figures in niches above the piers.' The flamboyant church of S. Goar has 'subvaulted triforial galleries.' In the Collegiate Church of Stephen and S. Mary Magdalene, at Menz, 'above the stalls is a stone gallery, with a pierced 'front of singular late tracery.' The Church of S. Leonard, at Frankfort, 'contains remains of a late Romanesque church of 'the date 1219, with large alterations in rich Third-Pointed.' In this, 'the outer aisles are lower, and contain a subvaulted 'stone gallery, which also runs across the west end, and is 'reached by elegant open staircases at the west end.' The Church of S. Mary at Wäzburg is 'a most beautiful Pointed' one, dating 1377. Here, 'the west bay of the nave has a stone 'gallery, groined underneath, with a pendant, and reaching to 'the last pillars, not extending over the aisles.' At the Frauenkirche, at Nuremberg, dating 1361, and still devoted to Catholic worship, 'much more curious are two seemingly original wooden scaffolds, or galleries, each occupying the last 'bay of the aisle.' In the Church of S. James, in the same city, 'the eastern compartment of each aisle is occupied by a 'curious subvaulted gallery.' The most gigantic specimen of a galleried church is, however, S. Emmeran, at Ratisbon.

'The abbey church is very large, and of such an extraordinary plan, that I despair of giving any satisfactory idea of it. Indeed, with the actual plan before one, it is next to impossible to make it out. It is a huge quadrilateral area, very far from being regular, with a gallery of stone on all four sides, that at the west end being of two bays' depth. The altar is thus actually under an original gallery! The style is very early Transitional. The mouldings are uniformly Romanesque; but many of the arches are Pointed. The windows also are pretty generally Pointed. But the whole has been debased or paganized (though with great costliness) to a ruinous extent before the dissolution, and now that it is only saved from utter neglect and ruin by the inadequate use made of it as a parish-church, it is very difficult to make out anything satisfactorily about it. In truth, the church has no parts accurately defined: but I suppose this was of less importance in a church chiefly abbatial: in which one large choir, for which I take the central open part to have been arranged, for the great services, and numerous small altars, were alone wanted. If a person enters S. Emmeran's by the descent (six steps) of the west door, he finds himself in a kind of crypt. He will find the *whole* breadth of the church divided into five unequal bays; of which the two outer bays are the aisles, while the middle three bays (of which the outside ones are narrower than the central one, which contains the west door,) comprise the breadth of the nave. Repeat this arrangement one bay eastward, and we have the extent of the interior that is covered by the west gallery: the whole of it might, perhaps, be called a narthex. Eastward of this, the aisles extend three bays eastward, the subvaulted gallery being continued in them, but the triple-bayed gallery in the breadth of nave ceases, leaving the nave itself unincumbered to the extent eastward of three bays. One bay more added lengthwise to the whole breadth completes the plan, and being galleried over, in three bays across the nave, joins the two aisle-galleries. An altar now stands in the easternmost middle bay of the nave, and therefore under the gallery. I think that probably this bay under the eastern gallery was meant as a retrochoir; and that an altar stood eastward of the open part of the nave. This open part of the nave occupies, as I said, the length of three bays of the aisle, and there is an ascent of two steps across, by the easternmost piers. The gallery has a Third-Pointed pierced parapet on all four sides, and is reached by winding staircases, north and south. There is a very large porch to the north-west, which seems to have been once larger than it now is. Over the door is a very ancient figure of our Lord, between SS. Emmeran and Denis, and this legend:

'Cum petra sic dictus stabili p'nomine XPC
Illius in saxo satis apte constat imago.

'This portal is of early Romanesque. North-west of the church is a detached campanile, and there is an infirmary (?) chapel, dated 1727, near the campanile. This desolate church is still rich in monuments. In the south aisle, on a slab raised on four low shafts and covered by an iron herse, is a fine coloured recumbent effigy of a bishop: perhaps of S. Wolfgang. In the same aisle is a kind of altar-like tomb of S. Tuto, a bishop of Ratisbon. At the east end of the south aisle is a very beautiful recumbent figure of S. Emmeran himself: episcopally arrayed, and lying on a low plinth, beneath a flat slab which rests on four small shafts. In the north, upon a slab similarly raised, lies the figure of a queen, of early date, brightly coloured.

'Under an altar lies a skeleton, with artificial roses about it, lettered S. Calcidonius.'

The Church of S. Udalric and S. Afra, at Augsburg, dates

1474. In it is a chapel, and 'in this chapel is a rare thing, a 'small square-headed piscina; and above it a curious original 'subvaulted gallery.' At Stuttgart, 'the first bay (eastwards) 'of the north aisle' of the principal church, which dates from 1419 to 1531, 'is singularly treated. It has a stone gallery in 'it, with a pierced parapet, subvaulted, and reached by a solid 'staircase, pierced in some solid masonry under the arch. The 'gallery was probably used for a chapel.' There is a similar arrangement in the Hospital Church of the same city. 'The 'north aisle also' (in addition to this chapel), 'has an original 'gallery, properly so called, not reaching the nave piers, but 'resting on piers of its own, with elaborate subvaulting, and 'niches in the spandrils between each arch, and a flowing 'parapet.'

It is very curious that the ancient basilic of S. Agnese, at Rome, is completely like a London church of the last century in its plan, with full blown galleries at the sides continued round the west end.

The pew-system has, like many other features of Protestantism, its representative in numerous churches of the Roman Communion as it now is. Normandy can show several specimens of pews of the first class of deformity. Mr. Webb, too, in his travels, has come across more than one nest of pews in his walks through still Catholic towns and villages. We hardly think it worth troubling our readers' attention by recounting the hideous catalogue. We should, by the way, be very glad if Mr. Webb and his associates of the Ecclesiologist would give up the pedantic archaism of writing 'pue' for 'pew.' 'Plaister' for 'plaster' is another favourite affectation of theirs. Into the comparative claims of 'ceiling' and 'cieling' we do not wish to enter. We are very glad that the present series of the Ecclesiologist has abandoned the use of the *k ephelcysticon*. We suppose it was assumed in the early days of 'the Camden,' because it had an 'Anglo-Catholick' look. Unhappily, however, it smacked equally of Tillotsonianism.

There is an interesting account of a synagogue of Middle-Pointed date and style, still existing at Frankfort. We have elsewhere seen a curious notice of a mediæval synagogue of most venerable aspect, which is to be found at Prague.

We wish Mr. Webb had more regularly given the orientation and the dimensions of the churches which he describes. Such a collection of the statistics of a zone of churches extending from north to south,—from the mouth of the Rhine to that of the Tiber,—would have been not only very interesting in itself, but as the basis of future inquiries. It is well known that the law of orientation has been supposed to have been more strictly

observed in the North than in the South. While he was at Rome, indeed, Mr. Webb attended systematically to the point, and with curious results; but these would have been far more valuable had he illustrated them with, for instance, a comparison with the orientations of the Rome of the North, Cologne, not to mention other instances. We mean accurate orientations, not merely general ones. The passage is somewhat too long to quote *in extenso*, but Mr. Webb comes to the conclusion that 'the true orientation of the altar was an object with the first church builders.' He observes, we think with justice, 'that the impossibility of orientating both altar and church rightly, as long as the Basilican arrangement was retained, was one great reason for this arrangement being discarded.' Orientation, according to our ideas, seems to have been studied in those churches of Rome which were built between the desuetude of the Basilican type, and the triumph of Renaissance. Mr. Webb inclines to think that the faulty orientation of many Roman churches arises from the obvious practical difficulty of obtaining sites correctly lying in an already existing city. 'Many of the most ancient churches will be found to lie parallel with, or else at right angles to, existing streets which we know to occupy the same direction as in ancient Rome.'

Throughout the book our Author is provokingly silent on the subject of dimensions. This is a very serious omission in a work which attempts to give a scientific description of buildings. Mr. Webb has seen the churches for himself, and so he may have a pretty correct scale of their dimensions in his head; but how can he put his readers who have not had a similar advantage, in possession of any approximation to it, without having recourse to the common, though it may be dry, expedient of feet and inches? Being told that a church is large, or small, or middle-sized, means absolutely nothing, so arbitrarily are these designations assumed, and so little uniformity of dimension exists even among churches of the same class. The question of dimension is, in fact, one of the main branches of ecclesiology. To show how little vague terms of dimension ever mean anything, we will take an example of what happened last year. Lord John Russell promised that he would soon found Bishoprics at S. Alban's Abbey, and at Southwell Minster, converting these churches into cathedrals. All who thought anything of the matter exclaimed, How very appropriate, how grand! two such noble churches—so large—of cathedral proportions—of cathedral character, fit to range with our old cathedrals!—and so on. This was perfectly true; all these phrases of commendation could with the utmost truth be predicated either of S. Alban's or of Southwell. Will not our readers, then, be

rather astonished to learn that one of these is precisely double the length of the other,—that S. Alban's is of the prodigious length of 600 feet, Southwell of 300? A knowledge of the comparative dimensions of churches is not merely necessary for the drier parts of Ecclesiology, but for the more popular and æsthetical question of 'effects.' If we hear that one church looks large and striking, and another poor and pinched, we have no data to go upon, and we receive the information dully, and assume it as a matter of course. But if it is added that the large and striking church is in reality smaller than the one which looks poor and pinched, we are driven to investigate the reasons why the effect in either case should be disproportionate to the cause; and thence, and thence alone, do we arrive at those first principles of architectural effect which we are called upon to study.

Mr. Webb is not merely a student of architecture and ritualism; painting (especially that of the Christian schools) has occupied no little of his attention. His description of the frescoes of the Blessed Angelico still existing in the Convent of S. Mark at Florence, of which house he was a brother, will be perused with great interest. In that convent, now resides Brother Marchese, to whom the world is indebted for a very valuable history of Dominican art—a topic of no little interest, for, singularly, the order of S. Dominic has always been distinguished for its cultivation of the arts. Besides Fra Angelico it has produced another beatified artist, B. James of Ulm, an eminent painter on glass in the 15th century. Fra Bartolomeo also was a Dominican. Mr. Webb was indebted to Fra Marchese for the sight of some cells which are not generally shown. Every one is filled with exquisite frescoes depicted for the spiritual benefit of the inmate, by the pious hand of the blessed Fiesolese; now unhappily in a neglected condition.

To us who are sitting at home, Mr. Webb appears to have traversed vast spaces, and to have done a very great deal towards acquainting us with the ecclesiology of Europe. And so, indeed, he has done; but still, as he would himself be the first to acknowledge, he has, comparatively speaking, accomplished but the beginning of the work of recording the ecclesiology of the Continent. In Belgium, where he commences, he has not had the opportunity of viewing the immense cathedral of Tournay, distinguished from the other large churches of that land by its nave of gigantic Romanesque. We miss in his index the suggestive names of Worms, Spire, Mannheim, Lorsch. He has pretty carefully examined Rhenish Germany, but stores of noble churches lie beyond in Thuringia and Saxony, while the Pointed work of Bohemia, Austria, Hun-

gary, and Poland, is of barbaric richness. That vast and rich ecclesiological region, France, is undescribed by him, and is very little known, except along a few beaten paths, to English travellers. Southern Italy, too, has deeply interesting churches; while in Sicily there are Pointed cathedrals and churches, as at Monreale and Cefalu, of a surpassing splendour, though of a peculiar character, and Romanesque work, which would amply repay any visitor. No country indeed in the world is so full of architectural treasures of all ages as that Mediterranean island. There and there only can we find gathered into a narrow compass, *chefs-d'œuvres* of Grecian, of Roman, of Romanesque, of Arabian, of Pointed, and of Cinque Cento architecture. Spain too, and Portugal, are rich in the most gorgeous and huge Pointed cathedrals, not to mention the elaborate and costly, but less pleasing structures raised by the piety of the last three centuries. If we turn northward, the inhospitable regions of Sweden and Norway, and especially the islands of the Baltic, abound in ecclesiological riches, till lately little known, and little thought of by the general traveller. Those vast provinces of Europe, too, which are in communion with the Eastern patriarchates, afford us numberless churches of a very different type indeed, and far inferior in size and beauty to those of the Western Church, but still of the deepest interest to him who wishes to study, with broad views and steady purposes, the ecclesiology, the art, and the ritualism of universal Christendom.

Whether or not it may hereafter be possible for Mr. Webb in person, to complete the task he has entered upon as we have chalked it out for him, we trust that some persons may be found to undertake the work, and, if it be too extensive for any one traveller to accomplish it, yet that, as the opportunity may offer, the whole of Europe may be effectually and compendiously brought within the scope of our ecclesiological vision; and this we earnestly desire, for the sake not merely of the present subject, but for that of the general well-being of Europe; for most assuredly all investigation, ecclesiological or otherwise, must come to an end in an age of social convulsion, so that our wish is one for peace. Now that the condition of the continent is growing every day darker and darker, it is at least consolatory that the storm had not burst upon us before we had begun to look upon the mighty problem of the Western Church with more impartial eyes. Had the political disorganization occurred a little sooner, had we been called upon to regenerate our communion in things external, not to talk of those affecting her inner spiritual life (with which we do not at present wish to meddle,) without a practical experience of other lands and other

national traditions than our own, we should necessarily have been diverted into erroneous and self-sufficient makeshifts, and have had at some future time to do the work over again at an immense disadvantage. The remarkable failure of the Caroline development in ritual matters, nay even the transience of its singular recurrence to Pointed architecture, may be attributed to its stiff and repulsive, and in many respects ignorant, insularity. It fell because it made its own traditions. With respect, however, to the actual science of churches in our own days, our present development has been so gradual, and it has explored so wide a field, that it bids fair to last. The incomplete and cramped, but still useful, labours of Mr. Rickman in discriminating the various epochs of English Pointed, preceded the theological movement by a period of a few years. Consequently, when men began to think of building churches in a more church-like spirit than they had previously thought of, they found themselves in possession of knowledge and capabilities of so doing, of whose assistance they had not previously dreamed. About this time was published Hope's 'Historical Essay on Architecture,' a posthumous and incomplete work, in many parts barely sketched out. The effect of this most valuable contribution to our literature was gradually to lead individuals to a more Catholic appreciation of the spirit of the mediæval Church builders. Mr. Hope's Essay stands alone among our architectural works as the production of a mind of remarkable vigour and acuteness, following up quietly from the resources of its own observation, a series of truths which had been hitherto most remarkably overlooked, and which, step by step, irresistibly took possession of it. In some points he was led to take too trenchant a view, as, for example, in his extremely unfavourable estimate of English Pointed. The reason of this was to be found in the natural repugnance which he felt to the vain-glorious assumptions of previous English writers in the presence of the noblest efforts of Continental architecture. Still that theory of the gradual and almost undefinable growth of Pointed architecture out of Romanesque, and of Romanesque out of Roman, and the lateness with which every change was felt in England, which Mr. Hope was the first to introduce to the English mind, in anything like a systematic and philosophical shape, has on all hands, and mainly owing to him, been accepted among our antiquaries, as the only one which rests upon a fragment of evidence. By a sort of natural instinct, Mr. Hope's attention was much attracted to the ritual arrangements of the Basilics of Italy, which had hitherto, except perhaps to the few students of Bingham, or Smith, been an inexplicable and unattempted riddle. We very much

wish that a new edition of this most interesting work, carefully revised and copiously illustrated with notes and additional matter, could be given to the world. It might be made an invaluable addition to our ecclesiological literature. Shortly afterwards appeared the publications of Professors Whewell and Willis on the Church architecture of Germany and Italy. The natural result of this sudden opening of new fields of research was a somewhat hasty and, if we may say so without offence, puerile adoption of the newly discovered Romanesque. It seemed almost carried by acclamation that this was the architecture of the future; and Messrs. Wild, Blore, Railton, &c. produced cheap and debased specimens of the new ware at Streatham, Hoxton, Bethnal Green, and other agreeable suburban localities. The toy, after having been sufficiently played with, has been thrown away, and the danger may now be fairly considered as one which has passed over. Amicable relations were beginning to be entered into with foreigners engaged in similar studies. The Ecclesiologist, which in its earlier days was notorious for a very John-Bullish contempt of all Mounseers, even in the engaging garb of mediæval Church builders, changed its tone, and opened its pages to Continental intelligence handled in an impartial spirit. At this time Mr. Webb spent those two summers abroad which have produced the book before us, the first work which has ever appeared specifically on Foreign Ecclesiology. Here, then, we stand at present. The greater part of the Continent may for a long time be quite prohibited ground to us. But it is no longer a *terra incognita*. We have had glimpse enough of it to make it inexcusable for us to let go of it in our future ecclesiological researches. Our problem is, Given on the one hand, the Churches of the middle and primitive ages, and on the other, the Book of Common Prayer and the Sacramentary of the Church of England; To construct out of the former, and for the use of the latter, temples of Catholic worship which shall bear upon their face the impress of their being the legitimate growth and instruments of the Church of England. Such a task, full of interest and importance at all times, has quite lately grown of ten-fold interest, beholding as we do, on the one side, the English Church remaining erect and unshaken, visibly extending her influence every day in proportion as she acts more and more in her true character of a branch of the Universal Church—and on the other, that marvellous vision of the Roman Communion shaken as she never has been shaken since her present system was matured;—her own chief Bishop, after having evoked the dangerous spirit of liberalism, (not that we blame him for his earlier reforms, which were absolutely demanded

by the corrupt condition of his realm,) being, perhaps, more effectually than the other tottering thrones of Europe, compelled to succumb to the storm which he summoned and failed to direct;—the Patriarch of the West imprisoned by his own subjects, who, if they have any faith in their own system, must look upon him as the one who has received the utmost parts of the earth for his possession;—schism threatened in quarters where it was least expected;—the Church elsewhere compelled to truckle to the mob;—that body of men who, whatever may have been their faults in other days, were undoubtedly now distinguished for their attachment to the Roman See, and their devotion to the propagation of Christianity according to the Roman system, everywhere denounced and banished, and abandoned by those to whom they had every right to look for protection. What may be the next act of the portentous drama which is now being enacted, it is not our business to inquire. Our own simple and present duty is to strengthen our own communion, internally by practising and teaching holy living, externally by contributing to the beauty and the decency of the sanctuary. Mr. Webb has brought in most valuable help to the latter object, and for that we owe him thanks. That his present volume would be materially assisted by more copious illustrations, he will admit as fully as it must be obvious to his readers.

ART. III.—*Eastern Life, Present and Past.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. London: Edward Moxon. 1848.

WHEN I first came to Egypt,' Mohammed Ali once observed to a distinguished writer upon that country, 'there were but three *hats* in it.' The viceroy has certainly lived to see the supremacy of the turban strangely disputed. English black hats, French white ones, give the wearers now no uneasiness touching the precious contents of these insignia of Frangistan, as they criticize the wares of the merchant, or canter at the perilous speed of an Egyptian donkey through the majestic gloom of the bazaars of Saladin. So shaken, indeed, are Oriental proprieties now-a-days, that felt or beaver, over and above the consular, are no longer the limits to which toleration reaches. Bonnets, and the fair faces that they shelter, freed from the trammels of the yashmak, may be seen not unfrequently even within the sacred walls of Sultan Hassan. European ladies of every nation, and most in number our fellow-countrywomen, care little for shocking Mohammedan ideas of modesty by their unveiled faces, and a not inaudible indulgence of curiosity and sense of the ludicrous, among people whose manners are new to them in all things. Certainly the old man lived to see matters strangely altered. It has been all along his object to root out Eastern prejudices in every way in which they impeded '*modern enlightenment*,' and he boasts, or did boast, that he had succeeded.

Those, indeed, who have known the Pasha intimately, and have watched the current of his affairs, are said to be doubtful as to the wisdom of the general tenor of his method of improvement. Natives of France, and Italy, and, in cases, of England, have taken the highminded course of leaving the associations and restraints of home, to devote their talents and lives to carry out his highness's enlightened views, by filling every post of honour or emolument in his dominions. Advised by these uncompromising persons, and actuated by a spirit of modern liberalism, he has striven to raise his position in the scale of worldly grandeur to a level with the great European powers, by judiciously combining the morality, political and otherwise, of both East and West; a convenient amalgam for his boundless ambition and undaunted resolution.

One result, however, of his wisdom or his policy all sensible men must rejoice at,—the perfect safety which he has established for all strangers who visit his dominions or reside there. Those who know what he has had to struggle against in gaining this end in Egypt,—'the land of superstition,' a nation composed

of so many elements, and affording such continual facility for escape into the deserts,—will appreciate his perseverance. No traveller will be backward in acknowledging the conveniences that result from it. Egypt and the East are no longer unapproachable regions.

Philosophers, topographers, sportsmen, and ennuyés, may extend their energies in a field comparatively untried, and enjoy the glory of having achieved something beyond the limits of our annual swarms of tourists. It is rarely now that the learned favour us with works on Italy, 'Tours in Switzerland,' 'Continental Impressions,' and the like. Those mysterious red Hand-books seem to have touched the Ultima Thule of information on matters of fact; and as for views, every one now prefers his own. It becomes so generally 'the thing' for every one to have a smattering of 'continental lore,' that it is supposed to be a matter of course: talkers are plenty, listeners rare; conversations on foreign lands being a race for the discovery of some one 'lion' that escaped one's neighbour's observation; he fortunately having had to 'do' the part of the country in question against time. 'The East,' though not forgotten in the series of the marvellous productions alluded to, is not quite the land for a hand-book. Diligences and hotels are not yet general there, statistics of any sort not to be obtained; and as for charges and prices, all must depend on the talents of the interpreter, whose services will rise in costliness in proportion. For any information, therefore, from a distance, that can be relied upon, we are now dependent on the works of modern travellers. And, it must be allowed, they have not been slow in providing supplies. If Mohammed Ali prides himself on the secure state of the banks of the Nile, and the yet smouldering terror of his name in Syria, we must congratulate ourselves on the learned labour that has striven or condescended to enlighten us on all subjects connected with these deeply interesting regions. There is no lack of variety here. Protestant professors, less influenced by religious impressions than Chateaubriand, and less unsophisticated than Maundrell, have discussed the topography of the Holy Land with dispassionate perseverance. Ladies and lords have immortalized the powers of their cooks, and their own generalship against Arab tribes—baffled demanders of tribute, and the prowling marauders of the valleys of Samaria. From a sceptical Presbyterian minister, down to the talented contributor to comic periodicals, none have considered 'The East' above or beneath them. None who aspire to the magic wand of authorship have withheld their hand from treating of these solemn scenes, where once reposed the wisdom of this world, or glimmered the revelations of the next.

Taking the mass of these works, the fitness of the subject to their handling seems to have weighed little with the authors; the idea even of serious preparation of mind for making fitting observations of holy sites and remains—any relation, in short, between the temper and habits of the traveller and the soil travelled over—never suggesting itself for an instant; perchance—

‘in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk’d those blessed feet
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nail’d
For our advantage on the bitter cross.’

We confess to a feeling that there is a painful incongruity in this merciless spirit of book-making. We do not wish to accuse such persons as the author of ‘Biblical Researches’ of voluntary irreverence; still less the writer of ‘Lands Classical and Sacred,’ whose express intention was to refute some assertions and opinions of the former. We would do the latter noble author justice for the excellent taste of his simple unpretending tone upon sacred sites and subjects. But we have a work before us which eminently illustrates the unsuitableness we speak of. ‘Eastern Life, Present and Past,’ is a work of no ordinary talent. It shows careful observation, and, we add it with regret, deep thought.

Miss Martineau, while on a visit to some friends in the autumn of 1846, was invited by Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Yates to accompany them in their proposed travels in the East, and a Mr. J. Ewart joined their party at Malta.

It is a point of conscience with our authoress to publish her work. ‘The thoughtful traveller,’ she thinks, ‘must have some knowledge and some ideas which he could not have obtained at home, and which the generality of people at home cannot gain for themselves. These he cannot, in fidelity to himself and his fellowmen, ignore, or bury out of the way of his convenience and repose. He feels that, however lowly his powers, he must use such knowledge and reflective faculty as he has; and again, he feels that if he can speak he must. He must speak. He must say what he thinks, and all that he thinks, on the topics of which his mind is full. It is no concern of his,’ she adds, ‘whether what he thinks is new, nor, in this relation, whether it is *abstractedly and absolutely true*. Probably, no one can say anything which is abstractedly and absolutely true. When all thinkers say freely what is to them true, *we shall know more of abstract and absolute truth* than we have ever known yet: the thoughtful traveller’s only concern is to keep his fidelity to truth and man.’¹

¹ Vol. iii. Conclusion.

She landed at Alexandria on the 20th of November, reached the Nile at Atfeh by the Mahmoudieh canal, and Boolak, the port of Cairo, by the Nile steamer. At the Hôtel de l'Orient they remained long enough to complete their preparations for a Nile voyage, racing a party of Scots with various fortune, who beat them at last in the start 'up stream.'

From the 2d of December to the 9th of February is occupied by their researches in Upper Egypt and Nubia as far as Wadi Halfa, the second cataract. With a noble forbearance they leave there only, on the rock of Abooseer, their names carved for the benefit of posterity; take their last view of the far blue hills, those appealing peaks, that seem to promise such wonders in the realms of Dongola. 'It was with a heavy heart that I quitted the rock, turned my back on the south, and rode away.' She descended the river, seeing at her leisure the antiquities which she had passed over in the ascent. It is always an object to take advantage of the north winds against the stream, so as to leave you with a command of your time in returning. This time she devotes greater attention to seeing Cairo itself, while her party make their preparations for their journey across the desert. This completes Part I., 'Egypt and its Faith;' the longest, and 'to me,' she tells us, 'by far the most interesting portion of our travels,' from the deep impression it made upon the authoress, and the way in which it influenced her in the sequel. Would that, like her friends during the evenings on board their 'dahabieh,' we were but concerned with her 'facts,' and that she had been content with rather more of the humble part of a follower in matters of opinion!

Her power of conveying her impressions of these former, the truth of her occasional sketches, is inimitable; details are here and there carefully coloured and brought into the foreground with the knowledge of effect of a skilful artist. Who that once has seen, can ever forget the magic world that dawns upon his first introduction to an eastern city? Wretched, indeed, as Alexandria is as a specimen, yet the contrast between this and every European town, from its being the first seen, is everything. She describes the landing, for instance,—'The stars were out, and the last brilliant light had faded from the waters before we anchored; we had a crowd of boats about us containing a few European gentlemen, and a multitude of screaming Arabs. The silence of our little passage from the ship to the quay was a welcome respite, but on the quay we found ourselves among a crowd of men in a variety of odd dresses, and boys pushing their little donkeys in among us, and carts pulled hither and

‘thither; everybody vociferating and hustling in the starlight. Our luggage was piled upon a long cart, and we followed it on foot; but there was an immediate stoppage about some Custom-house difficulty, got over we know not how’ (she knows probably by this time); then the horse ran away, broke his girths, and scattered some of our goods. At last, however, we achieved the walk to our hotel: all the way we had glimpses of smoking householders in their dim interiors, turbaned artisans, and yellow lamplight behind latticed windows. The rest of the evening was fatiguing enough. The crowd of Bombay passengers hurrying over their preparations, their letter-writing and their tea, in order to start for Cairo at nine o’clock; the growling and snarling of the camels loading in the square, the flare of the cressets, the heat, light, noise and hurry, were overpowering after the monotony of sea life.’ The impressions of her first walk in an oriental bazaar are reserved till she has before her their far fuller realization in the ‘Queen of Arabian Cities;’ we wish we could convey to the reader what it is to wake up the *lendemain* to this tumultuous farewell to European matter-of-fact life. Let him recal the hero of the ‘Talisman’s’ first sleep in his captivity. ‘The singular contrast between his present position, and that which he had occupied upon the same spot, when the envoy of princes, and the victor in combat, came like a cloud over his mind, and fasting, lassitude, and fatigue oppressed his bodily powers. When the Knight of the Leopard awoke from his long and profound repose, he found himself in circumstances so different from those in which he had laid down to sleep, that he doubted whether he was not still dreaming, or whether the scene had not been changed by magic. Instead of the damp grass, he lay on a couch of more than oriental luxury, and some kind hand had, during his repose, stripped him of the cassock of chamois which he wore under his armour, and substituted a night dress of the finest linen and a loose gown of silk. He had been canopied only by the palm-trees of the desert, but now he lay beneath a silken pavilion, which blazed with the richest colours of the Chinese loom. He looked around as if to convince himself that he was actually awake, and all that fell beneath his eye partook of the splendour of his dormitory.’

Something of this kind salutes the eye of the oriental traveller. ‘There are few gayer things in life,’ says our authoress, ‘than a visit to Cairo, the most wonderful and romantic dream that can ever meet the stranger’s waking senses. The most wonderful and romantic, because there is nothing so wonderful and romantic in the whole social world as an Arabian city: and

‘Cairo is the queen of Arabian cities; full of charms as Damascus is, it is charming for other reasons than its virtues as an Arabian city, on which ground it cannot for a moment stand in comparison with Cairo.’ It is indeed the very atmosphere that we breathe in the dreamy tales of the *Thousand-and-One Nights*. The rich and brilliant dresses glowing in the sunlight; the strange admixture of complexions; the passing and repassing of the crowd, dividing occasionally for a mounted Bey, with tall slaves in blue shirts and crimson turbans running at his side; or the wide swaying mass of a camel’s burden—an Arab boy perhaps perched above the whole in some never ungraceful posture, bending forward and back with every step of the deliberate ungainly beast below him; sometimes a body of troops in their white uniforms, or a mounted file of ladies, ‘a harem going out for a ride on asses, each lady enveloped in a sort of balloon of black silk, and astride on her ass, her feet displaying a pair of bright morocco boots;’¹ or the procession of a circumcision:—all this seen through the cool dark telescope of the slipper or silk bazaar. Then the sort of way one’s dreamy contemplation is interrupted by the frantic onward dash of the donkey that one is riding; the boy that runs beside you screams to the peaceable passers by, applying at the same moment his cane to the loins of his charge, which winces with an oblique wriggle, as if about to glide from under its rider, and leave him astride upon his disproportioned saddle in the dust. You had reached the entrance to one of the more fashionable bazaars,—you are full tear through it before you recover your gravity, wondering by what chance the lower orders in Cairo avoid being physically as well as morally trodden to a jelly. These donkeys, ‘the cabs of Cairo,’ as Sir G. Wilkinson names them, are beautifully kept, sometimes with their coats clipt, and are arrayed in ample bright-coloured carpet saddles and scarlet headstalls; strings of them lurk in a shady corner in frequented neighbourhoods, their bridles fastened short up to the cushion in front, and their little heads drawn up as proud as those of London carriage horses. Their pace is a rapid run, with steps too minute to disturb the body of the rider, who feels much as if he had a Brobdignag rat beneath him. ‘The little rogues of donkey boys were always ready and eager close by the hotel, hustling each other to get the preference; one displaying his English with “God save the Queen!—ros bif!” others kicking and cuffing, as people who had a prior right, and must relieve us of encroachers.’

She carries us bodily back to the Ezbekeeyeh, a great open space planted, the lounge of Cairene idlers.

¹ Page 8.

‘Then off we went through the Ezbekeeyeh, under the acacias, past the water-carriers with their full skins on their left shoulder, and the left hand holding the orifice of the neck, from which they could squirt water into the road, or quietly fill a jar at pleasure; past the silent smoking party, with their long chibouques, or serpentine nargeelehs; past the barber shaving the head of a man kneeling, and resting his crown on the barber’s lap; past the veiled woman with her tray of bread,—thin round cakes; past the red and white striped mosque, where we looked up to the gallery of the minaret in hope of the muezzin coming out to call the men to prayer; past a handsome house or two with its rich lattices, its elaborate gateway, and its shade of trees in front, or of shrubs within the court, of which we might obtain a tempting glimpse; past Shepherd’s Hotel, where English gentlemen might be seen going in and out, or chattering before the door; past a row of artisan dwellings, where the joiner, the weaver, and the maker of slippers were at work, with their Oriental tools, and in their graceful Oriental postures; and then into the bazaars.—Cairo streets are wholly indescribable; their narrowness, antiquity, sharp lights and arcades of gloom, carved lattices, mat awnings, mixture of hubbub and fatalist quietude in the people, to whom loss of sight appears a matter of course,—all are in my mind, but cannot be set down.”—Vol. ii. p. 119.

Her whole description of the bazaars will waken in the traveller the recollection of what must be seen, or hinted and filled up by the imagination, but cannot be adequately represented in words. The tyranny of the cumbrous rickety carriages, which can be escaped only by flight down the nearest opening; the flattening of oneself against the wall or the goods of a merchant, when a certain heavy breathing over one’s shoulder gives warning of that most outlandish of all domestic animals, the camel. Some distance in advance come the outstretched chin and hanging lips and the long ceremonious neck, elastically stiff: one speculates on the sway of the next step being to one’s own side, and presses one’s head against the muddy wall at the back, in the imminent peril of having the prominent parts of it rasped away by the edges of a mat of charcoal or a net of tobacco-leaves. Then again, ‘the tranquil slowness with which the tradespeople (who all looked, to my eyes, like kings and princes in fairy tales) served any one of us, gave all the rest many such opportunities of observation.’ Nothing can be imagined more un-English than an Oriental bargain; and almost everything is bargained for, down to the cabbages at dinner, and up to the present, the ‘backsheesh,’ to be made to a Governor or a Bey. Something like the following takes place:—You want perhaps a carpet; the dragoman conducts you to a merchant his friend; you dismount from the donkey while they exchange salutations, and at the merchant’s invitation squat opposite him on the low platform that extends in front of his shop or stall; ‘Salaam Aleikoum!’ you muster your polite Arabic; ‘Aleikoum Salaam!’ the merchant smiles, and his boy brings pipes and coffee from the nearest gawah, or coffee-shop. There is a silence of some moments,—puff, puff,—the Englishman desires to

proceed to business. 'I say, Ali, tell him I want a carpet;'—puff. 'Of what kind?'—puff. The merchant lays his pipe aside, and from the adyta of his shop produces and unfolds three or four of different sizes and value, one of which meets the taste of the purchaser. 'Ask him how much that is.' 'He say, seven hundred piastre.' 'Oh, nonsense! that's too much, is'nt it? tell him I will give him two hundred.' Puff, puff, puff. The merchant receives the announcement with a smile. 'What does he say, Ali?' 'He say he not have less 'an six hundred, but I think if we give him three hundred that quite enough.' 'Very well, just tell him so.' The merchant shakes his head. There is a silence—grave and energetic smoking; at last the British pipe is out, several abortive attempts are made, the parties approximate, but do not meet. The patience of the Englishman is exhausted: 'Well, Ali, I can't wait here all day,—tell him I will go as high as three hundred and fifty, and not a farthing more.' The merchant again shakes his head, and remains at his last mentioned price. 'Very well, tell him I won't have it at all' (preparing to go). 'What does he say, Ali?' 'He say, very well.' The Englishman descends from his throne, remounts his donkey, salutes the merchant, and they ride on; he is recalled by the relenting owner; it seems on the point of being settled,—but no, he cannot make up his mind, and the purchaser rides away. Next day he is passing through the same bazaar; the merchant, who is smoking with a friend, rises the instant he sees him, salutes him with unusual vivacity and graciousness, and stops Ali, while he draws out again from its lurking place the disputed article of trade. The Englishman thinks he has got it now, yet the merchant does but quote his yesterday's price, slightly decreased. The Englishman is angry, turns round at once, and goes on with his ride: 'Tell him I will not have anything to say to him.' This, however, was a final effort; before they are out of hearing the merchant calls or runs after him. 'Well, Ali, what does he want?—tell him I will not give him a bit more than I said yesterday.' 'He say take it.' It is then folded up, while the Englishman produces the money, and the merchant, more gracious than ever and perfectly content, invites the purchaser to another pipe, which, however, the Englishman declines: 'Tell him I am much obliged to him, Ali, but I have got a lot to do this morning,' and he continues his course for the day.—No one, however, has caught these features of Eastern life so inimitably as the author of 'Eöthen.'

Miss Martineau took her last view of Cairo from the terrace of the citadel, which she thus describes:—

'I would entreat any stranger to see this view first in the evening, before sunset. In the morning there was much haze in the distance, and

a sameness of colour, which hurt the eye. At noon there was no colour at all—all colour being discharged in the middle of the day in Egypt, except in shady places. In the evening the beauty is beyond description. The vastness of the city, as it lies stretched below, surprises every one. It looks a perfect wilderness of flat roofs, cupolas, minarets, and palm tops, with an open space here and there, presenting the complete front of a mosque, and gay groups of people and moving camels,—a relief to the eye, though so diminished by distance. The aqueduct is a most striking feature, running off for miles. The City of Tombs, (they extend for a considerable distance on the desert side of the city,) ‘was beautiful and interesting; its fawn coloured domes rising against the somewhat darker sand of the desert. The river gleamed and wound away from the dim south into the blue distance of the north, the green strip of cultivation on its banks delighting the eye amidst the yellow sands. Over to the west, the Pyramids looked their full height, and their full distance, which is not the case from below. The platform of the Great Pyramid is here seen to be a considerable hill of itself; and the fields and causeways which intervene between it and the river lie as in a map, and indicate the true distance and elevation of these mighty monuments. The Lybian hills, dreary as possible, close in the view behind them, as the Mokultam range does above and behind the citadel. This view is the great sight of Cairo, and that which the stranger contrives to bring into his plan for almost every day.’

Our authoress modestly declines giving very definite opinions on the Pasha’s character; but, as far as her remarks go on this subject, they seem to us to be most shrewdly stated.

‘While his public works,’ she observes, ‘stand in such mournful contrast with the misery of his people, it would be unjust to him not to mention that he has about him men of various European nations, who endeavour to serve both their national and individual interests by stimulating him to enterprises in which they may be wanted, or their country may be served. However shrewd the old man be on the whole, he cannot be always clear-sighted and prudent.—He may be easily dazzled by the glory proposed to him of doing something which shall make France and England wonder—something which shall make the whole world think him the most patriotic ruler in it. At the same time, we see how cautious he can be about matters which he really understands.—Those who so wonder,’ (at the contrast between his wisdom and his procrastination,) ‘may be assured that there is more in the matter than has been presented to them. It is a case which the Pasha happens to understand, and about which he chooses to take his time, and to judge for himself. He knows all about the shallows at both ends of the proposed ship canal, and he knows also the precise depth of the interests engaged in the railway scheme. He has amused himself by seeing locomotives run on a little railway before his palace; he looked, and laughed, and stroked his beard, and talked of the devil being in it; and he has some reason to think that the devil would be in it indeed if he should be in a hurry to lay down the rails, which, as he knows, lie at hand wanting to be used.—He may think that the whole matter, however important to England, may be so dubious in regard to Egypt as not to be hastily proceeded in at the risk of rousing the Bedouens to harass the country. If he appears to people in London and Paris as dilatory and uncertain about undertaking either of these works as he has been rash and positive about others, it is clear that there must be a reason for his new slowness and uncertainty; and that reason may be other than one of foreign policy. When I hear that either canal or railroad is certainly begun in earnest, and

not merely surveyed for, I shall believe that it may be at work in time Till then, I am not disposed to think we shall have either during the old man's life.' (She is probably proved correct here by this time.)—'The only thing I am sure of, however, is, that people at home had better not decide what the Pasha ought to do, and represent the matter as a very plain and simple one.'—Vol. ii. pp. 178, 179.

Before quitting Miss Martineau's '*Eastern Life Present*,' upon which the most careful observations are contained in Part I., we must notice a subject which authors can describe usually but in a general sort of way. The sex of our authoress procured her admission to the harem, of which she saw two.

'And it would,' she says, 'be wrong to pass them over in an account of my travels, though the subject is as little agreeable as any I can have to treat. I cannot now think of the two mornings thus employed, without a heaviness of heart greater than I have ever brought away from deaf-and-dumb schools, lunatic asylums, or even prisons.—Before I went abroad, more than one sensible friend had warned me to leave behind as many prejudices as possible, and especially on this subject, on which the prejudices of Europeans are the strongest. I was reminded of the wide extent, both of time and space, in which polygamy had existed, and that openness of mind was as necessary to the accurate observation of this institution as of every other. I had really taken this advice to heart; I had been struck by the view taken by Mr. Milnes in his beautiful poem of *The Harem*; and I am sure I did meet this subject with every desire to investigate the ideas and general feelings involved in it. I learned a very great deal about the institution; and I believe I apprehend the thoughts and feelings of the persons concerned in it: and I declare, that if we are to look for a hell upon earth, it is where polygamy exists: and that, as polygamy runs riot in Egypt, Egypt is the lowest depth of this hell. I always before believed that every arrangement and prevalent practice had some one fair side,—some one redeeming quality; and diligently did I look for this fair side in regard to polygamy; but there is none. The longer one studies the subject, and the deeper one penetrates into it, the more is one's mind confounded with the intricacy of its iniquity, and the more does one's heart feel as if it would break.'

Nothing, indeed, can exceed the laxity that prevails on the subject of marriages in Egypt. Sensual as the spirit of Moham-medanism is at the best, Mr. Lane, whose accuracy is almost unequalled, tells us that a man may divorce himself at pleasure, the only impediment to his doing so being the necessity of giving his wife a dowry. The lowest possible sum which the laws permit for this object is twenty-five piastres, somewhere about five shillings; and persons are known to have gone on for long periods being divorced and married afresh weekly. 'It is scarcely needful to say that those benevolent persons are mistaken who believe that slavery in Egypt has been abolished by the Pasha, and the importation of slaves effectually prohibited. Neither the Pasha, nor any other human power, can abolish slavery while polygamy is an institution of the country.'

In one of the harems she saw three persons who were the wives of two husbands. 'Children of different mothers in the same harem! It is evident, at a glance, what a tragedy lies under this; what the horrors of jealousy must be among sisters thus connected for life. And we were told that the jealousy had begun, young as they were, and the third having been married only a week. This young creature, aged twelve, was the bride of the husband of fifteen.'

'The children born in large harems are extremely few; and they are usually idolized, and sometimes murdered.—If a child so born dies naturally, it is mourned, as we saw, through a wonderful conquest of personal jealousy by this general instinct. But, when the jealousy is uppermost, what happens then? Why, the strangling the innocent in its sleep, or the letting it slip from the window into the river below, or the mixing poison with its food; the mother and the murderess, always rivals, and now fiends, being shut up together for life! If the child lives, what then? If a girl, she sees before her, from the beginning, the nothingness of external life, and the chaos of interior existence, in which she is to dwell for life. If a boy, he remains among the women till ten years old, seeing and hearing things which brutalize him for life, before the age of rationality comes. But I will not dwell on these hopeless miseries.

'I noted all the faces well during our constrained stay (in the Cairo visit), and I saw no trace of mind in any one, except in the homely, one-eyed old lady,' (attending an invalid). 'All the younger ones were dull, sullen, brutish, or peevish. How should it be otherwise? There cannot be a woman of them all who is not dwarfed and withered in mind and soul. I was told, while at Cairo, of one extraordinary family, where there is not only rational intercourse and confidence at home, and some relaxation of imprisonment, but the young ladies read! And French, and Italian! I asked what would be the end of this; and my informant replied, that, whether the young ladies married or not, they would sooner or later sink down, he thought, into a state even less discontented than the ordinary. There could be no sufficient inducement for secluded girls, who never saw anybody wiser than themselves, to go on reading French and Italian books within a certain range. For want of stimulus and sympathy, they would stop; and then, finding themselves dissatisfied among the nothings which fill the life of other women, they would be very unhappy.'

Again:—

"The great amusement in the harem at Damascus was my trumpet. The eldest widow, who sat next me, asked for it, and put it to her ear, when I said, 'Bo!' When she had done laughing, she put it into her next neighbour's ear, and said, 'Bo!' And in this way it came round to me again. But in two minutes it was asked for again, and went round a second time, every body laughing as loud as ever at each 'Bo;' and then a third time! Could one have conceived it! The next joke was on behalf of the Jewesses, four or five of whom sat in a row on the deewan, obliged to decline joining us; for it happened to be Saturday; they must not smoke on the Sabbath. They were naturally much pitied, and some of the young wives did what was possible for them. Drawing in a long breath of smoke, they puffed it forth in the faces of the Jewesses, who opened mouth and nostrils eagerly to receive it; thus was the Sabbath observed to shouts of laughter."¹

¹ Vol. ii. chap. xxii.

We need not go further into a subject replete with such abasement, misery, and sin as the condition of women in Mohammedan countries must necessarily involve. Rightly has the writer of 'Eastern Life' termed it 'hellish,' though we earnestly wish she had expressed her horror of it on grounds more religious than she does. We agree with her, too, in her condemnation of the oriental slave trade, difficult as we find it to see our way clearly as to the popular anti-slavery cry of the day; but here again her grounds appear philanthropical rather than Christian. Let us not be misunderstood: we concur entirely with Miss Martineau's conclusions; only we think we shall have cause to show that the *philosophical* grounds on which rest her objections to what she saw, and her repugnance to 'slavery' and polygamy, which, as practices, can clearly never be separated, are here avowedly connected; and, in that connexion, are exalted into a double institution, whose working is such as to make one almost wish that the Nile would rise to cover the tops of the hills, and sweep away the whole abomination,—that this repugnance was to the mental debasement, and the physical and social misery which in Egypt grow out of the system; not to the open systematic violation of God's law, not to the purposed contravention of one chief moral feature in His life who pronounced purity the state of angels; who lived and died to open to us a heaven more pure than the Eden where the man and his wife dwelt as one flesh, and making for us a more than angelic nature in it. There was a moral and a mental debasement, and to condemn the system out of which they necessarily arise is most just. But she does not bring forward religious ground for her opinions. 'The Egyptians laugh at the marriage arrangements of Europe, declaring that virtual polygamy exists everywhere, and is not improved by hypocritical concealment. The European may see, when startled by the state of Egypt, that virtual slavery is indispensably required by the practice of polygamy; virtual proprietorship of the women involved, without the obligations imposed by actual proprietorship. And again, the Carolina planter, who knows as well as any Egyptian that polygamy is a natural concomitant of slavery, may see in the state of Egypt and the Egyptians what his country and his children must come to, if either of those vile arrangements is permitted which necessitates the other.' Again, she quotes the notes of her journal after the first of the visits detailed in vol. ii.

'It will never do to look on this as a case for cosmopolitan philosophy to regard complacently, and require a good construction for; it is not a phase of natural early manners, it is as pure a *conventionalism* as our representative monarchy, or German

‘heraldry, or Hindoo caste,—and the most atrocious in the world.’

The vile, sensual, and brutal results from such a state of society, justly excite the utmost repugnance; yet we would we had seen such a matter discussed upon deeper principles. ‘The reason assigned by Montesquieu for polygamy throughout the East has, no doubt, something in it: that women are so early married that the wife cannot satisfy the needs of her husband’s mind and heart; he must have both a bride and a companion of whom he may make a friend. How little there is in this to excuse the polygamy of Egypt, may be seen by an observation of the state of things there and in Turkey, where the same religion and natural laws prevail as in Egypt. In Turkey, where the wives are of far higher order, polygamy is rare, and women are not married so young. The cause of Montesquieu is true in connexion with a vicious state of society; but it is not insuperable, and will operate only so long as it is wished for. If any influence could exalt the ideas of marriage, and improve the training of women in Egypt, men would prefer marrying women of nearly their own age, and would naturally remain comparatively constant.’¹ It may be true, indeed, that Mohammedanism in one country presents this one of its features in a form less revolting than it does in others; that it may display phases more reconcilable with philosophical ideas of liberty and equality and intellectual culture; but what are comparisons and degrees of that which, in itself, in its first principles, is sinful and anti-christian?

With deep regret we are obliged to make these remarks upon the work of a writer evidently of distinguished talent; but what we shall have occasion presently to say of her, where she handles questions immediately connected with religion, will convince the reader that we do not speak without strong reason. The so-called philosophical and liberal ways that modern travellers take of viewing foreign lands and customs, we do think most deleterious. Miss Martineau talks of the comparative vice of Egypt and Turkey, the comparative debasement, social and intellectual, of the female sex: what would be her opinion of a refined, intellectual state of Western socialism?—a refined edition of what sprung from the reason-worship of the French Revolution? What would she say to principles which are widely acted upon among some classes in Germany, and in France, and, we grieve to think, are growing in our own country at the present day? What would she think of them, were they to appear before us in unison with high mental

¹ Vol. ii. chap. xxii.

culture, and the polish of educated society? Let it not be supposed that such a state of manners is impossible. The very cankerworm that gnaws out the core of real religion in our day, is it gross oppression, tyranny, and sensualism, combined, as in Egypt, with the greatest cruelty? Is it the gluttony of former ages, or the debauchery so disgracefully prevalent 'sixty years since?' Is it not this very refinement of luxury?—we would add, this scientific, philosophic luxury, the combining of the *essences* of enjoyment, the exalted selfishness of high intellectual pride; the rejection of every shade of restraint that fetters the judgment on all subjects, from religions downwards, admitting sensualism in its least revolting, most refined and plausible forms, but therefore most iniquitous, most universally undermining, and most infidel. What, indeed, can be too grave as a censure upon one who writes as she professes, in no vain or ambitious, and, we trust, no avaricious mood, but on conviction, and as a guide to candid uninformed inquirers?¹ We wish, indeed, and most sincerely, that Miss Martineau had confined her powers to those of description of scenery and circumstances which recall so vividly remembrances, whose charm, to all whose privilege it is to have them, is indescribable. We had rather she had all the credulity of Sir John Mandeville, or even all the scepticism of Robinson, than see an influential writer take the line in opinions that she does. What chord of self-reproach can be awakened by such books as this, in those who have been tempted to the baleful *ignis fatuus* of Oriental sensualism, accompanied by virtual or open apostasy?² The enormity of social inequality and debasement is nothing new to them. What they know not is the enormity of their own sin.

Mohammedanism may be encouraging the most debasing iniquity, but what guide does Miss Martineau find for us to what is 'holy, just, and true?'

We insist the more seriously on the principles and the faith of a writer on the East, because it is impossible to describe Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, without touching upon religious questions in very important ways. Topographical difficulties meet the eye of the traveller, which require the greatest patience, and much humility on his part, if he expects to serve his generation by illustrating, in any degree, religious history.

¹ It is rumoured, that the authoress of 'Eastern Life' received offers from the Government to write tales, &c., to raise the *moral tone* of our working classes—an invitation which, however, she declined.

² The allurements of Oriental sensuality have proved an irresistible temptation to more than one of our countrymen, to whom we can but allude, and to many foreigners, French and Italians. Egyptian toleration permits to such persons the purchase of slaves, and the mode of life, in all but its virtues, of actual Mohammedans.

It is in this point of view that, we must repeat, we do not think ordinary persons are capable of visiting sacred sites and countries without in some way preparing their minds, as for a task different from that of travellers in general. The interest that every educated person must feel for scenes of which they have preconceived circumstantial ideas, to a degree which on other subjects they have not, cannot but be very great, quite apart from the place that these may hold in their religious thoughts, whatever their personal character. And while we agree with Miss Martineau, and with a wider meaning still than hers, when she says,—‘If he’ (the traveller) ‘derives from his travels nothing but picturesque and amusing impressions, nothing but mere pastime (too miserably often the case with young Englishmen), he uses like a child a most serious and manlike privilege.’ We think also that ‘the thoughtful traveller’ may give a liberty to his intellect, which will prove dangerous to others and himself in exact proportion to its power. With a sublime contempt for every opinion of every age except his own, the author of ‘Biblical Researches,’ who for once stood upon the soil of Jerusalem ‘with his measuring tape in his hand,’ wipes away every tradition of the Church Catholic, the succession of ages, to substitute, in many cases, traditions or inventions of his own. The shallowness of this author’s reasoning in some points, and his ignorance of facts in others, have been sufficiently shown elsewhere. Miss Martineau’s philosophy, however, embraced a wider view of the past; and leaving, for the most part, as beneath her, all disputed questions of locality, she traces religious knowledge and religious history to sources more remote than have hitherto been learned from revelation.

Eastern Life ‘Past’ comprehends her impressions of Ancient Egypt in Part i.; and Parts ii. and iii. relate to ‘Sinai and its Faith,’ and ‘Palestine and its Faith;’ Part iv. to ‘Syria and its Faith,’ containing what she saw in her journey from Damascus to the coast, with some few further remarks on Mohammedanism, in which she hazards the monstrous assertion, that that ‘faith includes a larger proportion of mankind than *any* other, so as to ‘make even Christendom look insignificant beside it.’¹ We will endeavour to set before the reader a few passages in illustration of the religious impressions made by the memorials of Eastern Life Past, on a mind constituted like Miss Martineau’s.

‘All knowledge,’ she tells us, ‘is sacred;’² all truth, divine:’ including, we presume, what is told us of certain kinds of knowledge in the book of the Acts, and elsewhere in Holy Scripture. ‘It is not for us to mix up passion and

¹ Vol. iii. p. 293.

² Vol. ii. p. 87.

‘prejudice with our perception of new facts. We may not like to be perplexed by new knowledge which throws us out of some notions which we took for knowledge before.’ Vide licet the Creeds of the Catholic Church. ‘We are apt to feel our spiritual privileges lessened by its appearing that they were held for many ages before the time which we had supposed. They’ (the ancient Egyptians) ‘teach us to be modest and patient in regard to our knowledge of the ancient world, by showing us that while we have been talking confidently of the six thousand years of human existence, and about *who was who* in the earliest days, we have *in reality known nothing about it*. They rebuke us sufficiently in showing us, that at that time, men were living very much as we do; without some knowledge that we have gained, (*i. e.* scientific knowledge,) but in possession of some arts which we have not. They confound us by their mute exhibitions of their iron tools,’ &c.¹ ‘There is enough here to teach us some humility and patience about the true history of the world.’ ‘People who had believed all their lives that the globe and man were created together, were startled when the new science of Geology revealed to them the great fact that man is a comparatively new creation on the earth, whose oceans, and swamps, and jungles were aforetime inhabited by monsters never seen by human eye but in their fossil remains. People who enter Egypt with the belief that the human race has existed only six thousand years, and at that date the world was uninhabited by men, except within a small circuit in Asia, must undergo a somewhat similar revolution of ideas. The differences between the dates given by legendary records and modern research (with the help of contemporary history) are very great: but the one agrees as little as the other with the popular notion that the human race is only six thousand years old.’² The history of ideas, again, is the only true history. ‘How happy,’ she tells us, ‘should I be if I could arouse in others by this book, as I experienced it myself from the monuments, any sense of the depth and solemnity of the ideas which were the foundation of the old Egyptian faith! I vividly remember the satisfaction of ascertaining the ideas that lay at the bottom of those most barbarous South Sea Island practices of human sacrifice and cannibalism. With all men’s tendency to praise the olden time, to say that the former times are better than these; we find that it is usually only the wisdom of their own forefathers that they extol—merely a former mode of holding and acting upon their own existing ideas. They have

¹ Vol. ii. p. 84.

² Vol. i. p. 150.

‘no such praise for the forefathers of another race, who had other ideas, and acted them out differently. Thus we, as a society, take upon ourselves to abhor and utterly despise “the idolatry of the Egyptians,” without asking ourselves whether we comprehend anything of Egyptian theology.” Such are the ‘illiberal conceptions’ of persons that believe St. Paul’s writings, who pronounces their *science* ‘falsely so called.’ ‘*After the example of Egypt,*’ she says again, vol. i. ad fin., ‘men preserved, amidst more or less corruption, the belief in one Supreme God; in a Divine moral government; in a future life and retribution; and in the *greatest of all truths*, that moral good is the highest good, and moral evil the deepest evil. From the lips of this thoughtful people it was that the infant nations learned, through a long course of centuries, whatever they held that was most noble concerning the origin and tendencies of things, and what was most to be desired for the race of men at large, and the soul of every individual man. Many things remained to be learned; and many needed to be unlearned. We find much that was barbaric, coarse, ignorant, and untrue; but the wonder is at the amount of insight, achievement and truth. The ground gained by the human mind was never lost; *for out of this valley of the Nile issued Judaism*, and out of Judaism issued, in due time, Christianity.’

Other passages might be selected, but these suffice to show the reader the first effect that scientific discoveries produce upon the unrestrained and unchastened intellect. What were the precise articles of the writer’s creed before her travels in Egypt, we cannot, of course, presume to define; we may fairly suppose that they were held, to say the least of it, in a *very* liberal spirit. She aims, however, sincerely at a philosophical view and reception of the truth. We wish to illustrate our remark, that we fear that those who start with this intention, or are led to take it up when employed as she was, are not fit, without grave preparation for the task. Their principles must be carefully and faithfully sounded, and commended to Him who alone can keep them unshaken, before they launch themselves into records of past thoughts or knowledge, such as are liable to assail, and most perilously, the grounds of faith. The treasure that they seek is good, no doubt, very good; yet here, in this polluted world, its acquisition is mysteriously linked with evil. In one sense, indeed, knowledge is a divine attribute; but to speak absolutely, it is not, and cannot be, so with us. We can but know Divine knowledge here ‘in part,’ and our knowledge of facts that

surround us cannot be had without a knowledge of evil also: good and evil are so inextricably mixed with us. And though it may be maintained that the treasures of scientific knowledge are certainly, so far as they were meant for us in the Divine purpose, applicable to holy purposes, what inducements do the world and the pride of intellectual supremacy hold out to us to do so? One who had mastered the wisdom of the old philosophic world, declared at the last that he came not with excellency of speech or wisdom, but determining thenceforth to know one thing alone, that One Thing which was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness,—the very contradictory to the wisdom of this world; and we believe that, in detail, the principle involved in his saying will be found sadly and fearfully carried out; and that, whether necessarily or not, speaking practically, scientific discovery does not tend, or but very rarely, to make men more religious. And scientific and so called philosophical illustrations to the facts and doctrines of revelation, prove oftener a darkening of the truth.

Thus starting on the principle that the true treasures are those of knowledge, as it can be subjected to human judgment and classification, as she says, '*treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves can carry away*, Miss Martineau informs us how she saw with the eyes of Moses.

'Turning my back upon the convent, and forgetting the *wretched superstitions* of the monks, I looked abroad with the eyes of a disciple of Moses, who had followed his footsteps from Memphis hither; and I saw more than by many years' reading of the Pentateuch at home. How differently the Pentateuch here reads, from the same worn old Bible which one has handled for five-and-twenty years, I could not have imagined. *The light from Egypt* and Arabia shining into it, illuminates unthought-of places, and gives a new and most fresh colouring to the whole.'

The beginning of the Pentateuch, the history of creation, accordingly, is thus illustrated:—

'In their (the Egyptians') theory of the formation of the world, they believed that when the formless void of eternal matter began to part off into realms, the igneous elements ascending and becoming a firmament of fiery bodies, and the heavier portions sinking and becoming compacted into earth and sea, the earth gave out animals, beasts and reptiles; an idea evidently derived from their annual spectacle of the coming forth of myriads of living creatures from the soil of their valley, on the subsidence of the flood. When we remember that to them the Nile was the sea, and that they had before them the spectacle, which is seen nowhere else, of the springing of the green herb after the separation of the waters from the land, we shall see how *different* their view of the creation must be from *any which we could naturally form*. In this particular case, we have adopted their traditions given to us through the mind of Moses; but where we have not the mind of Moses to interpret them to us, we must abstain from reading their meanings by *any other light than that which they themselves afford us*.'

Ideas, then, of the creation which Revelation gives us, must be read by the light of Egyptian traditions; which Egyptians, without a certain unattainable interpretation, are mythological, differing from any ideas we should naturally form—and, as we and they receive them uninterpreted, false; for theirs was ‘a theological system, eminently symbolical to its priests—not so to the people at large.’

Again: ‘It is necessary to bear in mind chiefly that the *leading point of belief* of the Egyptians from the earliest times known to us, was that there was *One* Supreme, or, as they said, one *Only God*, who was to be adored in silence; that most of the *other gods* were deifications of his attributes, or of the power or forces on which the destiny of the Egyptian nation depended.’ This, she tells us, was the source of the belief in *One God*. ‘For out of the Nile valley issued Judaism,’¹ yet ‘we must try to conceive of these Egyptian gods as being, to the general Egyptian mind, *actual personages*, inseparably connected with the facts and appearances in which they were believed to exist.’²

This shadowy mystic philosophy is brought to bear upon the doctrines of Christianity as follows:—

‘When it is said that Osiris was the only manifestation of the Supreme upon earth, it must be understood that this means the only manifestation by a native heavenly resident. For all animated beings were supposed to be emanations from the Centre of Life. The great *Emanation doctrine*, which has spread so far over the world, was certainly a chief point of faith in Egypt at a very early date; and it is believed that Pythagoras, recognising it in all their observances, which were expositions of doctrine, adopted it from them.—Osiris was not the only manifestation of the Universal Soul, and so far shared the lot of the humblest worm bred in the mud of the Nile; but he was the only member of the heavenly society, the only one of the sons of the Supreme, who came upon earth to make Him known, and he thus took rank above them all. It is impossible not to perceive that Osiris was to the old Egyptians what the Messiah is to be to the Jews, and what Another has been to the Christians. The nature, character, and offices of Osiris, and the sacred language concerning him, are so coincident with those most interesting to Christians, as to compel a very careful attention on the part of inquirers into Egyptian antiquities. Various solutions of the extraordinary fact have been offered. Some who hold to the literal historical truth of the Book of Genesis suggest, as their conjecture, that Noah may have foreknown everything relating to the coming of Christ, even to the language which should be used concerning Him by sacred writers; and that his descendants may have communicated all this to the ancient Egyptians, who made a God out of the prophecy and its adjuncts.³ Others have endeavoured to make out such personal intercourse between Pythagoras and some of the Hebrew prophets on the one hand, and the Egyptian priests on the other, as might account for the parallelism in question.⁴ Others would have us understand it by concluding that the latest Egyptian priests were disciples of Plato, and put

¹ Vol. i. p. 336.

² Vol. i. p. 205.

³ Wilkinson Ancient Egyptians, vol. iv. p. 188.

⁴ Bayle, Art. Pythagoras, Note h.

their own Platonizing interpretations on the character of Osiris, as the Platonizing Christians did on that of Christ. Others again,' (and among them, we conclude, the authoress) 'who see that *Ideas* are the highest subjects of human cognizance, the history of *Ideas* the only true history, and a common holding of *Ideas* the only real relation of human beings to each other, believe that this great constellation of *Ideas* is one and the same to all these different peoples; was sacred to all in their turn, and became more noble and more glorious to men's minds as their minds became strengthened by the nourishment and exercise of ages.'—Vol. i. 248.

So she goes on.—Or take, again, the *philosophical* view which she took of the doctrine of a future life. She thus begins one of her chapters on Thebes.

'The most striking thing at Thebes is, perhaps, the evidence on every hand of the importance to the old Egyptian mind of the state of the dead. To the philosopher there is nothing surprising in this; for he knows that it must be so to an infant race, inexperienced in the history of man, and unlearned as to the power of the human mind, and the *relative value* of its aims. Everywhere the mind of man is active, unsatisfied, and aspiring; and while he knows so little of the world he lives in, and the companions beside him, and the unseen region of ideas which lies about him as infantine nations do, he is compelled to refer his activity and his desires to the future, which he supposes to contain what he at present wants and cannot find. It is with *puerile man* as with the child, who is never satisfied with the present, but always stretching forward into the unknown future, not knowing the value of what is under his hand, but neglecting it in dreams of what he shall have and do in some desirable state by and by. The aspiration is instinctive, and *therefore* right, but as yet unenlightened and undisciplined. As he grows up, the present becomes more to him, and the future less. In proportion as he becomes truly wise, he discovers that in the present scene and moment lies more than his best industry can understand, and his best powers achieve. He brings home his faculties, and finds in the present enough to occupy them all, and to fill his life completely full of interest, activity, and advancement.—He is the wisest man who knows that he has always many unexplored and ungoverned worlds on his hands, which should leave him no leisure for looking forward into a future which he cannot penetrate. It is with races of men as with individuals. Not knowing yet how to employ their aspirations and desires on the unfathomable and inexhaustible universe in which they are placed; not knowing how adequate their human powers are, if fully exercised to their present human work; not knowing how exact is the momentary retribution of fidelity or unfaithfulness to their powers and their work, they are perpetually referring to the future for a wider scene, for new powers, for arbitrary reward and punishment. There is nothing blameworthy or despicable in this. On the contrary, the tendency comes in happily to lift men over their infantine age of inexperience, as the child is ennobled by the forecast of his hopes, before he can be yet more ennobled by the wisdom of his self-knowledge. And every working of instinct, every direction of natural aspiration, is to be revered in its proper place, and at its proper time. We truly respect accordingly the *child's* or the *peasant's* notion of a literal judgment day, *when there will be a process of trial*, with books of account opened, and a sentence passed in words, and burning inflicted in the one case, and whatever the individual most desires on the other. We truly respect these notions in the child and the peasant, while *we know that no enlightened and disciplined man* looks forward to any such actual scene. And the enlightened and disciplined man knows that while he *continually thinks less* of the future, as the inestimable

present of life and duty opens before his contemplation and his industry, his hold of that inestimable present will appear weak and careless to a wiser than he who will come after him.—As I said before, the most striking thing at Thebes, is the evidence on every hand of the importance to the old Egyptian mind of the state of the dead. And these evidences will be regarded by the philosopher,' &c.

We cannot forbear, before leaving this passage, to quote one of singular beauty, in which she speaks of the situation of the City of the Dead, at Thebes.

'The most prominent idea presented to us in these tombs is, that their makers considered them to be really and truly an abode; literally "a long home;" or, as they called them, "everlasting habitations;" and to be prepared and provided accordingly. The way to the long home of the Theban kings is very appropriate, and most impressive; a succession of winding defiles between grand but most desolate rocks, the recesses of which might seem to invite the candidate for death to come and rest there in the depth of silence, till his thousand years of suspense should be fulfilled. To rest in silence, but not in solitude; not in the solitude of the wide desert, but in the still congregation of the deep valley. To the old Egyptians the true congregation of the human race must always have been looked for beyond the grave,—so immeasurably must the dead ever outnumber existing men. Every man must have felt himself one of a very small company in comparison with that which he was to join. But the case of the kings was strong indeed. Each one of them lived solitary; and it was only when he died that he could enter among his peers. He went from the solitude of that busy, peopled plain, to the sanctified society of the valley of death. To him this was the great event to which he was looking forward during the best years of his life.'—Vol. i. p. 300—304.

Noble, indeed, were the conceptions of those ancient kings. Earnestly and devotedly did they feel after the truth in the dark times. And little as we can advocate Miss Martineau's view that 'the literal truth of the objects of faith, when those objects are the highest that can be conceived, is a small matter: the exercise of the faculty is everything,'—our readers will perchance think with us, that with all her 'discipline' and 'enlightenment,' the devoted heathen of old came nearer to the Truth than she.

At the risk of fatiguing the reader, we proceed to extract from Part iii. one or two passages, to illustrate the fruits of the light from Egypt upon the topography of Christianity. 'To my apprehension, on the spot, and with the records of His life in my hand, and the recollections of Egypt and of Sinai fresh in my mind, nothing could be simpler than His recorded words, and nothing less like what is superstitiously and irreverently taught as coming from Him in most of the "Churches of Christendom."'

'In Egypt,' she says, 'we had seen the origin of the *mythology* and *superstitions* which were engrafted upon Christianity

‘at Alexandria, and in Greece, and Rome, and which debase the religion of Christ at this day. We had seen in Egypt, and in the Greek philosophy which was thence derived, ages before the time of Christ, those allegorical fables of Osiris and his nature and offices; of the descent of the Supreme on earth in a fleshly form, and the deifying or sanctification of intercessors, which were unhappily, but very naturally, connected with the simple teachings of Christ by the Platonizing converts of various countries, and which to this day deform and vitiate the Gospel in countries which yet keep clear of the open idolatries of the Greek and Latin Churches.’ Amongst the *allegorical fables* alluded to are, S. John’s ‘Logos of the Platonists, the incompatible resurrection and immortality of opposing schools, profanely named after Him who came to teach, not “cunningly devised fables,” but that men should love their Father in heaven with all their hearts and minds, and their neighbours as themselves.’¹

Farther on she says :—

‘To this incident,’ (the prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives) ‘we owe the clearest exposition we are in possession of, of the *belief and doctrine of Jesus* in regard to his kingdom. That it was a spiritual kingdom, not to be won by war, and not limited to the expulsion of the Roman power from Palestine, or the mere re-establishment of the Mosaic system in its purity under a Jewish monarch, had long been evident. But from this moment it was made clear what his expectation was, as understood by his followers, and recorded by those who some years afterwards wrote his history for the information of the world.—The kingdom of Christ was to come in that generation by the destruction of the existing world, when not only the Temple should be overthrown, but the powers of the world and the frame of nature. There was to be a new heaven and a new earth; Christ was to come, attended by the risen dead, and by heavenly beings; and those of his followers who remained behind were to meet him in the air, and be rendered immortal without the intervention of death.—After that second coming, his immediate followers were to be the judges of his kingdom, sitting on twelve thrones, to judge the tribes of Israel. Of the precise time when this should happen, he declared that he knew nothing; God alone knew this; but he himself could say only that that generation should not pass away till all this was fulfilled. When that generation had passed away, and the destruction was found to be limited to the conquest of the land and nation by the Romans, the record of what was said on this spot on Olivet, was naturally referred to a still future coming of Jesus.—In ages when the study of the sacred records was *confined to a small number of readers, whose minds were sophisticated*, it may not be wonderful that so plain a statement of the expectations of Christ, or of his recorders’ understanding of them, should have been slighted or perverted; but now that men are learning that the Scriptures are *records and not oracles*, it seems impossible that there should be much more dispute about as clear and plain a statement as ever was penned.—In general, it is no light work for the sincere and reverent mind to read the gospel history, so as to come within reach of the actual voice of Jesus, and listen to it

¹ Vol. iii. p. 127.

among the perplexing echoes of his place and time; to separate it from the Jewish construction of Matthew, the traditional accretions and arrangements of Mark and Luke, and the Platonising medium of John; *a care and a labour which it is profane and presumptuous to omit or make light of*; but in this instance the record is clear, and bears its historical truth upon the face of it.—He went on' (from the declaration of the destruction of the Temple) 'to declare the protest and terms of admission of the dead to his kingdom, promising to admit the watchful, the pure, the faithful, and charitable, and to disown and reject the careless, and cowardly, and heartless. It is an affecting moment for the pilgrim, when he surveys at once the three periods of time concerned; the imposing, calm, and prosperous aspect of the scene when the disciples asked that pregnant question; the tumult when the Temple was burning, and the hopes of the world seemed to be carried away in the smoke of the conflagration; and at the present time, when a *partial phase of Christianity* has succeeded (*viz. Mohammedanism*) under the name of a new prophet, and *all looks outwardly dead, while the kingdom of Christ has actually come in a better manifestation than that of thrones, and new wine, and a new Jerusalem, in the new heavens and new earth of the regenerated human mind.*'—Vol. iii. 172—177.

No wonder, with such enlightened views, that the reality of Egyptian faith was a venerable childishness; no wonder that—however 'hellish' it may appear *in exaggeration*—she regards Mohammedanism complacently; like the Egyptians, 'thinking *life and its production* the most sacred and the most real, and therefore the most important fact with which the human race can have concern;' however they may 'misapply or ill convey their reverent appreciation of the *fact of life.*'¹ No wonder she reasonably regards Mohammedanism as the 'reformed faith' 'which raises men above any elevation they could reach by Christianity as it is in the East,' or that the minds of medieval Churchmen were 'sophisticated,' and 'Mohammed honest and sound minded in rejecting a priesthood;' 'a strong point which he took from Christianity,—the *Mohammedan traditions* of 'Christianity relating to a time prior to the fatal institution of a 'priesthood.' Miserable race, if this Egypt's intellectual philosophy is the true interpretation of what they have hitherto taught their brethren so ignorantly!

The reader will be little surprised after this, if Miss Martineau's indignation is moved at Nazareth, 'when the Jews put 'aside the characteristics of their faith, received the infection of 'allegorizing from their heathen neighbours, and attached their 'allegories to the simple history of their prophets—a process 'likely to be used to a most disastrous purpose. It has been a 'great misfortune to the average Christian world for many ages, 'that the old allegories of Egypt, the old images of miraculous 'birth, and the annunciation of it from heaven, should have been 'laid hold of, and repeated from age to age, however the character 'of the theology might change, till at last, repeated *without*

¹ Vol. i. p. 311. See the whole chap.

‘*explanation*, it came to be taken, with *other mythic stories*, for historical truth, and is to this day profanely and literally held by multitudes *who should have been trained to a truer reverence.*’¹

We need not, however, multiply extracts to prove, in this instance, the tendency of the free use of a strong unbridled intellect upon such subject matter. We pass on to a few remarks on the general run of Oriental lion-hunters of the day. If lords and ladies write innocuous little books, with hopeless sketches lithographed ‘*ad unguem*’ by Haghe, do they write more innocuously because they are really more of philosophers than the authoress? because their aims are more disinterested and philanthropical? because their religious principles are deeper and truer? That this latter is the case, we hope indeed, but we must repeat our fears already expressed. And while we follow such authors in their matter-of-course condemnation of what seems vicious and immoral in the Oriental system, we look with a jealous eye to the principles on which they move. We desire nothing transcendental or sublime, nor any display of learning; we desire the truth, and stated in all simplicity. The East is no longer closed to Franks now; there is no need, as there was heretofore, of the assumption of the dress and title of Hakim, or physician. Travellers are crowding into it yearly: Methley’s servant, in his pantry jacket, looks out for gentlemen’s country seats in the desert, and Antoine, Major Grote’s Belgian, rides his dromedary for his first *triste monture*. We need information, and we ought to have it. Let travellers by all means acquaint us with the fact, that chariot-wheels are not fished up out of the Red Sea,—that startling anomalies, contradictory appearances, at first sight meet them in their inquiries. We desire them to tell us faithfully what they see; in the spirit of Maundrell, or of Surius, with a humble heart, and a consciousness of ignorance, and a real love for the souls of men. We shall listen, then, with more satisfaction to what they have to advance on the present state of Eastern morals—we shall know whereto their remarks lead us. As it is we are mystified. What does Miss Martineau mean by the ‘hellish’-ness of certain Oriental institutions on the one hand, while she talks so sublimely of Egyptian embodiments of great facts and great ideas, on the other? The very same philosophy, as it is well known, is applied by intellectual Mohammedans to the exposition of the fundamental belief and hopes of their fellow-believers. Are we not to believe Herodotus? She quotes him as an authority; and if what he tells us is true, will such principles as the writer brings from the dim

¹ Vol. iii. p. 223.

strongholds of far Nile, really light us to the furtherance of practical religion, whose very essential is, not intellectual or social freedom, but real angelic purity?

With yearning regret we forego to follow a vivid and spirited describer of facts, into more details of her travels in Palestine. In memory we bend to each pace of the weary dromedary, welcoming the line of the 'hill-country of Judea,' as the cool evening breeze steals across to us loaded with the fragrance of commencing vegetation; we recall the white-crested solitary perched on a bush above the springing corn, pouring, in seeming abstraction, his glad evening chant; we picture ourselves advancing out of the desert, passing and leaving him behind us,—a sinless worshipper sent to teach men the little we really need here on earth, and the blessedness of a life of contemplation and solitude; or we hear once again grow louder, as we stalk through the deathlike stillness of the sunlight, the gushing waters of Wady Feiran, 'the Diamond of the Desert,' lost shortly in the sand, but shaded here for a while by tall palms, gum arabic, and shittim trees—a 'well for the pilgrims of the vale of misery.'

But we must have companionship more suited to us, before we can take up our staff to tread again more hallowed sites. The pilgrim's eyes should indeed open to see what meets them, but wait for the issue of what is strange with forbearing reverence. How can we safely act otherwise? How can all things fall in with our preconceived ideas of them? Many things, indeed, will do so, and most wonderfully, as the Lake, the River, and Mount Olivet; Horeb, Carmel, and the Salt Sea. But it would be unreasonable not to expect that much would seem to baffle us for the present. It may be relied upon, however, that in the general, allowing for what is natural in the additions of circumstance, sacred localities will approve themselves more universally, even with our profound ignorance touching them, than sceptics are inclined to suppose. We believe that in this pleasure-seeking, so called utilitarian age, if any of us of the Church of England visited the East, not as *savans*, but as *pilgrims*, great good would result from it. Better, in our judgment, to swallow every legend that has been suffered by the pious forbearance of the past to creep in and out amongst these awful witnessings of the supernatural, than reject all. In the caves of Petra, 'in the fissures of the rock spring brambles, the bright green 'caper-plant, and fig-trees with translucent young leaves, and 'roots and stems which accommodate themselves to the crevices 'by inconceivable twists. Down the water-drips hang bunches 'and strings of delicate ferns, and round the smooth curve of 'some protruding rock lies an ivy garland, pushed forth from

‘the recess behind, which is curtained with it. The homely mallow, the wild geranium, and red poppy, spring in corners where there is a deposit of earth, and the pale blue forget-me-not lurks in the hollows.’ Better take the legendary mass whole as it stands, and give two thousand summers to the flowers of a day, than miss, in the pride of criticism, the reality that is entire, though obscured beneath them. Nevertheless we are no advocates for wilful blindness. It is impossible that human reverence should not among many hands and ages put forth poetic weeds as well as garden flowers; but it is unreasonable, as well as unloving, to bring such charges against the early Church, as have been brought against her by British and American Protestantism. Do let us see the reality of love for that One Object for Whose sake pilgrim and critic toiled or suffered, and we shall be content. And here another remark suggests itself—the spirit in which gentlemen and ladies discuss the merits and demerits of those to whom they owe more than they think, the monastic bodies of the East.

We had turned to two or three passages in ‘*Eastern Life*’ in illustration; but the writer’s remarks extend beyond the worshippers who gave such unwitting offence, and they had better not be quoted. But it is notorious that the ways of travellers are most unloving generally in this respect, as unloving as their very hasty impressions are too often false. No doubt the Roman and Greek ecclesiastical authorities regret that no more than every-day specimens, lower, perhaps, than the average, should represent them in these outlying posts, nearly as much as we have ourselves to regret the way we are represented, socially and religiously, and often morally, by our foreign tourists. What can be more unjust and frequently ludicrous than the ideas about ourselves generally prevalent on the continent? We are oftener amused than surprised by them. Still the ‘thoughtful traveller’ regrets it. On the other hand, we believe that the English, as a nation, apprehend much more of Continental nations, and their thoughts and habits, than *vice versâ*,—whether we choose to fall in with them or not; for we travel so much more than they do: and this should be taken into consideration. But really it is insular pride, and something worse, which makes our people show such supercilious contempt for the views and feelings of almost all classes in the countries they visit, especially too for the monks and friars of the East. If they would but be at the pains to throw themselves awhile into the position of their hosts, there would appear far more of reason in it, or of reasons for it, than they choose to

suppose. It would be unreasonable to expect intellectual society amongst the soldiers of a detached fort in India, or that they should understand the rights of political measures they were carrying out; though it would be refreshing, perhaps, to find it. But they might do their own duties faithfully nevertheless.

We wish indeed that some persons would in a religious spirit, and with a higher aim than book-making, put forth what they know and have seen of religious matters in foreign lands: we are tired of repeated charges of 'idolatry,' 'mummery,' &c. brought against foreign communions. Till the ecclesiastical ways and thoughts of the accused are entered into with a real Catholic intention, we do not know what is in them; like Miss Martineau and her South Sea cannibalism, and Egyptian idolatry, we shall miss the *ideas* contained under what offends the Protestant eye. In the list of authors on the East, Mr. Williams forms a grateful and nearly solitary exception; but we want correct impressions of the West as well as of the East.

The great mass, however, of our travelling countrymen, fills us with sad reflections. Alas! what good do the hundreds and thousands who yearly overrun Europe and the Levant? what one end of our being does the *mass* fulfil in the very wantonness of their restless undisciplined idleness? Travelling has grown into a feature in the education of most of the youth of our upper classes. What account will be rendered of it at the great day? It is but a fraction that study the arts of Europe, or the localities of the East, or any worthy object—not one-tenth part of them that aim at any religious end. What is it, then, they travel for? Is it anything much beyond amusement, and the casting off restraint, or mere unrest?

We are not incapable of sympathy with the intoxicating sense of freedom in the armed rider who for the while finds himself his own defence and guide upon the Syrian mountains, or among the plains and defiles of Palestine. His house and his goods are with him, and the fountain and the green turf are his home wherever he lists to choose them. We can divine what thoughts may keep him company when his 'fire-ship' races the swordfish and porpoises of the Dardanelles, or carries him through the night watches of the Ægean, past the shadows of sleeping islands; when he watches the lustrous gems that are dashed out of the still deep, and the moon which

' its silver web is weaving,
O'er the billows gently heaving,
Like an infant asleep.'

Not a spark of the spirit of adventure, courage, and generosity, that glows in the youth of England, would we damp—no,

not for a moment. With all their pride, thoughtlessness, and self-will, we believe that a nobler *physique* than theirs exists not in modern Europe. But we do long to see all this turned in a right direction. In former ages travelling was a grave matter, taken thoughtfully in hand. Surely it must still have its suitable ends and objects, and we shall be quite content if young Englishmen will travel with a pure intention to obtain them, and consult one of their trustworthy clerical friends upon this subject before they start. It is very wrong to consider foreign travel as a light or profitless occupation. It is one of the most striking facts of the days we live in, and we ought to take it up and make the most we can of it. Who can say what blessings might not attend the carrying out of true principles of Christian intercourse between separated brethren, in a hard self-seeking age, when there is the 'running to and fro, and knowledge is increased,' while 'the love of many is waxed cold?'

ART. IV.—*Sermons during the Season from Advent to Whitsuntide. By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christ Church; late Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1848.*

TRUTH is approached on one or two sides by straight roads, but in most directions the way is very circuitous; and the tall spire, which is our goal, is seen one while on the right, another while on our left; and we hardly know that we are nearing it, but by finding, from half-hour to half-hour, that its outline is clearer, and its height shows itself in more commanding distinctness. Thus it is often with those who are gradually drawing nearer to Catholic truth, after receiving their education, or their first religious impressions, in some region of partial and sectarian belief. The first steps of inquiry open a dim and distant view of the so-called ‘deadening doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration,’ far on the left. The eye turns from it almost with indifference; and it is with some surprise that, after several turns and windings, on a little eminence on the road, a wide open field commences, with no hedge on the right hand; and somewhat nearer on that side is seen the very same doctrine, no longer a pledge of quiet security, but a fearful, threatening, overwhelming thing, too much for man to endure.

This is a real advance in knowledge, for truth is, like Him to Whom it belongs, terrible to flesh and blood. The former notion was that of a dead stupid formalism, which reduced man to a walking and talking machine, and worshipped an idol no better than the maker of it. The latter is one side, though but one side, of a divine and spiritual truth, which would not be truth if it were not alarming and overpowering to carnal nature; though, when rightly seen, it is found to have that connected with it which can support man through all its terrors, and make that which, at first, he dreads, take its place amongst his chiefest blessings. ‘I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes,’¹ is the prelude to the highest acceptance and favour even in the best of men. What, then, must be the first impression on any ordinary mind, in this our age of eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, when brought, for the first time, into a realising contact with the awful Spiritual Presence which overshadows the fonts and altars of Catholic Christianity? Dull and senseless must be that soul that would not shrink, at first, from the vision, and ask if

¹ Job. xlii. 5, 6.

this can be indeed the merciful and hopeful religion of the Gospel? We cannot think fairly what we are, and deem ourselves fit for the attendance of angels, the indwelling of the Spirit, and the communion of the Body of our Lord: we cannot dwell upon these things as real supernatural privileges of the Christian, without feeling that to be a Christian is a position no less awful than honourable, no less perilous than glorious; and those are far nearer the truth who shrink from the dangers implied in the Catholic view, than those who consider that it is likely to lead to a careless security. The latter is the error, perhaps, of gross superstition, but certainly not of any fair and reasonable mind apprehending the Catholic system as taught by its most zealous upholders. The former is far, indeed, from being a right and perfect apprehension of the truth; but it is the apprehension of one who sees at least something beyond the range of sense, and is beginning to hold converse with the objects of faith, not merely as the unknown counterparts of familiar terms, but as living realities, which must be dealt with as what they are, and with respect to which any error of opinion is likely to produce a wrong and dangerous practice. There is a kind of shyness which is the beginning of reverence, and will develope into that habit with a due continuation of intercourse. Such, it may be hoped, is the feeling of many an earnest mind which draws back from Catholic teaching at first hearing, as something too fearful and distressing; and thinks it can more readily approach a merely commemorative altar, in an aggregate body merely dedicated to the Almighty, redeemed by the merits of the Saviour, and sanctified by the aid of the Holy Spirit, than offer itself up in union with the eternal Sacrifice, as a very member of the Body which it receives, indwelt from the hour of its baptismal birth by the Spirit of the Father and the Son.

To reject, indeed, the Catholic idea, when once fairly presented to the mind in living teaching, is a case of perilous obstinacy and unbelief; but it is a far less common one than is generally supposed. Most really serious minds receive it, as fast as they apprehend what it is; and are but contending for one part of it, while they seem to reject another. For it is never to be forgotten that there is a truth in that mysterious doctrine of Holy Scripture, that man is created in the image of God, which may be strongly though indistinctly apprehended, and which implies a stringent prohibition of believing anything unworthy of the Almighty. Were any thing propounded to us on seemingly good authority, that seemed to imply, with respect to Him, what contradicted our moral convictions, we could only receive it in such sort, as at the same time to suppose we did not rightly understand it. That is, we should

believe the bare statement to be true, on the ground of the authority by which it was propounded, but should decline attaching to it the meaning which it seemed naturally to bear, even though we could not affix to it any other. Such must be the case with thousands who believe certain Calvinistic statements, because they believe them to be contained in certain passages of holy writ, traditionally so interpreted by their own society. There are those, indeed, who go farther, and carry out such views to the annihilation of morality; but it may be hoped that there are more who hold firmly to the law written on their hearts, and let these notions abide in the duskiest corner of their heads, as unintelligible mysteries.

Thus, on the other hand, if any one were to state such a proposition as that God ever did, would, or could delegate to any man the power of remitting the sins of the impenitent, or retaining those of the truly penitent, every man's moral nature would shrink from it as a blasphemy. And it is no wonder that those who imagine such a view to be maintained, hold its supposed maintainers in abhorrence, though it might perhaps be fairly expected of persons who profess a respect for the English Church, that they should suspect their own understanding of her formularies, so long as the mere repetition of their words as true and practical, appears to them to convey any such monstrous assertion. Whatever we believe concerning our Maker, and His dealings with us, must be interpreted in such a manner as not to imply anything unworthy of Him. This is a true principle, though it is liable to abuse, and may be perverted to the extent of licensing the denial of fundamental articles of faith, by those who are pleased to imagine such articles to be contrary to reason. Let this abuse be as great and as dangerous as it may, the opposite error is also a serious one, and a blind submission to authority is capable of being carried out to very hurtful results. It must be checked by the principle enunciated above, just as the application of that principle must be checked by the belief of a real authority for truth. Otherwise, men may believe a dogma which they understand in a perverted sense, and corrupt their moral code under colour of obedience to an infallible guide. With the check of a firm reliance on the moral instincts of nature, enlightened by grace, any such misapprehension would be at least modified, where it seemed to involve the duty of imitating Guy Fawkes, or Charles IX.

Indeed it is not too much to say, that these principles demand a secondary application in our judgments on the opinions of others. We have no right to impute to them any doctrine *obviously* derogatory to the Almighty, contrary to reason, or

subversive of morality, so long as they can be supposed to hold in some other sense what seems at first sight to imply such error. We may fairly accuse them of holding that which must lead to such consequences, if carried out to its results, if we are able to make out the deduction; but we ought not to impute the consequences where we have good reason to think they would be repudiated.

Dr. Pusey, in his preface to the volume of sermons lately published, has spoken mildly of some who are in the habit of using no measured terms towards himself. Indeed, he seems even to have alarmed some orthodox friends, lest he should be going too far, in making allowance for the imperfect views of a different school; and has been led to vindicate himself from such a charge, in an advertisement prefixed to his second edition, which may not be too long to quote.

‘A few additional remarks become necessary, since some have understood the writer as though he thought the unhappy divisions among us were altogether in words only; and so, unintentionally, was encouraging indifference as to sacred truth. This, however, is contrary to what he said, when he spoke of “good and pious men having difficulties in receiving the full truth, as it is in Jesus,” p. vi. What he meant to say is what he has said these many years:—

‘1. That *religious* persons, who seem opposed to the truth, and often speak very unguardedly, unsoundly, and distressingly, do yet mostly believe much more truly than they speak. They believe what they cannot draw out in words, or would fear to express. Witness the great devotion at Holy Communion and careful preparation for it, among persons who really love their Saviour; and yet it is only on the ground of the awful greatness of that Mystery that we need to prepare more for it than for our ordinary prayers. Again, people would shrink from any irreverence as to the consecrated elements, who would yet, intellectually, argue in a very rationalistic way about them. And again, people speak almost as Antinomians, or as if Christians might almost more readily be saved without good works than with them, who yet are diligent themselves to keep God’s commandments, and “to perfect holiness in the fear of God.” Or, again, they speak as if the commands of the Church were not binding, and yet they themselves obey such of them as they are accustomed to; or they dread “forms,” and yet use them religiously.

‘2. *Religious* persons, holding partial truth, are very frequently opposed, not to the real truth, but to some form of error which they mistake for it; or, again, they are held back by certain consequences which they suppose to be involved in it, but which are not. They are held back by an inveterate prejudice, which hinders them from seeing the pure truth, apart from the error with which they have been accustomed to associate it. And it ought to be a subject of humiliation to those who hold the truth, that we cannot present it to their minds in a form in which they would appreciate it; or, again, that through some imperfection of ours, they may be repelled from it, rather than drawn by its own intrinsic attractiveness.

‘3. What *religious* persons among the so-called “Evangelical” portion of the Church, hold *positively*, that is, their faith, is true. They, then, who have received the fuller teaching of the primitive and undivided Church, have not the call upon them to lay aside any thing which they believe, but to

propose a fuller belief to them. And when that fuller truth is, by the grace of God, received, whatever errors now cleave to them will drop off; as a substance held in solution is parted with and precipitated, when another is poured in to which the substance which holds it has greater affinity.

‘The writer has felt, these fifteen years, that there was more susceptibility for Catholic truth among *religious* minds, who, in consequence of misapprehension, thought themselves, or were, opposed to it, than among many who held what in words more nearly approached to it. He always anticipated (in common with others), that it would be discarded by some who thought that they held it, when they knew what it involved, and would be received by very many who opposed it, when they came to see it truly. Both these expectations were early verified, whatever else there has been against or beyond all his hopes. And so the writer has felt himself called, not so much to oppose those who are entangled in partial views or misconceptions of the truth, as to teach, positively, the truth which they oppose, trusting that “they who are of the truth will hear” its “voice.” In the Preface to this volume, he wished to point out how the full belief of the mystery, that faithful Christians are “in Christ,” at once comprehends all the truths of our relation to our Redeeming Lord, which are held sacred by those who have embraced a more partial system, embodies those truths in a deeper and more blessed way, and excludes the errors which they imagine to attach to Catholic teaching.

The writer spoke of “good and pious men,” because, while the case of each individual among us must be left to the Judge, who shall “make manifest the counsels of the heart,” it is plain, upon the very surface, that a large, perhaps the larger, portion of so-called religious controversy, is hollow, unearnest, irreverent, and irreligious. How should it be otherwise, where, amid many words, there is so little self-sacrificing zeal for souls, so little devotedness or love? Yet God has his own every where. He is calling more and more to follow Him, who is “the Way, the Truth, and the Life.” As we love Him more who is the Truth, we shall receive, hold, set forth the truth, “as it is in Him.” As we love Him who is our Head, with a more burning, self-devoted love, we must, in Him, love his members. And love understands thoughts of love, although ill expressed, and catches at thoughts of truth, though conveyed in broken words and but half uttered, and reads the heart with which it sympathises, and can even open to it its own undeveloped meaning, or what it should mean, instead of being itself repelled by its rude or imperfect speech. As we love our Lord more, we shall love more all whom He loves; and as we love more, we shall understand one another better. One grain of love avails more than many pounds of controversy. To those, then, whether penitents or child-like minds, who seek our One Lord earnestly, and to do His will, the writer, such as he is, wished to speak words of peace and love, if so be it might help some who love Him, even in this life to love one another more in Him.

“O Good Shepherd of the sheep,
lead us and feed us,
and nothing shall be wanting
in the place of the pasture where Thou hast foldèd us,
until we be brought
to the pasture of Eternal Life.”

He makes as much allowance, certainly, as truth will permit, and so much as ought to claim from his detractors, at least, reading enough to make their ground sure, before they say more against him; and, it may be fairly added, so much as may claim

from them a candid and charitable construction of his words, and an unwillingness to impute error without necessity. He has himself indicated the reconciling principle, and, though conciliatory, is not compromising. He does not descend from the firm and exalted basis of Catholic truth into the quagmires of opinion, for he is sure of his own ground, as a man may well be who lives intellectually in the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers of the Church, and morally with God and penitents. He is not a bold theorist or dogmatizer, and what people feel to be startling assertions from him, will generally be found to be mere glimpses of the daylight of S. Cyril or S. Augustine; but he must be excused if he has a firm conviction of the truth of his own views, as held in common with the whole early Church, and a goodly body of doctors in all ages and Churches, including the chiefest of our own.

The character of his present work is mainly practical, and especially in the line which he has so long and perseveringly pursued, that of attacking the strongholds of sin, and aiding and directing the efforts of penitence. But his manner of pursuing it is not quite that which pleases the modern taste for picking up knowledge in half a lecture, and stowing it away in one or two convenient formulæ. He is fully aware that his subject is one of the most vital importance to every Christian man, and, therefore, does not scruple to demand of his hearer or reader the attention requisite for really understanding it. Rarely, indeed, can truth be brought into a short compass without leaving room for mistake or abuse. Our ways of thinking and speaking are but a particular notation, and cannot embrace all magnitudes and qualities with equal completeness. In decimals we cannot express the simple fraction *one-third* but by an infinite series; and the circumference of the circle, and the base of the natural system of logarithms, quantities absolutely fundamental to all mathematical calculation, are only to be found in that form. The same may be said of our apprehension of some of the main truths of religion, and especially in those which relate to God's dealing with man, in which we have to comprise, in one statement, things incommensurable with each other. We cannot state the whole case with absolute completeness, nor can we give a fair view of it without enumerating a variety of particular considerations, some of which may be more important than others, but each of which contributes more or less to the formation of a correct judgment. And this is more especially the case with a mind habituated to consider the whole history of Divine Providence and Revelation as given us in Holy Scripture, and to endeavour to draw from each event, and as it were, precedent, some lesson bearing upon the point under review. A process is

apt to result like that which Gibbon describes with insidious profaneness in the council of Florence: ‘They weighed the scruples of words and syllables, till the theological balance trembled with a slight preponderance in favour of the Vatican;’¹ only that the object is not to save the honour of a party, or the credit of its phraseology, but to guide the mind of the reader in perceiving the true direction of the force which produces the oscillations, as the position of the perpendicular can be seen by the plummet before its vibratory motion has become imperceptible, because each movement is the effect of that one unerring agency which determines it toward the true and central line. Thus it is with an orthodox mind in dealing with the definitions of Theology, or the multifarious questions of theological morality. The determining idea is fixed, and exact, and is felt throughout; although the statement, in its progress, may seem to verge alternately toward one side or another.

Such has been the case amongst us in the very remarkable revival of attention to the great subject of the Remission of Sins. The free grant of pardon on entering the Christian Covenant, the greater guilt of relapsing into evil after the grace of Baptism, the inexhaustible riches of Divine Mercy, and the powers vested in Holy Church for the restoration of penitents, the probability of chastisement after repentance, and the necessity of great seriousness of self-judgment, have alternately become prominent in statement and in controversy, though not as being each of them a new discovery: for that may require to be stated to-day, which was yesterday assumed as known, if one party ignores it in the whole view of the case. That may require to be brought out prominently and by itself, which was from the first contained in a document to which only a general appeal was made. In the present controversy, with respect to the remission of sin, Dr. Pusey was at first thought by most readers to have gone into excess on the side of severity, in spite of his own distinct and prominent assertion that he found no fault even with ‘modern notions’ with respect ‘either to the possibility of repentance, or God’s readiness to forgive the penitent.’²

‘Modern notions,’ he says, ‘appear to me to confound together repentance for all sin; to level those who, after Baptism, have in the main served God, and those who serve Him not; and to represent repentance for grievous sin, too easy, too little painful, too little connected with the outward course of life, too little influenced by or influencing it, too much a matter of mere feeling, too readily secured and ascertained, too transitory, not—too certain to obtain pardon, if real.’

¹ Chap. lxvi. ² Scriptural Views of Holy Baptism. Pref. p. xvi.

Such a statement, however, made less impression than it ought to have done, by the side of the strong, and, to many, very startling assertions of the writer, with respect to the standard of obedience required by the Christian Covenant, and the guilt of sin after Baptism. And certain it is, that when the soul is truly awakened to the sense of guilt, that sense is overpowering and engrossing, and apt to overbear even the strongest representations of Mercy freely offered. It seems to the penitent that these offers are made to all but himself, for he knows against himself what he scarce knows against Balaam or Judas, except by the fact of their end. Hence it is well that whoever puts forth powerful and effective statements of the terrors of God, and the strictness of His Law, should himself also put forth the offers of Mercy with strength and clearness, because those whose attention he has roused will hardly receive them so effectually from any other. And in this view we cannot but rejoice to see, in the volume before us, several sermons truly overflowing with consolations for the humbled and distressed penitent, and showing a depth of sympathy with his sorrows and fears, such as could hardly be found in one who had not actually shared in the extreme struggles for life and hope which befall some of those who once depart from the 'state of salvation' before they are again established in firm faith and steadfast obedience, and which drive the very wisest spiritual adviser to his wit's end, and teach him that, after all he can do, the work must ultimately rest in the mysterious workings of Almighty grace, and of the human will, free, though not independent.

The Sermon on 'Our Risen Lord's Love for Penitents' is one which ought to be read by those who dream of its author as a hard, horrible torturer and terrifier of penitent souls. Some injustice is done to its tenderness of feeling, and still more to its powerful accumulation of scriptural evidence and illustrative facts and sayings, by making extracts, instead of presenting it as a whole; but the following samples will not indispose the reader for a full draught from their source:—

'No marvel, then, that a penitent was by the Cross of Christ; yet it is marvellous in what company. His Blessed Mother, the Disciple He loved, and one, once like what He became for us, "the very scorn of men and the outcast of the people!" So would He teach us that He died for all, redeemed all; the Mother of Whom He took His Own Holy Flesh, as much as ourselves, with His Own Blood He redeemed and hallowed; the Disciple whom He Loved, He loved first, that he might love Him. Thus far He makes no difference. He redeemed them equally with her who seemed among the last of His redeemed. And her whom He had redeemed and restored, He placed, the last, among the first, the once impure with the pure and holy, that none should glory, none judge, none despair.

'Great was this token of His love for sinners. Her gaze, which once wandered after vanities, He fixed on Himself; unbound her arms from the

grasp of sinful pleasures, and wound them round His Cross : deadened her senses to man's praise, which they had once drunk in, or to the scoffs of blasphemers around, and quickened them to see in Him her Redeemer Alone ; held her near to Himself, not like the robber on an unwilling cross, but by "bands of Love." Great was the Love Which thus severed her from all to whom she had been like, and joined her to them to whom she was unlike. What so unlike, as His Own Virgin Mother, and an adulteress ? she upon Whom "the Holy Ghost came," and "the Power of The Highest overshadowed," "with" whom "the Lord" was, and she in whom "seven devils" dwelt ;—an universe, as it were, of sin, seven spirits of evil, opposed to the Seven-fold Gifts of the Good Spirit of God ; the Temple of God, through whom God "tabernacled" among men, and the temple of Belial ; she who was "highly favoured," and she who was "rotteness in the bones ;" she, "blessed among women," and she who was of those of whom Scripture says, "The woman shall be a curse among her people ;" she, of whom He was born Who should now "save His people from their sins," and she "whose house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead ?" Yet these stood together by the Cross of Jesus, united by It ; both through It alone pure ; both in It accepted ; both through It to be glorified ; both through It for ever to behold His Face, the Son and the Redeemer, and both, as they each could contain, to be for ever filled with the Love of Him, their Creator.

'Such was the acceptance of penitence by the Cross ; but, if possible, more marvellous yet at the Resurrection. At the Cross, the outcast and penitent was equalled to the holy and the pure ; at the Resurrection, even preferred. Holy Scripture tells us not, how or when The Redeemer healed her sorrows, "whose very soul the sword had pierced" at His Crucifixion ; it does say of the penitent, to her Jesus appeared *first*. He Who had passed by all the Angel-hosts, and "took not their nature" but ours, the last of His fallen creatures, passed by her (so Scripture says) through whom He took that nature, to comfort her who had most degraded it. "He appeared first unto Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils." "He was seen of Cephas, then of all the Apostles ;" seen first of all the Apostles, by him, who having denied Him, had "wept bitterly." Yet even before him who was first in confession of faith in Him, and now grieving over his fall ; before John who loved Him and whom above all He loved ; before Andrew who brought his brother to Him ; or Nathanael, to whom He of Whom it is said, "neither was guile found in His Mouth," bare witness that he was conformed unto Himself, "In him is no guile ;" or Thomas, who said, "Let us also go with Him that we may die with Him ;" or Philip, to whom He revealed, "I am in the Father, and the Father in Me ;" or James, the chosen witness of His Miracles, of the Glories of His Transfiguration and His Agony,—before all the eleven who had "been with Him in His Temptation," and who were to sit on His Throne of Glory ; He sheweth Himself to a penitent. Not zeal, nor hearts of fire, nor a guileless spirit, nor burning faith, nor devotion unto death, nor love which lay on His Bosom, nor on whose Bosom He Who "upholdeth all things by the Word of His Power," had vouchsafed in Infancy to be borne, not Apostolic love, or a Mother's tears, win from Him His First Look, but the tears of a penitent. His Mother doubtless He comforted¹ by His Spirit ; the penitent He comforts by His Very Presence, and His Words. Oh mighty power of penitence, which before Apostles, joined the robber, but lately a blasphemer, to The Redeemer's Side in Paradise, cleansed from the blood of man

¹ This seems a surer and safer conclusion from what we know, than that which has been imagined by some, namely, that there *must* have been an unrecorded appearance to the Blessed Virgin before any one else was thus favoured.

by the Blood of God, the first fruits of the Redemption to fill up Angelic Hosts! Oh wondrous condescension of Redeeming Love, Who rose early in the Morning, to seek her who, late though she had loved Him, then "sought Him early," and, as an earnest of His Yearning Tenderness for penitents, first revealed His Risen Glories to a penitent, made her an apostle to Apostles, a comforter to His brethren, first by her mouth announced to them the condescending title "My brethren," yea, communicated to them, as far as could be, His Own Sonship, "go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father," by Nature and Eternal Birth, "and your Father," by your adoption in Myself, "to My God" in My Human Nature, "and your God," as being by Me reconciled to Him!—Pp. 256—259.

'Thou needest not then sit down in weariness and hopelessness, whatever of earlier years thou hast lost, whatever Grace thou hast forfeited, though thou hast been in a far country, far away in affections from Him Who loved thee, and wasting on His creatures, nay sacrificing on idol altars with strange fire, the Gifts which God gave thee, that thou mightest be precious in His Own Sight. He, Who called Magdalene, in her calleth thee. He, Who by His Sweetness in her soul, drew her to cast away all this world's deadly sweetness, will speak to thine, if thou wilt hearken. Wert thou bound and a slave to all the deadly sins, thy state were not more hopeless than her's seemed, when seven devils held her bound, and indwelt her. He Who, as at this time, appeared to her, as she might bear to gaze upon Him, will appear unto thee. Be thy soul to thee as an empty tomb, where Christ's Lifeless Body once was buried by thy sins, and now is not; be it that thou see nothing but darkness, feel nothing but the chillness and damp of the tomb, catch no ray of light, look again and again, and discover no trace of Him; yea, worse still, though thou see there "the linen clothes," the tokens that He once was there, and now is gone from thee; and now all religion seems to thee but a lifeless form, a mere outside with no inward substance, "the napkin about His Head," but in thee "the Son of Man hath not where to lay His Head," though thou call and none seemeth to answer, thou ask where they have laid Him, that thou mayest again seek Him, and do Him what honour thou mayest, and none telleth thee, despair not. Only seek on, and thou shalt find. Mourn His absence, desire His Presence. The very desire is His Presence. Thou couldest not desire Him, but for His Presence in thy soul; thou couldest not mourn His absence, unless He taught thee to mourn, that thou mightest be hereafter comforted. He will appear unto thee by some comfort in prayer; some joy in a deed of self-denial to chasten thyself, or for His poor; some secret stillness of the soul, or ray of light though but for an instant; or by some thrill of joy on one steadfast purpose, henceforth to have no other Object but "to win Christ," to love all thou lovest in Him and for Him, to know nothing "save Jesus Christ, and Him Crucified."

'Follow on, and He Who loved her so as to forgive her, and having forgiven her, Scripture says, He "loved" her, and loving her shewed Himself unto her, hath He not promised the same to thee? "He that hath My Commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me: and He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him." "If a man love Me, he will keep My Words; and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our Abode with him." And what Jesus hath again made the Dwelling-Place of the Trinity, how should it be wanting in any Grace? He Who cast out the seven devils will replace them by the Seven Chief Gifts of the Holy Spirit. For sloth He will give thee fervid, active love; for carnal appetite, hunger after Him, Who Alone satisfieth; for pride, His Lowliness; for envy, His Charity; for anger, His Meekness; for degrading pleasures, love of Him Alone; for covetousness, His Bountifulness, that so thou mayest gain Him, the True Riches.

‘Follow on, and where is the bound of the love wherewith thou mayest love Him Who loved thee, since thy love is His Love in thee? Bow thyself down in lowliness to His Tomb, seek nothing but Jesus, turn aside from all which would detain thee from Jesus; and He Who by His Inward Voice called Thee, by His Passion will fence thee, by His Blood will cleanse thee, by His Resurrection will appear to thee in Glory, and in Himself will glorify thee. He desireth to restore to thee thy lost Graces, more than thou canst long for them. He (to speak reverently) longeth that thou shouldest Love Him more than thou canst. For He knoweth what a Treasure His Love is unto thee; and what hath He not done for love of thee and to win thy love? Thy Graces are His Glory, the Travail of His Soul, the Fruits of His Sufferings. If thou deservest them not, who hast wasted them, He hath deserved them for thee, Who as Man “received Gifts for men, yea, even for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell in them.” Only desire to empty thy soul of all which is not He; and He, as and when He seeth best for thee, will dwell in thee richly, and will give thee not thy lost Graces only, nor abundance of peace, nor riches of consolation; not only what “eye hath seen, or ear heard, or hath entered into the heart of man,” nor aught which in the brightest moment of love thou ever imaginedst; not only what St. Paul heard in Paradise, in words which he could not utter, or Daniel or St. John saw, but were bidden to seal up, (for this hath “entered into the heart of man,”) but what “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man,” The Infinite Love of God; yea, Himself Who is Love.

“Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and receivest unto Thee: he shall dwell in Thy Courts, and shall be satisfied with the Pleasures of Thy House, even of Thy Holy Temple. O Lord God of Hosts, blessed is the man that putteth his trust in Thee! for Thou, Lord, hast never failed them that seek Thee.”—Pp. 264—267.

But, perhaps, it is not less useful to the penitent to place the harder side of his lot fairly before him; for, after all, facts must be dealt with as facts, and though chastised in mercy, men are often very severely chastised long after they have repented. Declaring the fact does not make it; there it is, and must be met as best we may meet it. And certainly it is even a consolation to one who suffers any prolonged chastisement, to be assured that it is nothing beyond the common lot of penitents, or if, from its severity, so much cannot be said, at least that it is no sign of a hopeless fall, but rather a merciful provision for more complete recovery in the end. The Sermon on ‘Irreversible Chastisements’ may seem to give a gloomy view of human life, but that view is no more than what the experience of thousands attests to be true, and is there accompanied with the only right and sufficient remedy. Perfect submission to this part of our discipline is a most wholesome exercise, but it is not likely to be attained without a distinct acknowledgment that such is the ordinary law of God’s kingdom:—

‘We need not, then, to be dismayed, though reft of all, and for our sin. Since a man is nothing “profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul,” so neither is his loss hopeless, though he have lost all, except his soul. Rather, he may gather hope from the very severity of God’s

punishment. So sorely must he have needed them, so to be chastised; and therefore needing them so sorely, how great the loving-kindness of God, which past him not by unchastened!

‘Yet although judgments in this world are not final, and the sinner may yet, in some new way, listen to Wisdom, whose Voice he neglected, yet is it an awful thing to have been an image of God’s irrevocable judgment, to have cried where one most dreaded, and, through sin, not to have been heard. It is an awful thing to be alive as it were from the dead, to look back on the past as a dead life, from which a person has been severed, in a way, by God’s strong Hand, yet belonging to him still; to bear about with him the memory of this living death; to be haunted by its phantoms; to have had all around him burnt up by the flames of God’s displeasure, and himself awakened from his death-sleep, by the scorching of the fire which consumed him, himself as “a brand snatched out of the burning.” It is a life, to be preserved only by continual watchfulness, as again ready to be extinct. And yet it may be that, among the redeemed around the Throne of the Lamb, some who shall wear the brightest crowns, will be from among those who passed their years in penitence and joyous sorrow, witnesses to the Heavenly Hosts of God’s overflowing Love, and to what height of life the penitent humble love of Christ may raise from what exceeding depth of death.

‘And this may, in a degree, be a comfort to us all. For almost all may too well know of themselves how they, in former seasons, neglected Wisdom’s Voice, and have since gathered the bitter fruits. If not outwardly chastened, they have been inwardly. It is one law, fulfilled in different degrees, “whoso obeyeth not God’s Call, shall call and not be heard.” We all bear about us not only the corrupt tendencies which we by nature had, but these, strengthened upon and against us by our own misdeeds. We were warned, as it may be, within and without, against inattention in the house of God and indevotion, against deeds and words of vanity, slothfulness, selfishness, anger, wilfulness, self-indulgence, love of this world’s praise; we were called, within and without, to fear God only, and not man, to love Him with a whole heart, serve Him wholly, strive against some ensnaring sin; our young hearts yearned for something better than this unsatisfying, unprofitable world. In whatever degree we obeyed not these calls, we suffer. As any of us would serve God more earnestly, they found themselves held back by the chain of their former sins. They had given to the enemy of their souls arms, wherewith to oppose their way. They “cried” to God, and were so far “not heard,” that the trial they had brought upon themselves was not at once, perhaps not through many years, removed. They had to struggle on under the burthen they had brought upon themselves, oftentimes discouraged, disheartened, ready to sink or give up under the dreariness, but that God, Who seemed not to hear them, heard them from behind the cloud wherein they saw Him not, and strengthened them, though they scarce ventured to hope it.

‘Hearken we then to Wisdom’s Voice, in whatever stage we are, while yet we may; the sooner the happier. God is ever calling us. Yet now, if we would hear, He calleth more distinctly and more manifoldly, to live, not to the world but to Him. All nature and Grace is His One varied Voice, calling us to return to Him. He called us, ere we, like Samuel, could discern His Voice, and set His Seal upon us, that we, made members of Christ, might, as sons through that mysterious Oneness with The Ever-Blessed Son, know our Father’s Voice, and hear His Call, and joy to hear It. He has called us ever since, Himself stirring our inmost souls, and kindling our secret longings; by the thought of His awful Seal upon us, and the constraining might of His Sacraments; by rites, ordinances, worship, holy Days and Seasons, the remembrance of His Cross and

Passion, the Power of His Resurrection. He has called by peace amid sorrow, or restlessness in joy; by remorse for past sin, or by the glowing thrill of some self-sacrificing conquest; by voices of terror or love; by fear and by hope; by glimpses of Heaven or by dread of Hell; by thoughts of everlasting burnings, or by sight of His Outstretched Arms once nailed on the Cross, to embrace the whole world, and still extended to protect and to receive us. He is now again calling us by the thickening tokens of His Coming, whether that Coming be, as heretofore, in partial Judgments, or whether He be preparing the last closing strife. He is calling us by the examples of others whom He has called, or by His fearful abandonment of those who neglect His Calls, to take His side. He shews more clearly that we must choose our side, with Him, or with the world. He is calling us to a more resolute, generous, self-devoted, service, to take Him Alone for our "Portion" and "exceeding great Reward."—Pp. 182—185.

The author has indicated in his Preface, as has been already observed, what is the main principle by means of which we may hope for reconciliation amongst Christians. The 'Life of God in the Soul of Man,'—the 'Indwelling of Christ by the Holy Spirit,'—is acknowledged by all in words, but thoughtfully contemplated and realized by very few. It is by the study of this truth, and the application of it to life, that the truly religious, who now differ most in opinion, may approach one another. However, even on this ground, misrepresentations and harsh criticism may find place. Dr. Hampden discovered in some publications of his late colleague what he supposed to be grounds for a charge of *Pantheism*!! as though himself, or any other writer he could name, were more clear and earnest in insisting upon the eternal distinctness of the created and the Uncreated, the individual responsibility and free-will of man, the real hatefulness of evil to God, or any other point that can be named as characterizing pure Christianity in opposition to Pantheism. The charge is noticed in the Preface to this volume, and rebutted, as it deserves to be, with severity, though the author is above the petty carping which forms so marked a feature in the notes to the Sermon in which he, or rather the theology of his quotations, was attacked:—

'And this is the more threatening, now that Pantheism is abroad, both in Germany and America, and will probably be the permanent antagonist of the Gospel, as, however at variance with the voice and constitution of human nature, it is the only consistent form of unbelief. It can hardly be said, perhaps, how far the Eutychianism of Luther in his theory as to the Holy Eucharist, may have contributed to it, (for Eutychianism is Pantheistic in its characteristic heresy,) but, at least, Pantheism has its origin in Lutheran Germany. It has found entrance among the Congregationalists and Unitarians of America.

'It is then very serious, when the doctrine of "the participation of the Divine Nature" (2 Pet. i. 4) is represented as Pantheistic;¹ it is directly to

¹ 'Dr. Hampden first brought the charge against S. Thomas Aquinas, who says less than Holy Scripture itself. For, whereas Holy Scripture says that, "there are given to us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these we might be par-

prepare the way for error, to represent the truth as involving it. The Christian doctrine that we are "partakers of the Divine Nature," so far from being consistent with Pantheism, contradicts it, for it implies personal existence; Pantheism assumes, that "God is whatever thou seest." Such union alone with God would be Pantheistic, according to which it should be assumed that "the soul ceases to be in that being which it before had after its own kind, and is converted or transformed and absorbed into the Divine Being and Essence," as the Eutychians affirmed of the Human Soul of Our Lord, and Almaric and other fanatics have affirmed of the soul of man. Yet so does the soul of man long for union with God, that, if the truth is withheld from it, it will seek, by way of imagination or of heresy, Him Whom ignorantly (St. Paul tells us) and blindly, human nature "feels after, though He be not far from every one of us," (Acts xvii. 27.) Panthe-

takers of the Divine Nature," (2 Pet. i. 4) Aquinas only says, "the gift of Grace exceedeth every faculty of created nature, since it is nothing else than a *certain* (*quædam*) participation of the Divine Nature, which exceedeth all other nature; and therefore it is impossible that any creature should cause Grace. For thus it is of necessity that God Alone should deify, (see below, p. 233, not. m.) by communicating a sharing (*consortium*) of the Divine Nature, by a sort of participation of likeness; as, it is impossible that any thing should kindle fire, save fire alone." (2. 1. q. 112. art. 1.) On this Dr. Hampden stated, that "the Pantheistic notion of 'a participation of Deity,' or an actual deification of our nature, is the fundamental idea of the operation of Grace according to the schoolmen." (Bampton Lectures, iv. p. 197.)

'Dr. Hampden subsequently brought the same charge against S. Bonaventura, involving an attack on the writer. The passage of S. Bonaventura is "Then truly is the whole man changed into Christ, when detached from himself, and rising above all creatures, he is so wholly transformed into His Suffering Lord as to see nothing and to feel nothing but Christ Crucified, mocked, railed at, and suffering for us.'

'Dr. Hampden proceeds, "Such a view of the Atonement, (*Pantheistic as it is*) is nothing strange in a mystic writer of the Church of Rome. The strange thing is, that a minister of the Church of England should adopt such a sentiment as his own, and recommend it to others."

'S. Bonaventura is not Pantheistic, unless S. Paul is, (1 Cor. vi. 17; 2 Cor. iii. 18.) Nor is he speaking of the Atonement at all, but of the union with Christ through His Spirit. But again to refer to the work of Gerson, written in warning against unauthorised mystical language, there is not even the colour of any such shocking imputation to S. Bonaventura. "There are many words of Christ," (says Gerson,) "praying the Father that the faithful may be one (*unum*), as the Father and the Son are One (*Unum*). But of old the holy Fathers with certainty expound these sayings so that the unity is not essential, nor by any precise likeness, but only assimilation and *participation* is there meant, as Luke saith, (Acts iv. 32) that 'the multitude of believers had one heart and one soul,' and the same is commonly said of two friends; as also a kindled coal and air filled with light, are said to be one with their fire and light. In this way Boetius proves that the good man is God, according to that of Ps. lxxxii. 'I said, ye are gods,' not indeed through the truth and unity of the Divine Essence, and properly speaking, but by way of *participation* and likeness, of imitation and title; and if this author [Ruysbrock] answered that he understood his own words of the *uniting* (*unificatione*) of the spirit with God, I do not contend nor contradict his meaning; but I doubt not that it is other, else he would be saying *nothing special* of the contemplative, beyond all who are the children of God by the Grace of adoption." (1. c. p. 61.)

'It is indeed almost too obvious to dwell upon, save that Pantheism is happily as yet little known among us, that no words expressive of the union of the soul with God can be Pantheistic, unless they implied that the soul ceased to be, and became essentially one with God; in Professor Lee's words, "that unity and sameness of Essence with the Deity, which is implied by the Nicene term *Homousion*" (sad as it is that he should have imputed this to a writer in the same Church. Remarks on the Sermon of Dr. Pusey, p. 68, note).'

ism has been the food of the most religious minds of Mohammedanism; in the form of Manicheism it long chained the mind of him who became S. Augustine; and a certain fervour, (however lacking in humility,) of Soufic poetry shews that it has more semblance of love than Rationalism or Socinianism. All unbelief and heresy will probably sooner or later be resolved into it, and it will be the deadliest antagonist of the Church, as the full Catholic teaching is *the* antidote against it.—Pp. xix—xxii.

It is true, there is such a thing as a culpable mysticism, which approaches at least to the external characteristics, and sometimes to the moral character, of Pantheism, from its want of reverence, and from its investing human feelings and imaginations with a divinity which does not belong to them. When a self-conceited enthusiast falls into this line, he will often give the reins to his imagination, and run a wild course through things sacred and profane, confounding their essential distinctions, glorying in what he ought to suppress, sneering at what he ought to regard with awe, and making doctrine of what should but have served, or should not even have served, for illustration. But the errors of such men do not shut out the wise and thoughtful divine from the whole field of mystical Theology. At least, if they do, they shut him out from a great part of Holy Scripture, which must be marked with many a '*cautè legendum*,' as containing what cannot be studied without a dangerous tendency to enthusiasm, if our thoughts may not be allowed to follow up its hints, and to range in the fields it opens to our view.

But, surely, while we condemn the wild flights of the imagination, we must allow scope to the sober, thoughtful, loving apprehension of Divine mysteries; and even to the eager and aspiring pursuit of them. And while the fault of mankind in general is a cold neglect of the objects of faith, it cannot be without some tendency to profit that holy men are moved at times to give utterance even to rapturous, and even half-paradoxical, thoughts, whether in their desire to communicate to their brethren some impression that can scarce be comprehended in words, or but to relieve a heart overflowing with spiritual delights. And if a writer has perchance quoted a few such expressions where they might happen to fall under the cognizance of cold intellect, and to be represented as bearing a sense quite alien to what those who wrote or who use them ever intended, he is not to be classed at once with those idle perverters of truth, who talk mysticism in order to seem devout, or that they may appear to understand what is as much beyond them as others. There may be cases in which it is necessary to judge of such language with strictness, but no one has a right to judge who has not the heart to sympathize.

These remarks scarcely apply to the present volume, consist-

ing as it does of sermons addressed to mixed audiences, and therefore being more guarded on all sides than what is offered to the quiet study of the devout and thoughtful, who may be supposed able to discern a little for themselves. Indeed, it is hardly possible to imagine an intelligent reader, however prejudiced, rising from the perusal of some of the sermons which bear upon the divine and supernatural character of Christian life, without having gained something toward an insight into the truths they propound, and a sympathy with those who hold them. 'God with us,' a sermon on the Nativity; 'The Christian's Life hid in Christ;' 'Heaven the Christian's Home;' 'The Christian the Temple of God;' 'Christ Risen our Justification;' and especially 'The Christian's Life in Christ,' ser. xvi., are all to this point, and of great value to those who wish to enter more and more thoroughly into the truth so long revealed, yet so hidden in its own brightness, of God manifest in the flesh. Never indeed will the unsanctified intellect of man be able to comprehend that mighty doctrine. What man is become, in that God is become Man, surpasses the imagination of the sons of Adam, and is a thought upon which the very sons of God by the Spirit must reflect with awe, and in which they must rejoice with trembling, rather than fancy themselves to have fully realised its import, or to be able to declare its consequences. The progress of science, and the accumulated observations of ages, may enable man, though imprisoned within our few miles of atmosphere, to detect the presence of unseen worlds in the remote fields of space, through their influences on those which his unaided eye can scarce discover among the hosts of heaven. He may learn, perchance, to thread the whole maze of solar and planetary motions, and to refer the whole order of those glorious lights—more wonderful to him who looks on them with understanding, than to the uninstructed gaze of him who sees but with the eye—to one central impulse and gravitation. He may learn, haply, all the elements of material action and combination that circulate in the life of this organic system, in which he rules and is ruled by turns. But the utmost he can learn of matter and its operations leaves him no nearer than he was before to a knowledge of the God of spirits. Let the greatest of natural philosophers learn but the Doctrine of the Incarnation, and it will still be a knowledge with which he must begin life again, and be as a little child. It is a knowledge that bears upon his own inward being, in a way that no truth of physical science, be it never so deep, never so extensive, can pretend to do. It makes all things new, as much as the presence of life would alter a sculptured form, or the presence of reason a mere animated human figure.

True it is that the pride of reason must be humbled, while we see not the Word Incarnate as He is. True it is that we must wait, ay, and groan amidst the travail-pangs of creation, for the manifestation of our 'Life hidden in Christ,' our full redemption, the perfect, glorified estate of the sons of God. But we are not therefore to put by the doctrine, and not only live as though it were not told us, but pretend to think and reason as though we had no intimations of it; and only check and criticise those whose hearts will not rest in anything short of it, and who long, with the angels of God, to look into the mysteries of Divine wisdom, half manifested, half hidden, in the present heavenly dispensation upon earth. It is to little purpose, happily, that the over-reasonable world would try to restrain these eager souls from prying into that which they know they cannot understand, but which they so love that they are more content to apprehend a little of it, than to be knowing in what is of less worth. Holy Scripture bears them out, and authorizes their endeavour to fix their hearts upon an unseen life, and to exercise their minds and their affections in devout meditation upon so much as is revealed of that which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. And those who despise them must, to be consistent, charge S. John with tedious doting, and S. Paul with needless hyperbole, and overstrained, loquacious, visionary enthusiasm. David, Solomon, and the prophets, must be shelved under the general denomination of 'Hebrew poetry!'

But, indeed it is not well to give even a hearing to those who would have us ignore the fact that we are 'created anew,' and that in the knowledge of the Son of God, God with us, God-Man; and that this truth is not barely announced to us, but drawn out and reasoned upon in the records of revelation, and connected with our justification, our sanctification, our future resurrection. We believe, and we cannot but think of it. May God grant us first to believe it heartily and to act upon it faithfully, and, secondly, to avoid any erroneous, presumptuous, or futile speculation with respect to it!

This truth is now the inheritance of ages. It was not, indeed, with ease that men's eyes were opened to receive it. Holy Scripture bears abundant witness to its very gradual dawning upon the Apostles themselves, as well as upon the early converts to the Christian faith; but we have it in the Gospels and Apostolic Epistles registered once for all, and from those very times firmly established as the faith of the universal Church, victorious over Arianism, and all other opposing heresies. It is now a tradition that we take in with our mother's milk, and its records are engraven all around us in numberless forms; truths more or less connected with it are become the inheritance, as it

were, of the human race; nay, even have gone forth into the world so as to become adapted to the purposes of evil, and to be made the pretexts of rebellion, the groundwork of false systems, the starting-points of ambitious intellect, the stolen decorations of error. Perhaps it is owing to this very general promulgation, that we have not the same advantages for the clear apprehension of Divine, as of physical truth, and that the species does not seem to make the same progress in the former as it does in the latter; for the result is that the young and half-formed mind is beset not only with imperfect statements, as is the case even with physical science, but with perversions, contradictions, exaggerations, falsehoods innumerable, hard to correct even for those who are supported by the clear dogmatic statements of the Church, but inextricably confusing to those who are taught to regard their own reason as the measure of all things.

Sound catechetical instruction in the Church's documents; patient and devout waiting upon her services; prayer, meditation, watchfulness; unwearied, clinging study of Holy Scripture, must be the means whereby we are to improve our insight into these sacred truths, and to correct our misapprehensions of them. But we may be aided not a little by those who have themselves used these means, and are ready to impart to us the results of their meditations. And, perchance, we have yet to see the effect upon mankind of the accumulated thought and experience of the saints in threescore generations, when it shall please God again to turn the hearts of the children to the fathers, and of the fathers to the children. Be this as it may, words like the following will not be altogether without their effect.

'Can there be more than this? There can. The text unfolds to us a yet deeper Mystery, that all this is to us "in Christ," "In Christ shall all be made alive." The Endless Life, which they shall live who are counted worthy of it, shall then not be a life such as men seem to live here where our true life is unseen, as if we were so many creatures of God's Hand, each having his existence wholly separate from his fellows, upheld in being by God, yet, as it seems, apart from God, having his own wills, affections, tastes, pursuits, passions, love, hatred, interests, joys, sufferings. Our life then shall not be, as it seems here, and as it truly is in the ungodly, separate from God, and in the good indistinctly and imperfectly united with Him. It shall be a life "in God." "In Christ shall all be made alive." We shall live then, not only as having our souls restored to our bodies, and souls and bodies living on in the Presence of Almighty God. Great and unutterable as were this Blessedness, there is a higher yet in store,—to live on "in Christ." For this implies Christ's living on in us. These two are spoken of together in Holy Scripture. "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in Him," and "he that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him;" and in the service for the Holy Communion, we pray that "we may so eat the Flesh of Christ and drink His

Blood, that we may evermore dwell in Him, and He in us." For we can only dwell in God by His Dwelling in us. To dwell *in* God is not to dwell *on* God only. It is not mere lifting up of our affections to Him, no being enwrapt in the contemplation of Him, no going forth of ourselves to cleave to Him. All this is our seeking Him, not His taking us up; our stretching after Him, not our attaining him; our knocking, not His Opening. To dwell in God must be by His Dwelling in us. He takes us out of our state of nature, in which we were, fallen, estranged, in a far country, out of and away from Him, and takes us up into Himself. He cometh to us, and if we will receive Him, He dwelleth in us, and maketh His Abode in us. He enlargeth our hearts by His Sanctifying Spirit which He giveth us, by the obedience which He enables us to yield, by the acts of Faith and Love which He strengthens us to do, and then dwelleth in those who are His more largely. By dwelling in us, He makes us parts of Himself, so that in the Ancient Church they could boldly say, "He Deifieth Me;" that is, He makes me part of Him, of His Body, Who is God.

This is the great difference between us and the brute creation. They are not capable of the Presence of God. He made them; He extendeth His Providence over them. "His Mercy," Scripture saith, "is over all His Works," encompasseth, enfoldeth them all. "He feedeth the young ravens which call upon Him;" "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father." Yet their spirit goeth downwards to the earth, not upwards to God Who gave it. He careth for them as His creatures, and may have something in store for them. He giveth the horse strength; the hawk flies by His Wisdom; He saveth "man and beast." He teacheth the ox to "know his owner, and the ass his master's crib." He teacheth the stork to "know her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow to observe the time of their coming," so that we marvel at their wisdom, and often learn of their skill. But He hath not made them such to dwell in them.

Still more. With man himself, made in His Image, His "Spirit will not always strive;" He will not ever dwell in him. This is the difference, from which all others flow, between true Christians and all besides, heathens, or even the ancient people of God, that Christians, if they remain such, or are restored to be such, are "*in* Christ." This was the special Gift which Patriarchs and Prophets saw afar off. For the sake of this, Abraham rejoiced to see the Day of Christ. They saw it, "but not nigh." They had the knowledge of His Laws; God dwelt with them as He dwelt with no other nation. "What nation was there so great, who had God so nigh unto them?" But although "*nigh* unto them, in all things they called upon Him for," He dwelt not *in* them. *Among* them He appeared visibly in the Pillar of Fire, the Burning Bush, as the Angel of the Covenant, the Captain of the Lord's Hosts, in the Glory which filled the Temple; but still without them because visibly, and visibly because without them. They had a visible Theocracy; God was visibly their King; and so of them it was not said, "the Kingdom of God is within you."

This is the great present fruit of the great Mystery of Godliness, "God manifest in the Flesh," that He, by sanctifying our flesh, might fit for His Indwelling all who would receive Him; might come secretly to us, to be hereafter in us manifested for ever. It was a commencement, a practising, as it were, of what was to be for ever. God the Word dwelt in that Holy Human Nature which He took, that thenceforward He might, by a real Indwelling, (a real Spiritual Union, although not a personal union like that with the Man Christ Jesus), sanctify our nature, and knit it on, in Himself, to God for ever. Holy as they were, He dwelt not in him whom He called His "Friend," "the father of the faithful," or in Moses, "faithful in all his house," as He dwelleth in the faithful Christian. For so He held it fitting,

that God the Holy Ghost should first dwell in His Own Sinless Human Nature, and so ever dwell in man; restoring to him, through Himself, what he had lost, through the fall.'—Pp. 232—236.

'Closer is the nearness of Almighty God, to those who will receive Him, than when He walked with Adam in Paradise, or seemed to sit with Abraham, or to speak to Moses Face to face, or when the Angel in Whom His Presence was, wrestled with Jacob, or when One, in the Form of the Son of God, was with the Three Children in the fire; yea, nearer yet, than when, in the Flesh, His disciples did eat and drink with Him, and went in and out with Him, or Mary sat at His Feet, or His Mother carried Him in her arms, or St. John lay in His Bosom, or St. Thomas thrust his hand into His Side. For all this sacred, blessed, nearness was still outward only. Such nearness had Judas also who kissed Him. Such nearness shall they plead, to whom He shall say, "I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." The Christian's nearness He hath told; "We will come unto him, and make Our Abode with him," in Holiness, Purity, Peace, Bliss, cleansing Love.

'It is not a Presence to be touched, handled, seen, heard, felt by our bodily senses; yet nearer still, because it is where the bodily senses fail, where the outward eye cannot reach, the outward ear cannot hearken; but when the outward senses fail, then the inward eye sees a light, brighter than all earthly joy; the inward ear hears His Voice; the inmost soul feels the Thrill of His Touch; the "heart of hearts" tastes a sweetness, "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," the sweetness of the love of the Presence of its Lord and its God.

'But whether or no He giveth to the faithful soul, to feel its own blessedness, or in whatever degree He maketh the soul to hunger after Him, and so satisfieth the hungry soul with His Own Richness, the inward, unseen, Presence of God in the soul is *the* gift of the Gospel. This is its great, its one all-containing promise.

'The Everlasting Son, for our Redemption, took our flesh, to be one of us; He came in our flesh; He cometh by His Spirit, really and truly, to dwell in us. He dwelleth not as He doth in the material Heavens, nor as He sanctifieth this House of God, nor as He did in the Tabernacle, but united with the soul, and, in Substance, dwelling in her, as He did Personally in the Man Christ Jesus. In Him dwelt "all the Fulness of the Godhead bodily." In Him the Incarnate Word dwelt, becoming One with His Holy Manhood, "by Unity of Person," by taking It into Himself. In His Saints He dwelleth partially, by the Gift of His Spirit, in different degrees, according to their measure; but still His Union with them is a shadow of that ineffable Union of the Ever-Blessed Trinity, of the mode in which He dwelt in our Ever-Blessed Redeemer. For so our Lord Himself prayeth for them, "as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us." And this He bestoweth upon them by, Himself, dwelling in them. Thus, again, is He the Mediator between God and Man, receiving of The Father to impart to us. The Father dwelleth in The Son, and The Son in The Father; and so, Both The Father and the Son dwell in whom The Son dwelleth, as He saith, "I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in One;" and this through Him, in Whom The Father and The Son are One, The Holy Spirit. For so saith Holy Scripture again, "Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit." And both through the great Mystery of the Incarnation. The Son, as Man, received into Himself the Life of The Father, that He might, with Himself, impart it to us. "As the Living Father hath sent Me, and I live by The Father: so, he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me."

'This then, as it is the special Mystery of the Gospel, so it is of the

Resurrection,—to be “in Christ.” This is the greatness of God’s Gift in Holy Baptism, that we are thereby “in Christ.” This is the new Workmanship of God, that we, having been created, and having marred the Divine Image in us, are “created” anew “in Christ Jesus”—a creation, though but commenced in Baptism, and to be perfected afterwards, yet far greater than the first, and having, like our natural birth, in very infancy, wrapt up in it, the whole, the full-grown being. This is our Justification, that we are *in* Him; this our Sanctification, to be *in* Him; this our Redemption, *in* Him; this our calling to the Eternal Glory of God, “*in* Christ Jesus;” this our hope for those who are departed before us, that they are “fallen asleep *in* Him;” are dead, but *in* Him, “the dead *in* Christ;” this our hope in the Day of Judgment, that we “may be found *in* Him;” this our perfecting, that we may be “presented perfect *in* Christ Jesus,” this our endless life, that “*in* Christ we shall all be made alive;” this the consummation of all things, that the blessed Angels who needed not redemption and ourselves the redeemed, as we are in some unknown way one Church now, so shall we visibly be One Body then, when He shall “gather together in one all things *in* Christ, both which are in Heaven, and which are on earth,” and the whole family in Heaven and earth shall be named of Him, and God be All and in all, restoring the harmony which was broken by our fall, and making all one for ever, in endless peace and rest, by dwelling in all, Himself the Life, the Joy, the Will, of all whom He hath made one by taking them into Himself.—Pp. 238—245.

And the magnificent passage from S. Cyril of Alexandria, quoted as a note to the last.

‘S. John xvii. 21. “The Union with God cannot belong to any, except through the Participation of the Holy Spirit, inserting into us the Sanctification of His Very Own Special Nature, (*τῆς ἰδίας ἰδιότητος*,) and re-forming to His Own Life the nature which fell under corruption, and so bringing back to God, and His Form, that which was deprived of this Glory. For the Son is the Perfect Image of the Father, and His Spirit is the Natural Likeness of the Son. Wherefore, transforming, as it were, the souls of men into Himself, He impresses upon them the Divine Form, and engraves on them the Image of the Supreme Substance of All. Our Lord Jesus Christ then prayeth, not for the Twelve Disciples only, but rather, for all who, in each time, should yield to, and believe their words. . . .

“But what then is the Nature of His Prayer? This, ‘that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us.’ He prays then for the bond of Love, and One-mindedness, and Peace, bringing believers to Spiritual Unity, so that the concurrence in unity, through the universal consent and undis severed harmony of soul, should imitate the Characters of that Natural and Essential Unity in The Father and the Son. Not that the bond of Love and the power of Oneness of mind in us, could have such force, that we should be united as the Father and the Son, expressing by Unity of Essence, the Manner of Their Unity; for Their Unity is of Nature, and Real, and in the very Mode of Being, but this is a sort of form of the True Unity. For how can antitypes exactly correspond to Archetypes? For the imitation of the Truth is not the same as the Truth Itself, and though the visible form be the same, yet the difference will be considerable. . . .

“Christ taketh the Essential Unity which the Father hath with Him, and He again with the Father, as the picture and type of inseverable friendship, and oneness of mind, and unity which is in harmony of soul, wishing that we also should be in a manner commingled with one another, by the Power, namely, of the Holy and Consubstantial Trinity, so that the

whole Body of the Church should be conceived as one, by the union and coming together of the two people to the condition of one perfect man in Christ, as Paul saith, (Eph. ii. 14—17.) ‘For He is our Peace, Who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; having abolished in His Flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in Himself of twain One New Man, so making peace: and that He might reconcile both unto God in One Body, by the Cross, having slain the enmity thereby; and came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh,’) which was fulfilled when they who believed in Christ were one-souled with one another, and received, as it were, one heart, through their entire likeness in holiness and obedience in the Faith, and love of Virtue. . . .

‘“We have said above that the unity, through the harmony and oneness of mind and soul of believers, ought to imitate the Manner of the Divine Unity, and the Essential Sameness of The Holy Trinity, and Their perfect Interfusion, (*ἀναπλοκήν*). But now we have to show a natural unity also, according to which we are bound up with one another, and all with God, not lacking, perchance, the unity in body also, I mean with one another, although we differ from one another in our several bodies, each of us being circumscribed by his own separate person, for Paul could not be, or be said to be, Peter, nor Peter Paul, although, by the mode of union through Christ, both are accounted one thing (*ἓν*).

‘“Wherefore, it being confessed that the Unity of The Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit is of Nature, (for, in the Holy Trinity One Godhead is believed and glorified,) let us consider in what way we ourselves also, both with one another and with God, are found to be one thing (*ἓν*), both bodily and spiritually. The Only Begotten Son then, shining upon us from the Very Essence of God The Father, and having, in His Own Nature, the Whole of Him Who begat Him, became Flesh, according to the Scriptures, mingling Himself, as it were, with our nature, through that Inconceivable Conjunction and Union with this body which is of the earth; and thus He Who is by Nature God, was called and really became a Heavenly Man, not bearing God, (*θεοφόρος*), according to some who do not accurately understand the depth of the Mystery, but being, in One, God and Man; in order that, having Co-United, as it were, in Himself, things very different by nature or likeness, with one another, He might make man partaker and sharer of the Divine Nature.

‘“For the sharing and Abiding of The Spirit hath passed through to us also, having received Its commencement through Christ, and in Christ, first, conceived as one of us, that is, Man, and Anointed and Hallowed; whereas, as He appeared from The Father, He is, by Nature, God; Himself, by His Own Spirit, hallowing His Own Temple, and the whole creation which was made by Him, which admits of being sanctified.

‘“Wherefore the Mystery in Christ was a sort of beginning and way for us also, to share The Holy Spirit and Union with God. For we are all hallowed in Him, as I have said. In order then that we, although different individually, in souls and bodies, each according to his own several peculiarity, might come together and be commingled in unity with God and one another, The Only Begotten contrived a certain way, devised through the Wisdom fitting to Himself, and the Counsel of The Father. For by One Body, that is, His Own, blessing those who believe in Him, through the Mystical Participation, He maketh us con-corporate with Himself and with one another. For who will part asunder and sever from natural union with one another those who are, By One Holy Body, bound together into Unity with Christ? For if we all partake of that One Bread, we are all made One Body. For Christ cannot be divided. Wherefore, also, the Church is called the Body of Christ, and we too, severally, His members, according

to the meaning of Paul. For we all, being united with the One Christ through His Holy Body, as having received, in our own bodies, Him, the One and Indivisible, owe our own members to Him rather than to ourselves. But that the Saviour being set as the Head, His Church is called the Body, as being composed of the several members, Paul will show, (Eph. iv. 14—16) 'That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ: From Whom the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the Body, unto the edifying of itself in love.' And that we, who partake of His Holy Flesh, obtain an union in body also with Christ, Paul will bear witness, saying of 'the Mystery of Godliness, (which, in other ages, was not made known to the sons of men as it is now revealed unto the Holy Apostles and Prophets, by The Spirit), that the Gentiles should be co-heirs and con-corporate (*σύσσωμα*), and co-partakers of His Promise in Christ.' But if we are all con-corporate with one another in Christ, and not only with one another, but also with Himself, Who is in us through His Own Flesh, how are we not clearly all One Thing, (*ἐν*), both in one another and in Christ? For Christ is the Bond of Unity, being in Himself God and Man in One.

"But concerning the Unity in Spirit, pursuing the same course of contemplation, we would say again, that we all, having received One and the Same Holy Spirit, are, in a manner, mingled together with each other and with God. For if in us, although being many, Christ inserteth severally in each The Spirit of The Father and His Own, and He is One and Indivisible, we say that He holdeth together in Oneness, through Himself, the spirits, severed as far as they exist in each individually, and making us all, (*τοὺς πάντας*), as it were, one thing (*ὡς ἓν τι*) in Himself. For as the Power of the Holy Flesh maketh those in whom it is con-corporate, in the same way the One Indivisible Spirit of God, dwelling in all, bringeth all together into a Spiritual Unity. Wherefore, again, the Divine Paul addresseth us, (Eph. iv. 2—6.) 'Forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the Unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace. There is one body and One Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism, One God and Father of all, Who is above all, and through all, and in you all.' For One Spirit Indwelling in us, there will be One God, The Father of all, in us, through The Son, holding together, into Unity with one another and Himself, what partake of The Spirit. For that we are co-united with The Holy Spirit, by participation, will be plain thus also. For if, forsaking the carnal life, we once for all give full dominion to the Laws of The Spirit, how is it not indisputable to any one, that having denied, as it were, our own life, and having received the Supernatural Conforming of the Holy Spirit, commingled with us, we are all but removed, as it were, into Another Nature, being not men only, but sons of God also, and Heavenly men, because we have been made partakers of the Divine Nature? We are, then, all one thing, (*ἐν*) in The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, one in the Sameness of Temper, and in the Conformation according to Godliness, and the Communion of the Holy Flesh of Christ, and the Communion of One Holy Spirit." S. Cyril in S. Joh. pp. 995—1000.

—*Note*, pp. 241—243.

No doubt these passages contain the real elements of reconciliation for those who 'love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' No doubt it is the impossibility of comprehending in one view

the consequences which follow from union with Him that makes it so difficult for those who begin on different sides of the same truth to understand one another. And when it is considered that many not only begin with a very partial view, but at once throw a large proportion of their thoughts and opinions into the form of simple negation, we need not wonder that differences and confusions apparently irreconcilable and inextricable are the result. How much we may hope from increased communication, increased endeavours after unity, increased Christian love, and continued prayer, as well as from a generation educated, in part at least, in the participation of deeper thoughts, and in the use of more frequent public prayer and more frequent communion, it is hard to say. But the direction in which hope lies may be confidently pointed out.

One more point must be briefly noticed—the practical consequences of belief in the union of God with man. With these, as might be expected, the sermons are very mainly occupied, and here, as always, the author reminds us of the words of the Hymn—

‘That Thou with them may'st cut down sin;
As it were with a sword.’

There is a strong pervading sense of the sanctity of that Presence that dwells in us; a bold, unsparing, irresistible inculcation of the maxim, ‘Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity;’ such as can come only from one deeply penetrated with the Christian view of what our nature is become in Christ, and resolute to enforce the truth against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

The sermon ‘Barabbas or Jesus’ is one of those deep trenchant strokes which can only be dealt with the true sword of the Word.

‘But His Godhead was still veiled in the flesh. His Glory was not yet revealed, “the Spirit was not yet given.” More deadly the choice became, when the weakness of His Human Nature was taken up in the Glory of His Divine, and He was “declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of Holiness, by the Resurrection from the dead.”

‘What, then, must it be now, when, for so many centuries, God has borne witness to the blessedness of choosing Him as our Portion for ever; when we are “compassed with so great a cloud of witnesses;” when, not Patriarchs only and Prophets, but Apostles, Evangelists, Martyrs, Teachers, Saints, all, of every age, and tongue, and people, and nation who have been perfected, young and aged, boys and virgins, the early-perfected and grey-haired holiness, the poor and they who have made themselves poor for the Kingdom of Heaven, call us by their faithful lives and peaceful deaths, beckon us, as it were, from Paradise, and tell us “We know Whom we have believed; Whom we sought, (yea, Who sought us), we have found; Whom we chose we have; ‘one thing we asked of the Lord, this we have desired, to behold the fair Beauty of the Lord and to visit His Temple.’ And now we dwell in His Courts, and behold His Face, and are filled with His Love, Whom, not seeing, we believed and loved.”

'Yet the same choice continues still. All, throughout the whole world, is one choice between God and Satan, Christ and Barabbas. We know not indeed what we do; and so, again and again, our Blessed Lord intercedes for those who deliver Him to His foes. But whenever a choice is given, if we have but any fear that we are choosing amiss, if we do what we suspect to be wrong or worse, if we say wilfully what we think better unsaid, what do any, in fact, but choose Barabbas? Hence the deep, deadly wound of the first marked childish sin, which lives so long in the memory, and haunts it. It was its first marked choice of evil, and, if so, though unknowingly, of the evil one. Hence the evil of some subtle sin, which it perhaps knows not to be sin, only it knows that, were its parents by, it would not do it. It has made an evil choice; and that choice cleaves to it, perhaps, through years of helpless strife and misery. The first evil choice is the parent of all which follows. It has chosen Satan instead of God; and now, before it can again choose aright, it must undo that first choice, and will that had been all unchosen which it ever chose out of God.

'We never can make any real progress in holiness, we can hardly take the very first step, we shall be constantly slipping backwards, until, by God's Mercy, we have this stamped upon our souls, that we are ever anew making, that we must in all things make, this choice. There is, in every thing, a better and worse, a good and an evil to us. If we choose good, we choose God, Who Alone is Good, and is in all things good; if we choose evil, we do in fact choose the Evil one. There are degrees of choice; as there were degrees and steps in the rejection of our Lord. Yet each led on to the next. Each hardens for the next. "No one ever became at once wholly vile," is even a Heathen proverb. But there is no safety against making the very worst choice, except in the fixed, conscious, purpose, in all things to make the best. The last acts are mostly not in a person's own power. They "who compass themselves about with sparks," cannot themselves quench the burning. They who make the first bad choice, are often hurried on, whether they will or no. Each choice, so far, involves the whole character. The one question of life or death before us, is, "whom we will obey," God or Satan. "His servants ye are whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." The one choice is manifoldly repeated. The roads part asunder slightly; yet, unmarked, the distance between them is ever widening, until they end in Heaven or in Hell. Each act of choice is a step toward either. Either we are striking more into the narrow way, or parting from it; we are, by God's Grace, unbinding the cords by which we are held, or we are binding them tighter. The character deepens unconsciously; and at last, in man's sight, and but for some mighty interposition of God, it becomes fixed; because it has all along been secretly following or resisting grace, and so choosing God, or rejecting Him. And who knows how much countless, deadly ill, there may not be in these repeated acts of choice? Who, when he looks back on any portion of a past misdirected life, can imagine the amount of sin, through which it became what it was? It seems, and is, well-nigh all sin, because it has not been choosing God for His own sake, and has been choosing self and evil. Who can imagine the intensity of malice which may lie in, again and again, slighting what seem little calls, when each such act is a setting at nought the Grace of God? Deeply wounded as many of us may be, we can often scarcely feel the real malignity of those, to us, slighter sores. Rather should we look at lesser sins by the light of the greater. All have the one bitter root of evil in them. It is but enlarged, that we may see it more thoroughly. The glass which enlarges to our sight what before seemed a smooth surface, and shews it to us so coarse, or the intricacy of its texture, changes not its structure, but enables us to see it. So murder or adultery shew us only more vividly what, in

its root, all hatred or love, out of God is ; all hatred of any but the evil one, or any love or desire to be beloved out of God.

'It is, indeed, a mournful sight, brethren. It is a bitter memory to think that we have so often chosen out of God. But we can never amend our choice, unless, in bitterness of soul, we own that it has been amiss. We can never come to true penitence, unless we learn the intense evil of the manifold wrongness of our choice. God seems sometimes to allow some who, in his Mercy, finally are saved, to fall into gross sin, which shocks even them, that it may cast back its light on all the misery which prepared for it, but which they felt not till then. In one act, persons see a whole life. One deep act of selfishness may awaken a person to see that self has ever been his one real end ; one lie may shew him whither all his idle excuses or smoothing of faults were verging ; one unfeeling deed, how he has been deadening his own affections ; one sore fall through vanity, how he has ever been seeking, all through life, a wrong reward, the praise of men instead of the praise of God.

'Hard is it to own this, that all has to be undone and begun anew, that the whole choice is to be reformed ; and therefore it is hard, truly to turn to God, and be saved. We would readily own imperfections, single faults, infirmities, falls. But that all life should have been in a wrong direction, that we should have been really tending towards Hell, while we hoped we were aiming Heavenwards, it must be some very humbling blow or great Grace of God which can teach us this. And yet, in whatever degree, we must with truth say, that praise of man, or human affection and sympathy, or getting on in life, or any satisfaction from this earth, or to pass smoothly through life, has been our main aim and spring of action, how can we say that Christ was indeed our choice ? And if not, who must have been ? Yet more, if, while our character was fair, and men spake well of us, and we gave no scandal, nor fell into grosser sin, still, whenever our besetting temptation came, we yielded to it,—what else is this than, so often as the choice is given us, to listen to the suggestions of evil spirits or of evil men, stirring us up, that we should ask for Barabbas and destroy Jesus ?'—Pp. 207—211.

When such a sermon is delivered with that plain solemn earnestness and evident intensity of purpose which characterize its author, the attention is riveted almost unavoidably, and the hearer is held fast under the blow. He must depart making his choice, and conscious that he is making it, unless it has been already decisively made. There may not be the acute analysis of feeling and thought which engage the intellect in the compositions of a Newman or a Manning, in the present writer, but there is an edge of keen moral and spiritual perception, and a strength of moral purpose to drive it home, such as will and does prevail to sever the links of inveterate corruption, and to shred away the disguises of life-long self-deceit. There is the weight of scriptural authorities, well chosen, well studied, and well applied ; there is the steadiness of one who knows where he is and what he is doing ; there is the certainty of both personal and participated experience ; there is the freedom of one who lives above the world.

Whatever view future ages may take of his controversial position, one thing at least Dr. Pusey will have accomplished,

and will be acknowledged to have accomplished—the stirring up of numbers to a higher view of their Christian calling, and a determination not to rest till they could be well assured of being at peace with God. This is the true secret of his strength, which he need not be afraid to betray to the Philistine, for the Philistine cannot take advantage of the knowledge. He effects much, because his aim is single, because he cares for nothing but his Master's work. He holds forth the remedies and supplies of the Gospel to the miseries and cravings of humanity, and that not because he wishes to have followers, but because he sees men wretched and sinful; and his spirit is stirred within him, and his compassion moved toward them, not only because they are his fellow-creatures, but because they are the purchase of the blood of his Saviour. It has ever been and ever will be, in spite of himself, that he is identified with party, though he cannot but be on the side of strictness against laxity, self-denial against self-indulgence, plainness against luxury, charity against evil speaking, ancient truth against modern inventions. If there are any in the Church who maintain such views of justification as would preclude his thorough-going system of warfare against sin, or such views of the sacraments, and sacramental ordinances, as would cut off what he believes to be the great helps and crowning perfections of Christian holiness, to them he is so far opposed; yet still, as his present preface testifies, in charity, and in the hope that more light will be granted them if they will but a little open their minds to larger thoughts, and work on humbly, each in the field assigned him by Providence. For himself, his confidence is evidently not in his own judgment or his own powers, but is grounded in the absorbing thought of objects above and beyond himself, which he daily sees in the mirror of the Holy Scriptures, and in the spiritual phases of human life; and of the reality of which he can no more doubt than of the presence of the sun in clear noon-day. If there is any place for error or misapprehension, it is secondary; of the main truth, and of his own practical calling and duty, he is well assured; and in practice he does indeed make sure of it, and drives on his work with an untiring energy, and an absolute simplicity of purpose, which any man will do well to imitate who desires that whatever is good and true in his own system, may win its way and prevail. No doubt it is easier to do this when the system is, in the main, that of Catholic truth, than when it is some narrow scheme of man's own devising. But the test is a fair one, and no man ought to shun it, unless he does what no man ought to do—set up a sect for himself. Work on mainly for what is above controversy; and for your own particular views, let Providence decide their fate.

ART. V.—*Niccolò de' Lapi, ovréro I Palleschi ed i Piagnoni, di Massimo D'Azèglio.* Parigi: Baudry, Libreria Europea. 1841.

WE are surprised that more of the recent Italian novels have not been translated. Independent of their intrinsic merit as works of fiction, they are interesting as a development of the Italian mind, in its political as well as its literary character. They all, more or less, belong to the *movement*: the work which is at the head of our article peculiarly so; but all have the same political bearing. There runs through all the same bitter hatred of irresponsible authority, the same keen and indignant perception of the misery and injustice of exclusive privileges, the same scorn and loathing of the mingled profligacy and meanness of a heartless and unprincipled aristocracy. It is true that the picture is occasionally brightened by dazzling gleams of chivalrous and heroic virtue; and that real excellence 'in high places' is brought out now and then with a strength of relief which redeems it from the charge of palpable unfairness. Still the abiding interest, the staple, so to speak, of the great and good qualities portrayed, rests with the *people*; not a base and ferocious mob, who, having nothing to lose, have nothing to respect; but the *people*, that thoughtful, earnest, and well-disciplined class, with whom, perhaps, in all communities, the largest proportion of right feeling and conscientious action is to be found.

But, while these interesting works are clearly the productions of men who desire, and would effect, such a change in political institutions, as might bestow on all classes of the community the blessing of equal laws, and call to the counsels of government the wise and intellectual of a class kept hitherto in the background, there is nothing in them of the godless spirit which has wofully distinguished the works of most *reformers*, both at home and abroad. Instead of openly attacking, or secretly undermining, revelation, they hold it up to our view boldly and unflinchingly. And, with the writers in question, religion is not the poetical abstraction of modern times, made to round a period or deepen the pathos of a scene of distress, but a positive system of belief, resting on Divine Revelation and authoritative teaching, and exhibited in conscientious action, the source of all true dignity and all successful self-discipline. By minds thus constituted, the abuses of religion are never identified with religion itself. Alexander VI. may

wear the tiara, and Cæsar Borgia may be a bishop; but the religion of Christ crucified goes calmly and majestically on, triumphs in its genuine servants over the powers of darkness, and sheds a mild and steady light upon the dungeon and the stake, the chamber of torture and the bed of death. This characteristic of deep reverence, and *in the line of the Church*, with whose acknowledged dogmata (*i.e.* teaching) it is in the strictest accordance, is a singular feature in the present day. It would appear to identify the spirit of the works in question with that of the Sovereign Pontiff who now sits in the chair of S. Peter, and aims at uniting in his own person the character of a bold modern reformer, with that of the uncompromising head of the Church.

And yet of these compositions, in spite of their apparent adaptation to recent events and existing feelings, two only have been put within the reach of the English reader: 'The Betrothed,' and 'Marco Visconti.' Of these two works, 'The Betrothed,' which has been long translated, needs no notice or eulogy from *us*. Few books have been more generally read, or are better known. The deeply reverential spirit which breathes throughout, together with its touching pictures of human tenderness, will stamp it for ever in the memory of all who think and feel. It came upon us at first with surprise. From among the brilliant and sparkling literature of Italy, we did not expect to find a gem of darker hue, but of more sterling worth, which should reflect the depths of human thought and passion, and combine with the lighter graces of fancy the sterner qualities of truth. We were compelled to own that Scott was mastered in his proper domain by a writer who superadded, to his development of character and power of description, a more earnest purpose, and a more beneficial effect. Perhaps, in spite of Manzoni's well-known liberalism, there is less of the spirit of the movement in the 'Promessi Sposi' than in the other historical romances to which we refer. This may be accounted for by the earlier period at which it was written, when the spirit which is now abroad in Italy was comparatively new, and the fire was mouldering, rather than kindled into a blaze.

Though 'The Betrothed' reminds us of Walter Scott, there is nothing in it which necessarily implies that Manzoni must have read the Waverley Novels. Not so 'Marco Visconti.' It is a very amusing production, in parts even powerful; but it cannot be exempted from the charge of plagiarism. Some of the most prominent characters and most striking scenes derive their origin from 'The Antiquary.' The Count and Bice are clearly duplicates of Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour; the storm on the lake, by which the father and daughter of the Italian

novel are in jeopardy, is a palpable imitation of the advancing tide, by which those of the English novel are suddenly surrounded. Even the escape is closely copied; while the death of Arigazzo, and the scenes which follow, bring us back to Steenie Mucklebucket and his bereaved father with a resemblance all but identical. Still the work is well worth translation, and we are glad that it has been placed within the reach of the mere English reader. We *do*, however, wonder that it should have been selected in preference to either of the romances of D'Azèglio, which, within these few years, have found their way into this country. It contains an interesting story, full of stirring events and hair-breadth escapes, but it has neither the deep pathos of 'Ettore Fieramosca,' nor the moral grandeur of 'Niccolò de' Lapi.' We speak, of course, only by comparison. In 'Marco Visconti,' as in all the Italian novels, there is a high and healthful tone of Christian principle. The true destiny of man is never forgotten. Worldly success is never made the criterion of human conduct, or the reward of moral excellence. What is called 'poetical justice' is nobly disregarded. 'The wish,' says Grossi in the conclusion of his work, 'to see every one rewarded in this world, according to what we consider his merits, is impatience, folly, and worse than presumption. It is as if we supposed ourselves to have more discernment than He who gave us our reason: it is as if we forgot that the debts are contracted in this world, but that they are settled in another.'

We have said that the Italian novels belong to the *movement*, and 'Niccolò de' Lapi' in particular. D'Azèglio himself, like his father-in-law Manzoni, is a reformer. He is a politician as well as an author. Himself a noble, brother of the benevolent Marchese D'Azèglio, who devotes himself at Turin with such exemplary kindness to its infant schools, the Marchese Massimo, though undistinguished in outward circumstances from the crowd of titled persons who in Lucca wear away their lives in idleness and obscurity, has marked out for himself a path both of usefulness and distinction. He is found in the ranks of patriotism, and is active in schemes of benevolence; and, while he seeks in literature the development of his intellectual powers, he cultivates, it may be for his subsistence, one of those fine arts of which, as a richer man, he might have been the munificent patron. He paints with much assiduity and no inconsiderable success. This is probably his profession. From his literary productions, however popular and widely circulated, he cannot have derived much pecuniary advantage. Owing to the defective laws of copyright, authors in Italy have hitherto received no adequate remuneration for their labours. Manzoni was paid but a small sum for his 'Promessi Sposi,' and that only as an unexpected compliment.

He does not appear to have made any stipulation. But one feels that Massimo D'Azèglio writes and publishes from a higher and nobler motive than that of emolument. The thirst for civil and religious liberty, which burns in every Italian bosom in the present day, is kindled in his own. Either as a political pamphleteer, or an historical novelist, one can conceive his object to be, not to get money, but to do good—to communicate to others a portion of the noble enthusiasm which thrills within him. He writes *liberare animam suam*. And D'Azèglio must not be classed with such men as Mazzini or Guerrazzi. He does not 'write a book from sheer impossibility of fighting a battle.' He belongs to that class of men in Italy who trust to the ascendancy of moral force. He is the apostle of those who disclaim all violence of opposition, and pledge themselves to moderation and forbearance. These views are detailed in his pamphlet entitled 'The present Movement in Italy,' a translation of which was published in 1847 by Fortunato Prandi.

In order to make our readers acquainted with D'Azèglio as a novelist, we choose 'Niccolò de' Lapi,' in preference to 'Ettore Fieramosca,' because there is a moral sublimity in the character of the hero, which fills us with admiration at the grandeur of the conception. 'Ettore Fieramosca' is, perhaps, altogether the more interesting romance. It reminds us, though without the slightest approach to plagiarism, of 'Kenilworth.' There is the same external display of festal pomp and chivalric magnificence, with the same deep under-current of guilt and suffering. Never, perhaps, was the visible and ostensible of human life more strikingly contrasted with the hidden and unseen. The march of political events goes majestically on, battles are fought and victories gained, the tournament is thronged with its eager combatants, and the banquet crowded with its glittering guests, while feelings are crushed and hearts are breaking. The style of composition is of the very first order. 'The story is written in very choice Italian.' Nothing can be finer than some of the descriptions of natural scenery. They seem bathed in the clear light of an Italian sky, as it shines on the romantic shores of the blue Mediterranean. The characters, whether historical or fictitious, are drawn with a masterly hand. The magnificent Gonzalvo, the noble Vittoria Colonna, the bold and reckless Fanfulla, the high-minded and chivalrous Ettore, stand out in striking contrast to the cruel and unshrinking 'Duke' and his base agent, the unscrupulous Michele. The sweet and touching portrait of the heroine, in particular, is painted with the finest perception of grace and beauty. The story is, perhaps, too harrowing. The fate of the hapless Ginevra, once so nearly escaped, and then so awfully consummated, is even

revolting. The villany of Cæsar Borgia should not have been *all* successful. Genevra should have died unstained even by violence. But her death is the triumph of the spiritual and the heavenly over the earthly and carnal. It is a noble display of Christian eloquence. D'Azèglio has lavished upon it all that is pure and tender in human feeling, and all that is holy and self-denying in religious principle. One almost shrinks from the severity of his aim. Few writers of fiction, even of the severer class, would have suffered Genevra to die in ignorance of her lover's constancy, though to give her the sublime merit of resigning him to her supposed rival. There are some slight defects in the conduct of the story. Characters which excite both interest and curiosity are sometimes strangely introduced, as if for the express purpose of disappointing both; as, for instance, the mysterious female, who is the companion of Genevra. But altogether the effect of the work is most powerful. The wonderful spirit with which the celebrated combat, so flattering to Italian recollections, 'the challenge of Barletta,' is described, as well as the touching scenes which immediately precede and follow it, will bear a comparison with anything that can be found either in history or fiction; and, on the whole, the impression left on the mind is not only salutary but soothing. As far as this world is concerned all indeed is gloom; we mourn over blasted hopes and bruised affections, and see, amidst the triumph of atrocious guilt, that the doom of the gentle and the good is to suffer and to die. But there is a different aspect of things, and it is given by a few bold and graphic touches. The secrets of the prison-house are laid open, and the punishment of successful guilt revealed. 'Then understood I the end of these things.' He who would know whether it is worth while to be wicked, might have his doubts resolved by a glance at the secret horrors of Cæsar Borgia.

'Niccolò de' Lapi; or, The Palleschi and the Piagnoni,' treats of that epoch so honourable to the Italian name, but so terrible to the city of Florence, during which the republic defended itself alone against the arms of Clement VII. and Charles V. D'Azèglio is not the first who has written, and with great success, upon this most interesting subject. Not to mention the historian Varchi, who lived at the time, and was an actor in the scenes which he describes, and who has written the whole account of the siege with minuteness and regularity, the 'Assedio di Firenze,' by Guerrazzi, had already attained a high degree of popularity. But D'Azèglio did not shrink from the competition. His object, in fact, was rather to portray the passions which agitated the people than to detail the events of the time. In this he differs from Guerrazzi. With D'Azèglio

the romantic element predominates over the historical. He does not, like the writer who preceded him, consider private vicissitudes as a mere episode, and public interests the subject matter. His object is the inner rather than the outer life. He paints in glowing colours, not only the valour, the constancy, the fortitude, the daring of those devoted men, who rallied round the banner of freedom, but the social qualities which ennobled while they softened the sternness of their iron nature. He shows us the citizens of Florence in the capacity of fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers, as they returned in the evening of a tempestuous day to the shelter of the domestic roof; when, having laid aside the implements of war, they sought a momentary rest from the cares and labours which pressed upon them from without, and in the familiar intercourse of the family gained strength to plunge into new dangers and encounter fresh fatigues.

The family of Niccolò de' Lapi are intended to embody the author's conceptions of those brave men who died for the liberty of Florence. Niccolò himself, the hero of the tale, is an opulent silk manufacturer. He had been the intimate friend of Savonarola, whose severe opinions he adopted, whose memory he revered, and to whose ashes he paid that modified worship offered by Rome to the relics of the sainted dead. Besides his surviving sons, the rough Averardo, the joyous Vieri, and the gentle but spirited Biudo, he has two daughters: the noble and saint-like Laudomia, '*the Angel of the Lapi*,' and the generous and open-hearted, but wilful and petted, Lisa. Upon the fortunes of these daughters much of the interest of the story turns. A certain Lamberto forms part of the family, whose father, in the attack made by the enemies of Fra Girolamo on the church and convent of San Marco, had saved the life of Niccolò by the sacrifice of his own. He discharges his debt of gratitude by watching over the fortunes of his son, who is brought up from infancy with his own children, and, in spite of his humble origin, encouraged to aspire to the hand of one of his daughters. The character of Lamberto is finely conceived and admirably sustained. He is emphatically a Christian hero. He is in fact the counterpart of Laudomia, by whom he is secretly beloved, while he contemplates at humble distance her surpassing excellence, and fixes his affections on her lighter and more worldly sister. The vanity of Lisa rather than her heart is touched by his passion. 'The idea cannot enter into her head of marrying a man who passes his life in measuring brocades.' The consequence is easily foreseen. Lamberto longs to distinguish himself in arms, and after some secret misgivings, which owe their origin to his deep affection for his simple but highminded mother, he determines to seek distinction as a soldier of fortune.

We extract the description of his departure, told in the original with a sweetness of which our translation will, we fear, give a very inadequate idea.

‘While preparations were secretly made of clothes, arms, and other things of which he stood in need, partly at his own expense, and partly at that of his mother, who on such an occasion bestowed on him willingly the savings of many years, a word, which dropped from the lips of Lisa, strengthened his resolution, and carried it into immediate effect. He heard her say one day, when talking to her brothers of a relation who was studying the law, “*For my part, no one looks to me really a man except on horseback with a cuirass on his breast.*” These words sounded in the ears of Lamberto as if she had said: “*Now, if you wish to have me, you know what to do.*”

‘Two days after this, at early dawn, the young man, clad in complete armour, knocked at Nunziata’s (his mother’s) door to embrace her and ask her blessing. The reader will easily imagine the words and actions of both without our undertaking to describe them minutely. At the moment of separation, the poor old woman laid her thin and trembling hands on her son’s head as he knelt before her, kissed his forehead, blessed him, and said, as she put a crucifix of brass round his neck, “Never part with this, my son, it will bring you good fortune”—and Lamberto was gone.

‘But before setting forward to the gate of San Gallo, through which his road lay, he turned his horse, and stopped at the great door of the house inhabited by the Lapi. He had never summoned resolution to speak to Lisa plainly and openly; but now the moment of departure, and the determination which he had made, emboldened him. The very armour which he wore seemed to have changed him into another man. Perhaps (he was so young!) he was delighted to appear before Lisa glittering all over with steel; and thought, “When I am far away, and she thinks of me in my absence, it will be with sword and shield, not with that cursed yard and those vile brocades.”

‘He dismounted, and resolutely ascended the steps till he reached the gallery of the upper story. Lisa had just risen, and had come out to water her flowers before sunrise.

‘Brief and hurried were the words which passed between them.

‘“If I return,” said Lamberto, keeping two steps off from the young girl, and clasping his hands in the attitude of supplication,—“if I return I shall be worthy of you; if I do *not* . . . you will know that your Lamberto has lost his life in striving to deserve you. Should this happen, will you remember me? Should God reserve me for better fortune, will you be content to wait for me?”

‘Lisa leaned for support against the wall of the gallery, for the young man’s sudden appearance, the armour he wore, and his words at once so grave and so tender, caused such a commotion in her heart that her knees trembled under her.

‘She felt her eyes dimmed with tears, and, turning her head another way, replied in a low voice,—

‘“Yes, poor Lamberto!”

‘Then, stretching out her hand to a vase of full blown roses, she plucked one off, and giving it to Lamberto fled to her own apartments.

‘In another moment Lamberto was in the street; as he leaped into the saddle, the motion stripped the rose, and a light wind which had just sprung up scattered the petals.

‘Lamberto in consternation saw them float with a tremulous motion in the air, and then fall dispersed around him.

‘He placed in his bosom with a sigh all that remained, the stalk and the

green leaves, and spurred forward on his way with an oppressed heart, thinking for how short a time the rose had lasted.

‘Let us not smile at him, poor youth! when the heart is at this pass, a mere nothing can either afflict or console it.’

Lamberto is soon forgotten. A young noble of the party of the Palleschi, Troilo degli Ardinghelli, in whose atrocious character, redeemed by few conscientious misgivings, D’Azèglio has concentrated all his burning indignation against baseness and profligacy, gains the affections of Lisa and betrays her into a false marriage. His passion soon cools, and the banishment of the Medici and their adherents from Florence, separates him not unwillingly from the mistress for whom he had ceased to care. A child in the meantime is born, and concealed with the help of Laudomia, made acquainted with her sister’s imprudence when it was too late to be remedied, in the upper apartments of the extensive mansion of the Lapi. All goes on well till Niccolò is secretly apprised of his daughter’s *marriage* with a Pallesco, and the birth of her infant son in his family. The discovery is told with much picturesque effect. It occurs after a meeting of the chiefs of the Piagnoni in Niccolò’s apartments, in which, prompted by the Christian feeling called forth by the excellent Laudomia, they had been *praying for their enemies*.

‘The events of this evening had shed a little balm upon Lisa’s heart. Accustomed to hear the Palleschi spoken of as wild beasts, her ears constantly ringing with the sanguinary words uttered on all sides against them, the sound of that prayer seemed to refresh her heart like dew from heaven. Without being able to define exactly the hope which she might gather from it, she felt as if it were the first dawn of a less miserable future. She went up to her own room with Laudomia, shut herself in, and when she was quite certain that she could not be surprised, ran into the chamber adjoining, where her infant was sleeping peacefully in the cradle. In tossing about, as babies are wont to do, he had tumbled his little bed. One tiny leg, round and white, with a little rosy foot, lay exposed upon the coverlet; the two arms were thrown one here, one there, with two little fat hands; while the full round bosom shone as white and smooth as satin, tempting everybody who saw it to steal a kiss.

‘The poor mother threw herself down by the cradle, taking care, however, not to wake him; and, giving way to a thousand feelings, which she had been obliged to shut up in her heart all the evening, began to weep without restraint.

‘Becoming gradually more composed, she began to talk to her child, who was now awake and had opened his eyes, his little hands playing with one of his tiny feet or patting his mother’s chin as she bent over him.

‘“Poor Arriguccio, my little bird, darling of thy mother . . . yes . . . they prayed even for thee at last, prayed even for thy father!” Then, turning to Laudomia, “Would you believe it? I was just on the point of telling all. When Fra Zaccaria said, We pray for our enemies the Palleschi, I was within a hair’s breadth of saying—We pray, then, for my husband”

‘“God sometimes,” replied Laudomia, “puts into our heart what would be for our advantage.”

‘“Come,” said Lisa resolutely, “I will follow His guidance. Your words and the prayers of Fra Zaccaria will not have passed from my father’s mind

to-morrow morning. He will not refuse me that pardon which he implored for his enemies only a few hours before; he will not renounce me as his daughter, he will not banish me from his house, because a Pallesco has become his son-in-law. We will throw ourselves at his feet with Arriguccio; we will pray to him as we pray to God. God does not refuse pardon, will *he* be able to refuse it?"

"Hope is a disease easily caught, if it may be called a disease even when it deceives us. Laudomia herself was at length persuaded that things might be quietly settled when the first burst of anger was over. Lisa sat down by the cradle, and taking her little one in her lap, said as she gave him suck, "There, my little angel, and God grant that when thou art grown up, these cursed factions may be over!"

"As the baby was sucking with all his might, Lisa said with a smile, "Thou must leave me a little strength for to-morrow; but God will give it me."

"By degrees the child closed his eyes; and his mother, as she rocked her chair, sang a little ballad in a low voice till he fell fast asleep. Laudomia in the meantime stood behind her sister, busied in arranging her hair, which she put up at length in a knot for the night. Mova Fede (the old female domestic) scuffled about in her slippers, preparing the beds of the two young women, and placing Arriguccio's cradle by that of Lisa. She had listened attentively to the discussion between the sisters, but the final conclusion went against the grain . . . so that, when they were silent, with many sighs and shakes of the head, going on notwithstanding in her arrangements for the night, she began to mutter:—"Hum! God grant it may turn out well! . . . Tell everything! that is soon said . . . but then, suppose everything should be turned topsy turvy, and some worse devilry should come after! . . . As we are, we contrive to get on with some management: it is true we are on our *ps* and *qs*, but no great harm has come of it yet, and one day or other we shall find some way of scrambling out of the bush . . . mind what you are about, that's all."

"Fede, let me alone: I am resolved, and you know I don't easily change."

"I know it well enough—rather too well. . . I have done: God grant that we may find out what is best! but ever since the lions fought¹ and the lioness died, one thing with another, nothing has gone right either for Florence or for this house. I have always heard old people say that there is not a worse omen for this city . . . and last night, when the air was still, we could hear as far as this the roaring of the great lion, which came with the giraffe, when the sultan sent a present to Signor Lorenzo in 88. . . . The poor animal knows very well why he cries out after that fashion."

"And so do I," replied Lisa; "and I will tell you directly why it is so. He cries out because he is hungry: now that asses' flesh sells for a carlino a pound, he fares but badly."

"Listen, listen, if he is not roaring even now!" . . .

"The three women put a stop directly to their chit-chat: Lisa ceased rocking, Fede even held her breath, and each one listened attentively for the sound. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the deep repose in which the city was hushed, the elevated situation of the chamber in which they stood, and its vicinity to the Palagio de' Signori, behind which the lions¹ were, there reached them from time to time the deep hoarse roar of these wild beasts, who (as Lisa had rightly guessed) were suffering from hunger in the scarcity occasioned by the siege.

¹ In Florence, during the Commonwealth, lions were kept at the expense of the Government, and great care was taken of them, in honour of 'Marzocco,' (a stone lion on one side of the Palagio,) one of the city devices. The common people had many superstitious fancies about lions.

' But while these poor women were standing, all ear, listening to this distant roaring, another sound burst forth, near and terrible. It was the voice of Niccolò, who, knocking furiously at the entrance, cried,—

' "Open the door, wicked woman!"'

The scene which follows is very painful. Lisa is dragged down stairs by her exasperated father, turned, with her child, into the streets of Florence on a wet and tempestuous night, and left to find refuge where she can. In spite of our admiration of Niccolò, there is a harshness in the earlier features of his character with which we cannot harmonize. The *Puritanical* element rather disagreeably predominates. The stern Florentine Reformer differs from the old Covenanter only in not being a schismatic. His hard and inflexible nature is developed *in* the Church, not *out* of it. This, indeed, is a great distinction, but it is the only one. Niccolò has the same disposition to strip life of all its elegance, and discard those forms of grace and beauty, without which, externally at least, it is a barren waste. This, in fact, was the characteristic of his party, or rather, that of Savonarola. It was, perhaps, the natural reaction produced by the profligate excesses of the Papal court, and the gorgeous magnificence of its expenditure. In the meantime, it is the greatest proof of D'Azèglio's power, that he has contrived completely to obliterate the harsh features of Niccolò's character in its deep feeling and majesty. Lisa is discovered by the patrol on that dreadful night sitting on the ground close to a wall. 'To defend herself from the wet, she had drawn some of her clothes over her head; and, from the degree in which she was soaked with rain and bespattered with mud, it was evident that she had been there for some time. In her lap she held her child, carefully wrapped in a woollen covering; it was sleeping peacefully, and its round and chubby cheeks had all the appearance of those of a healthy sucking child. Its mother had contrived to make a penthouse for it with her arms and head, so as to shelter it from the rain and cold.' The captain of the patrol is Fanfulla. He had appeared already in 'Ettore Fieramosca' as a gay and thoughtless stripling, full of frolic and mischief. Years have now passed over his head, and he has become a rough and honest soldier, full of the milk of human kindness, and ready to make any sacrifice of personal comfort or interest for the welfare of his fellow creatures. Engaged in the sack of Rome under the Duc de Bourbon, the scenes of devastation and cruelty which he there witnessed (and which are painted by D'Azèglio with fearful truth) struck him with such horror and compunction that he became a monk. For this he had clearly no true vocation; and as the clouds thicken around the devoted city, with the acquiescence of his superior, he doffs the cowl, and again resumes the helmet. This

character is admirably conceived. The whimsical union of the monk and soldier, often laughable, but always reverential, is one of the most amusing traits in the book. His protection of Lisa resembles that which Captain Cuttle extends to the deserted Florence. Indeed, Fanfulla and the Captain are kindred spirits. We have not space to describe minutely the sacrifices made by this poor fellow, (especially that of his old horse, at which one scarcely knows whether to laugh or cry,) or the gradual steps by which, in spite of all, Lisa and her child are pining away with famine; but we must extract the scene in which she at length begs for bread at the door of her unrelenting father.

‘In a few minutes Lisa stood before the great door of the Lapi, which she now saw again for the first time. She wept at the sight. But, drying her tears, she set her foot upon the first of the two steps which led to the threshold, when her courage failed, and she could not stretch out her hand to the knocker.

‘She saw a light in the windows of Niccolò’s apartment on the ground-floor, and getting on the marble bench which ran along the front, contrived, by clinging to the iron-work, to raise herself sufficiently to take a view of the interior.

‘There was no one in the room but Niccolò and Laudomia; he in his large arm-chair in the chimney corner, she at her work-table. Both were silent and motionless. Both bore traces on their countenance, which, by one ignorant of their misfortunes, might be attributed either to recent calamity or recent illness. Lisa knew the first to be true, and suspected the second; nor was she deceived. . . .

‘Lisa looked attentively, now at her father, now at her sister. The paleness and sadness of both, their stillness, their silence, pierced her heart like so many daggers. “See what thou hast done!” she said to herself. . . . “see to what thou hast brought that poor old man, thy father . . . that spotless angel, thy sister . . . and canst thou hope that God will not do as much to thee? . . . that He will leave thee the comfort of thy boy?” . . . And then the thought, that the Divine vengeance might reach her through the death of her baby taking her by surprise, she could no longer suppress her feelings, but burst forth in a sob so loud as to be heard both by Laudomia and Niccolò.

‘“Who is crying there?” said the old man, rising; and going to the window, he threw it open. Lisa, seeing her father move, overcome by terror, got down from the bench on which she had been standing, and falling prostrate on the pavement of the street, cried out,—

‘“Oh, father! I do not ask anything for myself . . . I do not deserve it . . . but my unfortunate baby! How is he to blame for the unworthiness of his miserable mother? . . . And if his . . .” (poor Lisa had just sense enough left not to name Troilo at such a moment.) “Oh, father! my poor unhappy baby lives upon my milk; and I have no longer any to give him. . . . I have no longer any strength, any breath, any life! . . . hunger, father! . . . hunger! . . . Oh, God! if you ever felt hunger! . . . to see a baby die of hunger!”

‘As she finished these words, Lisa raised her trembling head. She thought it impossible that Niccolò could be so cruel as not to feel compassion. She figured to herself her father standing in a benignant posture at the window—instead of this, the window was closed, the light had dis-

appeared. In the desperation of the moment, the wretched woman was tempted to dash her brains out against the stones.

' Niccolò had no sooner perceived his daughter, than he drew back, but he lost not a single word. Laudomia had approached him without uttering a syllable, and wept quietly as she embraced his knees; but the old man forced her to rise, and pointing with his finger to the door, said, in a tone which he meant to be menacing and severe, though he could not quite succeed,—

“Laudomia, I am unchanged: go, go to your own room; *I will* have it so; it is my command.”

' Seeing that she did not immediately obey, he repeated the order; and it was this time in a tone which no one in that house ever attempted to resist. Poor Laudomia went away, covering her face with her hands. The old man stopped a little to listen; and when he no longer heard the sound of her footsteps as she slowly ascended the stairs, went quickly to the store-room, wrapped up in a table-cloth as much bread as it would hold, and then, opening the door, left the provision on the threshold, closed the door again, and bolted it. Poor Lisa, hearing the door open, had raised herself quickly from the place where she lay, and, with all the haste which her small remains of strength allowed, all the anxiety which may well be imagined, had moved forward, hoping to be received into the house; but she came up just in time to hear the bolt shot into the rings, and saw the table-cloth with the bread lying on the ground. So many sufferings and humiliations had completely worn her down, and she had no strength either to weep or to complain. She sat down upon the threshold, took up a loaf, and began (for she was faint with hunger) to eat with greediness. All sense of her mental sufferings lost, or at least suspended, she only thought with a sigh of longing,—

“What a refreshment, what a comfort, benumbed and weak as I am, a good fire and a little wine would have been!”

' Laudomia, in the meantime, had scarcely got to her room before she came down again, without a light, and barefooted, that she might make no noise, hoping to escape her father's vigilance and get to Lisa. Looking down from above, she had observed Niccolò's movements, had seen him stop after he had closed the door, remain with his head bent down for some minutes, which seemed to her an age, dry his eyes with the back of his hand, and then re-enter his apartments. Laudomia flew to the bolt, drew it very softly, and went out into the street: it was dark and deserted: she walked on a few steps, and called in a low, but distinct voice, “Lisa! my Lisa!” No one answered. “And yet,” she thought, “she cannot be so far off but she must hear me: oh, if I knew which way she is gone! To know she is perhaps close to me, and not be able to find her! And if I lose this opportunity, I may never have another! Come what may, I will cry louder.” And the good Laudomia called her sister twice in a shrill voice.

‘A voice, not that of a woman, but strong and manly, answered near:—

“Who calls Lisa in the street at this hour?”

‘And immediately a man-at-arms on horseback drew in his bridle close to her, while the terrified young woman took refuge within the door of the house. She entered, but without closing the door, and turned back doubtful and perplexed, for, as her first alarm passed away, the voice seemed to her not quite new.

‘The horseman approached, and said, as he dismounted:—

“Laudomia!—are you searching for Lisa in the street at this hour?”

“Oh! Lamberto!”

The story then carries us back to what had happened to Lamberto from the day that he quitted the family of the Lapi.

Giovanni de' Medici, Captain of those famous bands which after his death were called *Bande Nere*, (the black bands,) was the most renowned soldier then in Italy, and Lamberto resolved to place himself under his tuition. He contrives to reach the camp of this chieftain in such a manner as to give proof of his courage under his own eyes. On the banks of the Adda, beyond which he sees floating in the air the banner of Signor Giovanni, the 'balls' of the Medici, he is attacked by three archers and two men-at-arms, while on the opposite side of the river a number of soldiers, among whom are two on horseback of noble and commanding presence, seem attentively observing the issue of the rencounter. The five adversaries are soon reduced to three, when Lamberto, 'seizing his opportunity, plunged into the river, leaving two of them upon the bank; but the third, more quick in his movements, jumped in behind him nearly at the same moment, the two horses being soon up to their breasts in water, and that of Lamberto having the head of his enemy's horse upon the crupper.' The struggle is short, but decisive; Lamberto disables his adversary, and having saved him from drowning, drags him to shore. We give the conclusion of the scene:—

'He was welcomed very cordially by the soldiers who had witnessed this noble exploit, many of whom plunged into the stream themselves to assist him to rise, and relieve him from the burden of the half-dead man, whom they laid head downwards upon the bank, cracking jokes at the same time upon the fine *sturgeon*, as they called it, which he had caught.

'At this moment came up, on horseback, a young man of lofty aspect and great personal strength, dressed in a leathern jerkin, and bearing on his left arm a shield, with the impress of the six "balls" in a field *or*. All gave way respectfully, while he, stopping close to Lamberto, who, dripping with water (that which flowed from his shoulders stained with blood), had dismounted, said in a somewhat abrupt, but kind and smiling manner:—

'Who are you that fight one to five in the name of Giovanni?'

'My own name is too humble and obscure not to be entirely unknown to your Excellency," replied Lamberto, happy beyond all belief at having been seen on this occasion by the very captain himself: "but I have a letter here from Messer," (naming the writer,) "if the water has not entirely destroyed it, which will give your Excellency an account of my condition, and testify the eagerness of my desire to be instructed in the first and most admirable school of Italian warfare."

'As he said these words, he unclasped one side of his iron breast-plate, and drew from his bosom a paper which the water had, in a great measure, spared; Giovanni took it, saying:—

'As to instruction, you seem to have little need of it; however, let us see."

'While Giovanni de' Medici was reading the letter, Lamberto, satisfied at his leisure the strong desire, which he had long felt, to know, by sight, a gentleman so valiant and renowned. He admired his lofty presence, his bold, yet easy style of riding, and looked at him with the passionate veneration felt by every noble soul, that is yet thirsting for glory, at the sight of one who has made himself illustrious by great and honourable enter-

prises. He had never dared to hope that fortune would befriend him as it had done in this rencounter : and when he found himself, not only held in honour by his new companions, but well received and praised in their presence by so great a man, it stirred up within him a sense of such happiness as seemed nothing but a dream. With a throbbing heart, eyes glistening with joy, and a countenance bright with a trepidation, which looked beautiful in one who had just given proof of so much daring, he waited immovable till Giovanni had read the letter.

“ You were with Messer Niccolò ? ” said the captain, at length, raising his eyes to Lamberto's face ; then, knitting his eyebrows, he added, striking the shield at the same time with his right-hand : “ with the greatest enemy of this escutcheon ? ”

“ Lamberto was so fascinated by Giovanni's presence, that he was on the point of turning traitor to the popular party and Niccolò himself. But he was one of those whose souls cannot descend to any act which has in it even the shadow of baseness : after remaining, therefore, a moment in suspense, he answered in a tone of equal modesty and boldness : —

“ Niccolò, your Excellency, is the people's friend ; he loves the liberty of Florence ; he is the enemy of those only who are the enemies of his country.”

“ And therefore he cannot be a Pallesco ? Well, Lamberto, thus speaks a brave man like yourself.” And then, bursting out into a laugh, he added : “ Even I am now no longer a Pallesco : Pope Clement would be at me if he could, and I at him . . . Come, it is well . . . you have made such good proof of what you are, that this letter might as well have gone down the Adda. Captain Puccino, you will enrol this honest young fellow in the company, and bring him this evening to sup with me at the castle.”

‘ Having said these words, he turned his horse, and cantered towards Rivolta.’

We have not space to describe the banquet, but we must make our readers acquainted with one of the guests, who plays afterwards a conspicuous part in the narrative. ‘ At the bottom of the table was seated a woman. Dressed like a man, and nearly in the same manner as the rest, she did not at first strike the eye ; but as Lamberto observed her more minutely, a tress or two of black hair, partially visible under a rose-coloured cap slashed at the border, which she wore like a swaggerer over one ear, and the full bosom, ill concealed by a black doublet striped with rose-colour, clearly revealed her sex. The countenance alone might not have betrayed the secret, for it would have well suited a handsome young man of eighteen. Indeed, the quick and forward glance of the eye, the unrestrained laughter, and a certain impudent boldness in every gesture, betokened anything rather than feminine modesty. But the countenance, when considered attentively, seemed to settle by degrees. The look fell sad and languid upon the by-standers, the swelling and ruddy lips closed, and as they hid from sight two rows of teeth of surpassing brightness, now pale and thin, they seemed to express feelings of a quite different kind, and much more profound than at first, — contempt, disdain, irony, anger, and sometimes grief. And

‘ then, when you least expected it, a mad and reckless joy would again flash over the countenance, as if two different souls inhabited her body by turns.’

This is Selvaggia, ‘ the courtesan of the Bande Nere.’ Lamberto’s principles, no less than his love for Lisa, steel him against her attractions; but he does not, like the rest, treat her with insulting levity. He repels with undaunted resolution, but with perfect good humour, the ridicule which assails him on every side; and, having gained the esteem of his comrades by his moral courage, retires. Not many days after, the brave and unfortunate Giovanni de’ Medici receives his death-wound. His hands are not dispersed, but Lamberto is determined to seek his fortune elsewhere by a strange rencounter with Selvaggia, which we shall give entire, as we think it is described in D’Azèglìo’s best manner :—

‘ One evening, having wandered a stone’s throw from his quarters, and seated himself on the sandy margin of the Po, he turned his eyes towards the setting sun, as it disappeared behind a long thick line of poplars with which the opposite bank was clothed. He gazed upon the current of the river, as it flowed peacefully and majestically on, reflecting on its tremulous surface the trees and the ruddy brightness of the west.

‘ He recalled to his recollection the fine summer evenings on the banks of the Arno, when passing through the wicket-gate, he strolled along its margin, and saw the sun set behind the gentle hills of Artimino. He remembered how, from that spot, as he cast a glance back towards the East, he had often thought how beautiful and august Florence appeared, as the sun’s last rays fell upon its dark and battlemented palaces, its innumerable towers, its bridges and its churches. He saw in imagination the grand cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore, and the golden ball, which, when the sun strikes it from thence, looks in the distance like a star fixed on its summit; he saw the steeple of mosaic work by Giotto, the highest tower of the Palazzo, and on the top the lion-rampant of the republic turning with the wind; and he thought, “Thou hast bent, it is true, to many tempests, but there thou art still!”

‘ Poor Lamberto! he knew not that the boast and the device were destined soon to fall together.

‘ This fine but inanimate picture became instinct with life and feeling by the images of Lisa, Laudomia, Niccolò, his sons, the companions of his childhood; by the memory of words said or heard, looks, signs, things apparently not noticed at the time, but kept afterwards in the heart for ever: by the thought, bitter yet dear to the soul, of his poor old mother, who at their last parting had carried her maternal love so far as to hide under a smile of hope the resigned persuasion which she felt that she should never see her son again except in heaven. He had read this mournful thought in her last look, and, with a heart pierced by the same misgiving, he had himself feigned the hope which he felt but little. These recollections now came upon him with a feeling like remorse, and he said in the bitterness of his self-reproach, “And yet I could leave her! What if I should never see her again!” And he covered his face with his hands and wept.

‘ The vault of the firmament in the meantime was gradually peopled with stars, while the last ray of twilight was but just visible in the west,

where a faint tinge of orange still lingered, upon which the tops of the poplars were dimly defined as they waved gently in the night-breeze.

'At that moment he heard a footstep approach stealthily upon the sand. He raised his head, and saw a dark figure wrapped in a mantle, which gradually drew near. "Troublesome fellow!" was Lamberto's secret exclamation, provoked at this interruption of his dearest thoughts; and he was on the point of moving away to avoid him, when the figure seated itself at the distance of two arms' length, and after a moment's silence said in a low and humble voice—

"Tell me, young man, have you not left in your own country a woman who loves you? one whom *you* love better than any thing else in the world? Were you not thinking of her just now? Answer me; and, so may God help you! answer me truly."

'It was the voice of a woman. "It is Selvaggia," said Lamberto to himself; and the idea that a courtesan should thus mix herself up with the pure and august thoughts of his country, his mother, his Lisa, gave him the shudder which one feels, when, in the midst of pure and sweet-smelling flowers, one sees a foul and disgusting reptile squatted.

'To this was added the suspicion, that her sudden appearance, at such an hour and in this solitary place, was but a trap.

"Why do you meddle with my affairs?" replied Lamberto sternly and abruptly."

"Oh! I do not meddle with them; I know I am not worthy Do I ask as much? I see I have offended you God knows I did not mean it but I knew not how to begin and I *must* speak to you in naming her who is blest with your love, I hoped hoped you would forget for a moment that I am Selvaggia, and listen to me without anger. Oh, young man! God does not deny the air and the sun to the snakes that glide through the reeds of the marshy fen, and will you spurn with your foot a creature who grovels before you with her face in the mire, and only craves two words of consolation?"

'And as she said this, Selvaggia's forehead fell in effect upon the sand, now moistened by the dews of night.

"I have nothing to do with you, Signora, either for good or evil," replied Lamberto, strengthened in his opinion that these warm expressions, this suppliant attitude, and plaintive tone, were all a mere piece of acting, "and if you want anything of me, be pleased to tell it in three words . . . but not a syllable about any other woman . . . you understand me . . . I am not the man to bear it."

"I confess it; I am not worthy even to name her. Are you satisfied? Is there a word of contempt in your mind which you have not addressed to me? Come, speak out, give yourself free vent . . . trample upon her who came to implore you in trembling humility, as the vilest worm would have done, if it had speech and understanding to turn to the Creator of the universe. Oh! exult in your prowess, in your virtue . . . and when you address yourself to God, say to Him '*I thank Thee that I am not like her.*'"

'In spite of the intimate persuasion which Lamberto felt with respect to the woman before him, these humble words, and the manner and tone of voice in which they were uttered, went to his heart, and awoke there a doubt, a feeling as it were of compassion. With a countenance, therefore, of less severity, and words of less harshness, he said,—

"As God is true, Signora, you astonish me! Despise you! trample upon you! Why do you say this? If you know the opinion which I *must* have of you and your way of life, why, if you dislike to hear it, force me to tell the truth? If you do not suspect that opinion, and are not conscious of deserving it, why care for it at all?"

"It is because I know it, know what misfortunes have led me to

deserve it, that I care for it. Therefore have I thrown myself into your . . . at your feet . . . For the first time after so many years, I have seen the face of a man, not of a brute, a wild beast. Wretch that I am, what do I say? It was the countenance, the voice of an angel, stooping down even to the mire in which I lay, and stretching out a hand to raise me! Oh, if I had but met you when I was but fifteen! But instead! . . . an infernal spirit, I believe, entered a human body to make me his prey! Oh, young man! God alone has the right to despise and punish, because He knows all; and therefore do I believe that He has at length taken pity upon my sufferings by permitting me to meet you! But you do not know the dreadful series of my wrongs and miseries; if you did you would weep with me and for me. Oh, do not refuse to hear! I need not weary you . . . a few words will suffice . . . after so many years you are the first man to whom I have attempted to speak of repentance, without fearing new scorn, new outrage."

"This is one of their old stories," thought Lamberto, but having no excuse for refusing what was asked with so much eagerness, he said,—

"If all you say is truth, Signora, speak, and I will listen."

"If it is truth!" and the poor unhappy woman, striking her forehead with the palm of her hand, remained for a moment speechless, then shaking her head went on in a voice scarcely audible:—

"Are courtesans believed?" Then, turning to Lamberto, "You are right! I deserve this reproach: But you will soon see if I tell you the truth. That your contempt weighs hard upon me you must have seen, and of *that* you cannot doubt. Well, there are things which you do not know, and which I might hide from you, things which will make me, if possible, more vile, more abject in your eyes . . . but you shall know even these . . . I am not a Christian! . . . A Hungarian Jew was my father. My father! must I give him that name? Rather my most atrocious enemy! It is through him that I am where I am; through him that I have lost country, relations, friends . . . Has a courtesan relations, friends, or country?" Here she stopped a moment as in thought, and then added in a more mournful voice, "and yet, did I not come out pure from my mother's womb? Did I not receive from God, as well as other creatures, a heart capable of love, capable of virtue? Who took from me this treasure? Who brutified these Divine gifts which were mine—the portion of good and of happiness assigned to me by the Omnipotent? Who?"

Here she was silent for a moment, looking at Lamberto with eyes that flashed lightning; then, seizing his arm, with trembling voice and lips she pursued,—

"Believe me, young man, if you dare believe me, I was alone that night . . . alone in my chamber . . . my mother was no longer in this world . . . Oh, if she had been alive! . . . She would have defended me! . . . They knocked at my door . . . I heard the voice of my father . . . I opened it. A man was with him, a prince, by his rich dress, his proud bearing. I looked at him doubtful, terrified. . . My father disappeared . . . the door was closed again. . . He had sold his own flesh and blood."

"Need I tell you the sequel of my fortunes? Virtuous, noble, generous as you are, can you comprehend how one may live on after such horrors? How by degrees one may grow callous to shame, to guilt? How at last a woman may trample under foot all modesty, have no soul but for pleasure, love it, seek it, be drunk with it?—I shock you . . . I see it . . . but be *you* my judge. . . Where was my defence? . . . my help? . . . How was it possible to resist, conquer, escape? First betrayed, then despised, cast off at length like a vile thing, trampled upon by all, if I raise my voice to call for pity, if I stretch out my hand in the hope that some friendly hand may move forward to help me, I meet with nothing but insult,

I hear nothing but mockery; every one thrusts me back into the mire; my misery, my tears, are the sport of whoever deigns for a moment to attend to me O God of Heaven! what had I done to be brought into the world to suffer misery like this?"

"Oh young man! you, who have no crimes to weigh upon your mind, who are handsome, brave, virtuous; who in the midst of danger and fatigue, can repose in the thought of those who are dear to you; if you knew what it is to be born with a heart thirsting for love, and never to have been loved!—never!—not even by a father! if you knew this horrible suffering you would wonder that I have preserved in my aspect, perhaps even in my heart, anything that is human! you would wonder that I have not rushed like a wild beast upon every one that I met of the wicked and cruel race who have betrayed me, who have driven me down to this abyss of misery, and then deny me every consolation! If I could be told that there is still a heart in the world which would receive me and dry my tears if it could be said to me 'There is still a creature upon the earth who will love thee if thou wilt deserve to be loved,' God of mercy and goodness! my happiness would be too great! I should not be able to bear such joy! I should run through the whole world to seek that creature! If I saw him at the other end of a sea of fire, I should plunge in to join him I should embrace his knees What should I offer him in return for such blessedness?—what should I do to render myself worthy of it? O young man! if you knew how little would content me! Your heart, I see, is placed where it deserves to be; but you love your battle-horse, nor do you think it wrong to to to any one You love your greyhound Oh! after your horse, after your greyhound, disdain me not when I ask you to give one thought to me, when I implore you to cast one look upon poor Selvaggia which may seem to say 'Poor forlorn one, I pity thee!'

"O God!" cried the wretched woman, "he does not even answer me!" and she burst into a flood of tears.

'But if Lamberto was slow to answer, it was from a very different cause than Selvaggia supposed.

'Her words seemed to force belief, and had awakened in his heart a feeling of profound pity; still, some lingering suspicion, which he could not entirely silence, made him stand upon his guard, and not show all the compassion which he felt. Making an effort, therefore, to preserve a firm voice and tranquil countenance, he said,—

"You desire compassion, Signora? Who could refuse it to misfortunes so sad, so terrible as yours? But you lower yourself too much; a creature, formed after the likeness of God, should not be placed on a level with brutes."

"Lower myself too much? How can you say this, even when you deny me the small boon I ask? Would it cost you too much to say to me, simply and plainly, *Poor Selvaggia, I accept thee as my slave?* to give me a moment's happiness, a moment's comfort, by one word gushing directly from the heart! Instead of this, you come out with, *You lower yourself!* Oh, virtue may be noble and excellent, but it is proud and cruel!"

"No, Selvaggia, I have no virtue to boast of in myself; still less am I proud and cruel to you. I feel your misfortunes to my very soul, and if it rested with me, you would have little more to suffer. But, though my strength fails, God's will be all sufficient, if you will only return to Him. I have not answered you as you desire, because I cannot: seek no farther, Selvaggia. Believe that a strong mind may always rise above its destiny that virtue never leaves the heart of man entirely, but by his own express determination, and that by the same means it may always return. You may rise again; nay, hope even on earth for esteem and affection; all

will depend upon your own free will. I have listened to you, and all that I *could* say in return, I have said. . . . Now we must part. . . . God grant you that happiness, that peace, which I ask for you at His hands. Adieu."

'Lamberto drew back some paces; it was quite time: this conversation had disturbed, bewildered him; and he perceived that his safest course was to fly. The beauty of this woman, her misfortunes, her errors, her very remorse, rendered her interesting, made her a new and singular being. . . . in short, it was best to fly; and in a few minutes Lamberto had returned to his quarters.

'Selvaggia followed him with her eyes as long as the glimmering light of the stars enabled her to discern him. When she could see him no longer, a feeling of utter desolation came upon her heart. . . . she seemed alone upon the earth. . . . "The wicked," she thought, "deride me, if I let fall a word of the hell within. . . . This virtuous man sees me dying in desperation at his feet. . . . bids me *turn to God!* . . . and abandons me. O God! Thou who alone knowest my anguish, Thou who alone hearest my cry, why hast Thou forgotten me? Wretch that I am! must I indeed die without having felt the happiness of being beloved?" . . . And furious, or rather frantic, at this thought, she ran along the bank of the river like a maniac.

'All at once, as if struck by a new idea, she stopped:—

"Am I sure that he believed me?" . . . And, reflecting a moment longer, her whole countenance changed by the unexpected hope, she cried: . . . "No, no! he did not believe me. . . . he thought that I was deceiving him. . . . Oh! if he could have been sure that I was telling the truth. . . . he would not have answered, he would not have left me thus. . . . I know him; he is generous! . . . he is good! . . . then there is still hope! . . . God of goodness and mercy! I thank Thee!" and she fell upon her knees, with eyes and hands uplifted towards heaven, "I thank Thee for having listened so readily to my prayer, for having given back to my heart the treasure, the immense treasure of hope. Yes, the day will come when he will believe me, when he will see that I did not deceive him! . . . the day will come when he will say to me, Poor Selvaggia, at last I believe you—you are dear to me! . . . It will not be love. . . . no. . . . never could I dream of obtaining *that*, vile, miserable, abject creature that I am! . . . the love of such an angel! what woman on earth is worthy of it? . . . Ah, yes, there must be one! . . . Well, I will love that one; I will be her servant, since she is dear to my master. . . . Perhaps they will suffer my presence. . . . perhaps they will not drive me from them. . . . perhaps at my last hour—when they say, Poor Selvaggia is departing! . . . who knows? perhaps he will come to my bed-side. Then, if I have voice enough left to speak to him I will beg him to call me *his* before I breathe my last! . . . Then he will lay his hand on my cold forehead, and say to me, *My Selvaggia!* . . . then I shall no longer feel anything. . . . I shall be dead!" . . .

'Absorbed by these thoughts, the poor young creature entirely lost her recollection. . . . God knows how long she remained in this state, but when the faculty of thought and reflection returned, the dawn was breaking in the east; she recognized the banks of the Po, and the tents where the soldiers were quartered, and looking around in confusion and perplexity, asked, "What am I doing here! Where am I? What am I?" . . . A voice at a little distance (they were soldiers who came to water their horses in the river) replied, with a burst of laughter,—

"You are the courtesan of the Bande Nere, that is what you are!"

'The poor girl uttered a shriek, and fled.'

This character is boldly, but we think truly drawn, and

there is something very beautiful in the basis of intense humility which she preserves amidst all her excesses. Lamberto joins the fleet of Filippino D'Oria, followed by Selvaggia, in the disguise of a man-at-arms. She fights by his side in an engagement with the Spanish admiral, Don Ugo di Moncada, and is pushed headlong over the side of the vessel into the sea. This sea-fight is magnificently described, but we must not be tempted to extract any part of it. We must proceed at once to Florence, whither, the siege having begun, Lamberto hastens, and contrives, though with some difficulty, to penetrate into the city on the evening when he encountered Laudomia at Niccolò's door. Then comes the painful detail of what had happened since his departure from Florence, above all, the infidelity of Lisa, and the death of his mother. For the moment he is overwhelmed with affliction, but he is gradually comforted by the magnanimous counsels of Niccolò, and by a noble letter left behind by Nunziata, in which she tells him that Laudomia, not Lisa, (whom she 'always understood') was 'his match.' The tempest by which he had been agitated, now subsides, and a peace, sad indeed, but resigned, and even hopeful, is shed abroad in his heart. One feeling only is alive and active, that of following the counsel of his mother in all things, and giving himself up to virtue, his country, and Laudomia.

Lisa has been saved from famine, but her child has fallen ill, and she has no one, in the dead of the night, to send for relief. At length, in the midst of her distraction, she sees a man in complete armour, kneeling in the street before an image of the Madonna, and implores his help. He procures medicine for her baby, but his hand trembles as he gives it. She hopes it may be Troilo. 'Yes! you are Troilo! you have remembered 'your Lisa I knew it I never doubted your faith ' speak, speak, for your silence kills me.' 'God grant,' said the soldier, slowly raising his vizor, and discovering to her a pale countenance which she did not immediately recognise, 'that Troilo's faith may never fail you! He is, however, in 'the camp, fighting against his country. He who has helped 'you now, is Lamberto.' When she could speak, she was 'alone.'

Lisa takes the desperate resolution of seeking Troilo in the enemy's camp, and prevails on Fanfulla to accompany herself and her child thither. They succeed with difficulty, after some hair-breadth escapes. They arrive at the moment when Bindo, the youthful son of Niccolò, who had been taken prisoner in a skirmish, is about to ascend the gallows. In order to understand what follows, it is necessary to know that Malatesta, the

captain-general of the Florentines, is a concealed traitor. In conjunction with Benedetto de' Nobili, and Baccio Valori, the Pope's commissary, with whom he has private communication, he persuades Troilo to return to Florence, introduce himself into Niccolò's house, and secretly frustrate all the measures of the Piagnoni. The only difficulty rests with Niccolò. This, however, is at length obviated by Bindo's restoration, apparently at the instance of Troilo, the professed repentance of the Pallesco, and his eager offer to fight for the liberty which it had been his aim to destroy. By consummate art, and especially by assisting the Florentines to repel a sudden attempt to storm the city, he deceives every one but Maurice, Lamberto's faithful servant, the German whom he had disabled, and afterwards saved from drowning, in the passage of the Adda.

A short respite now succeeds, full of domestic interest. After some rather over-refined scruples, of which D'Azèglio is, perhaps, a little too fond, scruples connected both with Lisa and Selvaggia, Lamberto is satisfied of his true and devoted attachment to Laudomia, while she is peacefully assured of his affection, and their love takes the usual course. Troilo, in the mean time, disgusted with his wife and child, and the whole family of the Lapi, amuses his leisure by forming atrocious designs against the remaining daughter. We have not space for more than one of the scenes connected with this part of the story, and in preference to all the rest, we select the *declaration*:—

'Lamberto ran up to his room, and disarmed himself in haste. It seemed to him a century before he could find Laudomia, to whom, in his trustful security, he now burned to open his heart, and repay himself for his long silence, and the painful uncertainty which he had endured. He proceeded to the story beneath, not, however, without bestowing more care than usual upon his dress, and seeing that his hair and beard were arranged as well as possible. As he left his chamber, (for at certain times we are all alike,) he even cast a flying glance upon the mirror which hung against the wall; but as he did so, conscious of the womanish feeling, he smiled, and passed on.

'He found the door of Laudomia's room half open, and, knocking very softly, called her by name, his heart beating violently, as he stood in suspense. As no one answered, he pushed open the door and entered; but the room was empty. Though he had been there often, he seemed as if he had never entered it before. A light shiver, never felt till then, ran through his veins, as he cast his eyes for a moment round the walls, and glanced at the polished furniture, all in that exact order which sufficiently betokened the gentle hand to which the arrangement was owing. The air of the apartment was perfumed with the odour of the flowers which adorned the image of the Virgin, mixed with the fragrance of the snow-white linen which covered the bed. The day-light, for it was now verging towards the dusk of evening, fell faintly upon the pavement beneath the windows; and its azure tint was fading in the ruddy brightness shed by a lamp which burned over the *Prie-Dieu*.

‘Lamberto drawing near, fixed his eyes upon that Madonna, who never before appeared to him so divinely beautiful. He observed minutely this *sanctuary*, for it well deserved the name, of his Laudomia’s most secret thoughts—the flowers, the books of devotion, the cushions, still bearing, where she was wont to lean, the impression of her form. All these things, mute and lifeless to any other, had for *him* at this moment a voice and sense, at once sweet and powerful, which penetrated to the inmost recesses of his heart.

‘Absorbed in his empassioned thoughts, almost without being aware of it, Lamberto knelt before the image, one arm resting upon the cushion, while his head reclined on his hand. By degrees, the strong and hurried pulsation of his heart became more tranquil, and was lost in a placid and indefinable quiescence of the intellect, when a hand gently rested upon his shoulder, and the soft voice of Laudomia whispered in his ear,—

‘“You here, Lamberto! For whom are you praying?”

‘The young man raised his head and turned round; but what he felt at that moment, as he met the look of those humid eyes so kindly bent upon him, may be imagined, but cannot be expressed. Without changing his posture, he took Laudomia’s hand between both his, and trembling all over as he pressed it to his lips, replied,—

‘“I came to pray for *you*; what the prayer is, and with what feeling it is offered, Laudomia, you well know!”

‘“Yes,” she replied, “I know it;” but her eyes gave a fuller and sweeter answer. Without another word, she knelt down by Lamberto’s side, who still held her hand, and fixing her eyes on the countenance of our Lady, said, after a short silence,—

‘“O Maria! if I am ever to lose Lamberto’s heart, let me die before the day comes!”

‘Here both remained silent, for at that moment, speech was impossible; but it was unnecessary for two hearts transfused at once into each other, with the rapidity of two flames brought into contact.

‘When, after a long pause, they had recovered the faculty of speech and discernment, Laudomia, unable to support herself any longer in a kneeling posture, sank down upon a seat near. Her looks, veiled with a chaste but empassioned languor, fell slowly and tenderly upon him who was so dear to her, as he still knelt at her feet, and told him of her happiness with the trusting and ingenuous security of innocent love. It seemed to both as if they were born to a new life—as if they had found themselves in another world, I had almost said, as if their very nature and essence were changed. There was neither memory of the past, nor fear for the future. There was a mutual understanding without the medium of speech, and yet a need of speech—a need of saying to each other from time to time, “Is it not all a dream? Can it really be true?” And, meanwhile, the white hand of Laudomia, shrinking from the young man’s ardent kisses, was placed upon his forehead, making feeble and ineffectual efforts to keep him at a distance.

‘Then, as by little and little they arranged their ideas, and connected the thoughts and events of their past lives with their present happiness, they recalled many of the follies of childhood, the first thoughts and emotions of early youth; they asked and gave mutual explanations of words that had hitherto remained obscure, looks and signs, and a hundred such minutiae that had taken place many years back, but still lived, and were present in the memory of the heart. In a discourse of such deep interest, Lamberto mingled every phrase with the sweetest names of love, addressed in different ways to Laudomia; names which we must not repeat, profaned as they have been, and made ridiculous, by pastoral poets and fools, but which are not on that account less needful, less a relief to the mind, when it feels more than can be expressed in customary words.

"O my Laudomia!" said the young man, "my sweetest and only thought! now I understand my former mistake. . . . I fancied I had felt what love was. . . . Oh, I never thought that it could be like this. . . . Only an hour ago, I was troubled when I thought that I could ever turn my mind to Lisa. . . . It seemed as if I had done grievous wrong to my love for *you*. . . . which I now see was the first, the only one I ever felt, worthy of the name. Now I know that it was only fancy, when I thought that I loved another. . . . It was not true! . . . How that idea comforts me! . . . It was not true! . . . I never loved any one but you, never with that love which you alone merit, which is yours alone, which has always been in the depths of my heart, and will be there as long as I live. . . . Can you not understand how this idea gives me new life? . . . To think that I am not guilty of an offence which must have made me unworthy of your love! . . . That the celestial look of my Laudomia may fall serenely upon me, her thoughts rest upon my heart, without sinking too low!"

'During this secret colloquy it had become dark night, and the chamber, lighted only by the feeble glimmer of the lamp, was in such a state of comparative obscurity as would have reminded the young people at any other time to provide themselves with more light, but they did not think of it *then*; and Lamberto went on.

"Dearest! you do not know how I have been troubled by these fancies! And now I will tell you all. . . . for there is nothing that concerns me which you ought not to know."

'And here he told her of Selyaggia, the recollection which he still retained of her, and the pity which he still felt; and, as he spoke, he watched with anxious attention the effect produced by his words upon Laudomia's countenance. When he had no more to add, he said,—

"Now you know all, my love. Was I right in thinking myself unworthy of your heavenly affection? Do I still seem to you to deserve a thought of yours? O my Laudomia! answer me quickly."

'And he waited with the anxiety of a criminal who is expecting the sentence of life or death.

'A slight shade was at first visible upon the countenance of Laudomia, but it soon passed away, and sighing gently (perhaps from the thought that Lamberto's heart had not always been hers alone), she answered,—

"Tell me, dearest, if that woman had not been so debased, and you could have loved her without shame, would you have loved her better than your Laudomia?"

'Lamberto tore his hair; he had no words to express his horror at such a doubt; but that action and his countenance together said enough, and Laudomia resumed:—

"God accepts the heart which was not his at first! He is satisfied to succeed to another love! And ought not I, weak and feeble creature as I am, to be contented with it? Ought I to raise *my* pretensions higher? Ah, no—Lamberto! My pride does not reach to such an extent of folly. . . . I do not complain of the past; I have even no cause to do so. . . . But if I had, I should think no more about it. . . . But the future! O Lamberto! the future!"

'And here, clasping her hands in the attitude of humble prayer, she added:—

"You see, Lamberto, I am a weak, timid creature, trusting entirely in your love; with and for *that*, I shall have strength and courage for all the chances of the painful life we must lead in these times of contention and bloodshed. No danger, no misfortune will ever bring me to such a pass that you will have to blush for me. . . . I have promised thus much to God and to my father. . . . and I shall be able to keep my promise. . . . for I feel that I am a Christian, one born among a free people, and the

daughter of Niccolò. . . . But, Lamberto, one thing I beg of you. . . . Never love any one else! . . . I feel that I have strength to stand against any other misfortune . . . but against *that*! . . . Oh, no! I could not! The life of us women is all in the heart. . . . For *us* love is not a pastime a relief from greater cares! The heart which you have given me is now my only treasure, my only thought: do not take it from me, Lamberto, as long as I live."

"What the young man felt at these most tender words, he could express only by imprinting a thousand kisses on that hand, which avoided him no longer, but was given up to him without reserve. After a little time, raising his head suddenly, he felt in his bosom, took out his mother's letter, which he always carried about him, and having given it to Laudomia to read, who bathed it with tears of tenderness, said, as he took it again,—

"You see the affection which my poor mother had for you: you see how she blessed me in her last hours: now, then, hear what I say. If I could ever be such a wretch as to wrong you, even in thought, may that blessing be turned"

"But he could not finish the sentence, for Laudomia's hand was upon his lips, forbidding him to utter another word.

"O Lamberto! do not say such words as these; they are displeasing to God. . . . It is enough that I read your heart. . . . Yes! I read *there* that our love will never cease, even in heaven. We shall love each other always, immersed in the holy love of Him who formed us for everlasting happiness."

"And her eyes were raised towards heaven with that look of Paradise, which has grown sometimes under the fine touch of Guido Reni.

"After they had remained a moment thus, the thought of Selvaggia rose again in Laudomia's heart. Her remorse, her misery had touched her; she longed to know her misfortunes more fully, and said at length, almost with a feeling of consternation,—

"Oh, poor young creature! What wretches there are in the world! What horrible things take place in it! What must she have suffered, what must she have to suffer still! Oh, yes! To love *you*, dearest! without a shadow of hope! it must be horrible! But at least we may find her out, we may trace her, carry her comfort make her feel for once the happiness of friendship and affection, if not of love!"

"Where she is now, God only knows. . . . (I would not say so to any one else, but I can say anything to *you*, Laudomia). . . . It runs in my mind that she will not lose the trace of me. . . . If I did not meet her love, I at least spoke to her with kindness, showed her compassion; and, accustomed as she was to be treated either with scorn or insult, she seemed for the first time to have met with one who had the countenance and feelings of a man."

"Oh, how glad I should be to find her! This, you see, is my temper. . . . I cannot bear that my happiness should make a poor creature so miserable. . . . It oppresses my heart. . . . I feel as if I wanted her to forgive me as if I longed to make her some amends. . . . Let us find her out, Lamberto! I will be her friend! She shall not have it to say any longer that nobody in the world has ever wished her well."

"There is not such an angel as you in Paradise!" said Lamberto, quite beside himself, and on the forehead of Laudomia, soft and pure as the breast of a dove, the young man impressed the first kiss of love.'

We judge of this scene with the magic of D'Azèglio's style full upon us, and may therefore seem to exaggerate its merit,

but we look upon it as one of the sweetest pictures of pure though fervent love which fancy has ever embodied.

Selvaggia, though thrown overboard in the sea-fight, was saved from drowning. No sooner is she put ashore, than she makes her way to Florence in search of Lamberto. She hears on her arrival that the Captain-General of the Florentines is Malatesta Baglione, the infamous patron of her more infamous father, Master Barlaam. With the latter she has a most striking interview. She learns the intended marriage of the man she loves, and the plan formed by Troilo to break, or at least suspend, the alliance, and wanting courage to see him in the arms of her rival, suffers the plan to proceed. The marriage-articles are signed that same day, in the Church of San Marco, and the betrothment takes place. In the evening, as they are about to sit down to supper, a knocking is heard at the door, and a man appears, armed from head to foot, who had been observed in the church during the ceremony, where his ill-repressed agitation had excited no little surprise. This is Selvaggia, who brings a sealed paper on the part of the Captain-General. Lamberto is to arm himself on the instant, mount his horse, follow the man who brought him the order, and join the company then mustering on the piazza of the Santo Spirito, to go where the service of the city required. The scene which ensues is unspeakably fine. The calm dignity of Niccolò, softened by the deep sympathy which he feels for *virtuous* sorrow, the noble resolution of Lamberto, the repressed agony of Laudomia, the honest effort of Fanfulla to *be*, what Troilo speciously offers, Lamberto's substitute, the secret struggle of the generous Selvaggia, who is once on the point of coming forward to discover every thing, form altogether a picture which is beyond all praise. But we must leave it to the reader's imagination, and pass on; merely adding that Fanfulla, in default of being Lamberto's substitute, resolves to be his companion, and having been provided with a new war-horse by Niccolò, joins the departing troop.

Selvaggia discovers herself to Lamberto on the march; and here we have one of those strange conceptions in which, notwithstanding his general good taste, D'Azèglio sometimes indulges, and which one might call practical *concetti*. To cure Selvaggia of her pertinacious attachment, Lamberto makes up his mind to *insult* her. 'Let her find me hard-hearted, proud, incredulous of her suffering: the remedy will be bitter, painful to her, and quite as much to me; but, when the first moment is past, esteem will perhaps be changed into contempt, love into hatred, and after some days she will think no more about me.' We object to this altogether. To say nothing of

its extreme painfulness, it is morally wrong; it is doing evil that good may come. Selvaggia, as may be imagined, leaves the object of her former idolatry in a paroxysm of indignation and offended pride, but not till she has thrown out dark hints of the future fate of Laudomia, whom 'neither God nor devil' will be able to save.'

We cannot follow the fortunes of Ferruccio without the walls of Florence, nor describe the atrocities connected with his fall. In fact, the fate of the commonwealth, though it gives weight and dignity to the tale before us, affects us chiefly in its bearing upon the individual characters. The romance, as we have said, supersedes the history. It is upon Niccolò, and his little band of friends and adherents, that fancy lingers. After the defeat of Ferruccio, and the slaughter of his army, Lamberto and Fanfulla, safe, though not unhurt, find their way back to Florence. There the final struggle draws near.

'The night was full of disquietude, anxiety, and preparation, for the Florentines, in expectation of the heavy events which they foresaw for the next day. Even at those hours when sleep, especially during the great heats, is wont to overcome every care, and the memory of every trouble, Florence was awake. You met no person in the streets; but the light which shone here and there through the windows, the voices and other sounds that were heard in the interior of the houses, showed sufficiently that this unhappy people felt the last scene of their long and bloody tragedy to be approaching. . . .

'They were preparing themselves during the hours of night to come frankly next morning to the last proof of arms, hoping for victory, but resigned to purchase it with the lives of many.

'It would have been an august and beautiful sight, if one could have penetrated into the secret recesses of those poor houses inhabited by the *people*, to witness the preparations for that great sacrifice . . . to see those men quietly making ready to die for their country! And on what conditions? with what hopes! Did they believe that by conquering they should change their lot, and be rich? No: they knew that their state could not change. Poverty and labour were the lot that would fall to them afterwards, as it had done before. But such calculations never entered their thoughts. They loved their country as men love their mother, *because they did*. It had been the first thought of their infancy, and would be the last of their old age. They gave their life for it, with the same feeling which leads a lover to sacrifice himself for the woman he loves, seeking no other reward but the joy of dying to save her. . . .

'Thus passed the night. At length the morning, desired by some, feared by others, but waited for assuredly by all, rose clear and bright beyond the hills of Incontro and Vallumbrosa. When its rays began to penetrate within the houses, and were visible in spite of the red glare of the lamps, there took place in every family what might be called a last parting. Then came tears, embraces, the hurried affectionate adieus of wives and sisters, the benedictions of old men and fathers; then by little and little a murmur spread through the city, a deep sound of voices, footsteps, doors opening and shutting furiously; while the citizens, as they came out armed to join their several standards, exchanged the last farewell, the last glance, with their wives and children, whom they left weeping at the door. . . .

‘ Among the gonfalonì of the several divisions, which floated in the wind at wide distances round the piazza, was noted the golden lion of San Giovanni, and among the first was Niccolò with his young men. Deaf to the prayers and tears of his daughters, and the dissuasion of his friends, the resolute old man had determined to be present with the rest on this day, when the final destiny of Florence was to be decided. He judged rightly that, if he could not aid with his arm, he might with his example : for what foot could draw back, what heart waver, in the firm and venerable presence of such a man ?

‘ Having laid aside the Lucco,¹ he was dressed in a shining coat of mail, with a sword at his side, and in his hand a pike. Instead of the capuche he wore an iron skull-cap, beneath which his respected gray hair came out and covered his neck, while his beard, equally white and thick, flowed down upon his breast. His body, no longer bent by years, stood erect upon his loins ; and he was set firmly upon his legs, which, though somewhat thin, were strong and of fine proportions. His eye flashed with the fire of youth, and an unwonted flush coloured his cheeks. In spite of the tumult, and the various thoughts which occupied the minds of all, many eyes were fixed upon him. They pointed him out to one another with words of affection, wonder, and veneration, while he, unmoved, cast a proud and assured glance around, in which was read indomitable resolution. In the meantime, the flitting shadow of the gonfalone, which floated over his head, now covered him, and extinguished the glitter of his armour, now gliding off to a distance, left it sparkling again in the rays of the sun.’

We cannot resist the temptation of extracting one more passage :—

‘ Even when the sun began to decline to the west, and when at length it had sunk under the horizon, and the stars began to appear, Niccolò would not leave the place, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, who could not bear that he should have to endure so much hardship and fatigue ; and many of the citizens also, led by his example, passed the hours of sleep in the piazza. It is easy to imagine how mournfully those hours passed with all, how full of anxiety and terror, in expectation of the extremity of distress which awaited them on the morrow, especially when, after midnight, a deep silence had succeeded to so much tumult, and nothing was heard in the piazza but the measured tread of the sentinels, the hooting of the owls, roosted on the summit of the tower, and from time to time the striking of the clock, which told the hour. At length, yielding to fatigue, Niccolò began to rest his forehead upon a bed composed of his sons’ cloaks, and fell asleep with his head resting on the base of the lion, while they watched, silent and thoughtful, by his side. Two hours before day, the moon, which was on the wane, fell, by degrees, faint and pale, on the buildings towards the East, and illuminated, with an alabaster light, the countenance of the sleeping old man. Lamberto had gently taken off his iron skull-cap, and, to guard him from the cold moisture of the night, had drawn the border of one of the cloaks over his head. The august and placid serenity spread over Niccolò’s features, and his long deep breathing, showed that on the bare ground, and in the extremity of danger, a brave and irreproachable man may find sleep and repose.’

These demonstrations are rendered vain by the machinations of the Paleschi, and the fate of Florence is in their hands. Niccolò, determined to make one more effort, gathers the

¹ A kind of gown.

Piagnoni together at a nocturnal conference, in the convent of San Marco. The leaders are firm, but the people waver. Niccolò's own workmen alone offer to die with him, but he feels the sacrifice to be useless, and dismisses them with his blessing. At this moment, the infamous Troilo, in order to ruin more completely the party of the Piagnoni, comes forward, and proposes to join the Italian army without the walls, already on bad terms with the Spaniards, and stir them up to insurrection. The proposition is received by Niccolò with a feeling of mingled joy and admiration. By the connivance of the Palleschi, the party pass over to the camp, Troilo contriving to be left behind at the gates, that he may not be compromised in the issue. A skirmish takes place, in which, by the baseness of Malatesta, the Italians are overpowered, while two of the three surviving sons of Niccolò, Averardo and Vieri, fall.

Nothing now remains but to seek refuge at a distance from Florence, and the family prepare for their departure. The last evening which they spend in that house, which Niccolò feels that *he*, at least, must never see again, is described with great truth and pathos, but we must not be tempted to make any extracts. They depart without molestation. Niccolò is too popular to venture to arrest him in Florence, and a plan is accordingly formed to seize upon the whole party in the Montagna. In the meantime, to disarm all suspicion, Troilo accompanies the family. They arrive, about midnight, at the country house which Niccolò had ceded to Lamberto by way of dowry, where they have arranged to pass the night. Here they learn, that under the eaves, at one side of the church, 'the great Ferruccio' lies in an obscure and unhonoured grave, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, they determine to visit it. They are accompanied by the old steward, who undertakes to point out the spot:—

'Mattéo at length stopped close to the side of the ancient church, and placing the lantern on the ground, said,—

"Here this brave gentleman was laid."

'Upon the surface of the soil, a space was marked out, of the length and breadth of a human body of tall stature. The earth appeared newly turned up, and, from the marks which it still retained of the soles of shoes and naked feet, it was plain that it had been diligently trodden down. When Niccolò saw under his very eyes the earth still soaked with the blood of his friend, the man who was to *him* the sublime ideal of all that is great and virtuous in the world, he fell on his knees upon the grave. Seized with an universal trembling, he bent down his head and kissed the humid soil, then rested his forehead upon it, and remained motionless, while all his companions did the same. The poor old man was heard to sigh and groan, and at last seen to burst into tears; then, becoming a little more composed, he raised his face and his hands towards heaven, and said,—

"Oh! if from the holy and blessed place, where his great soul is now in glory, he deigns to cast a look upon this dark world, he perhaps sees my

tears . . . sees that from the city, for which he shed the last drop of his blood, we exiles, at least, have come to do him this last honour, the only one that we can do in our present misery . . . Ferruccio ! Ferruccio ! this, then, is your burying-place ! And the Medici, the destroyers of their country, will have one full of honour in San Lorenzo ! Will they not be ashamed to leave you here ? Will they not at least place a cross over your bones ? a stone to tell, *Here lies Ferruccio ?* . . . Then, as if he suddenly regretted having formed such a desire, he corrected himself and said, " But what am I saying ? Have I lost my senses ? As if you had need of such honours as these ! . . . Let them keep them for their own guilty ashes. Even under their marble monuments the vengeance of God will at last find them out. And do you, in the meantime, brave spirit, if you can hear us, accept this humble homage, a homage which will never be offered to the tombs of your enemies and ours ! . . . As long as the world lasts, the earth of this humble grave will be more honoured by the generous and the good than the insolent richness of their sepulchres ! " . . .

' While, with a vehemence of passion which made him seem like one inspired, Niccolò was uttering these words, to which his family listened with reverence, as they knelt by his side, their whole attention fixed upon him alone, six men-at-arms, with drawn swords, came upon them from beneath the portico of the church, followed by about fifty countrymen, armed with pikes, scythes, or staves ; and before the party, thus taken unawares, could perceive the attack, they found themselves on the ground, under a heap of men, the points of whose swords or pikes were close to their face, or directed against their throat and breast, caught and held fast by a hundred hands, kept down under the knees and feet of multitudes, while a voice cried out from the midst of the assailants,—

' " Whoever moves, is a dead man.—You are the prisoners of the pope ! " '

' With that august and venerable aspect, at once firm and elevated, which he always wore, Niccolò replied,—

' " I know what *my* being prisoner of the pope means ". . . and a bitter and disdainful smile curled his lip, as if to say, " He can take but little from me now ! " Then turning to his sons, and pointing to the grave where Ferruccio was buried, he added, " I have learnt from *him* how to die . . . though, perhaps, I did not need it. "

' The old man knew well that it was his own death, not that of his sons, or of any one else, that was wanted ; but at that moment he remembered Troilo, and the price set, as he fancied, upon his head ; and the thought that he was utterly undone, afflicted him beyond measure. Looking round, he sought him with a troubled and anxious eye, and said,—

' " I am grieved for *you*, son Troilo. "

' As there was no light except the lantern carried by Mattéo, objects were indistinctly discerned ; and it was some time before he could retrace him. At length, however, he perceived him at a distance, standing upright and motionless, his hands folded on his breast, and his head bent down ; and perceived, also, that he was neither tied, nor guarded by any of the soldiers, careful as they were to prevent the rest from making their escape.

' The young man's countenance, beautiful as it was by nature, had become at that moment debased and horrible, like his crime. Like Cain, Judas, and other enormous sinners, his torment had already begun : that greatest of all torments, remorse, severed entirely from all thought of hope or repentance.

' Niccolò read his sin, written on his forehead, and noted on the countenances of the soldiers a smile of scorn, which seemed to say, ' You need not trouble yourself about *him*. ' The veil, which had so long hid the truth, was torn asunder, and he saw it revealed in all its tremendous nakedness. He stretched out his hands and arms, tied as they were at the

wrists with a rough cord, and with a voice, which even went to the heart of the scoundrels who surrounded him, said, looking at Troilo,—

“ And he was a traitor, after all ! ”

‘ In the tone of voice in which these few words were spoken, in the mode of pronouncing them, in the attitude of the miserable old man, there was such a mournful outpouring of the truth, that, I repeat it, there arose even in the hearts of those rough and ferocious bullies a feeling of compassion.

‘ But Lisa, poor Lisa ! As if a fiery dart had entered into her flesh, she tore herself from the hands of those who held her, with the nervous and convulsive effort of desperate passion, and, rushing towards her father, cried,—

“ Why is he a traitor ? How ? . . . Who can call *my* Troilo a traitor ? What has he done ? ”

‘ And, unable to run in search of him, for she was soon seized again and held by those from whom she had got away, she threw herself forward, and stretching out her head, looked about everywhere for her husband, while she continued to repeat,—

“ Traitor, indeed ! . . . *My* Troilo a traitor ! Oh, father ! how can you say such horrible things ? . . . and at such a time as this ! ”

‘ But at last she, too, saw him, still in the same place, in the same attitude, with the same countenance, and the same impression which Niccolò had received ; the same thought, the same certainty, seized upon Lisa, who felt a shudder like that of death, at the sight of that disfigured countenance. She was obliged to turn away her head, and cover her face with her hands ; but soon overcoming that first feeling, and once more beginning to hope, she said to him, weeping, without, however, looking at him, except now and then, by stealth,—

“ Troilo ! . . . Speak ! speak ! . . . Do you not hear ? . . . Did you not know what they said ? . . . Why do you still stand there ? . . . What mystery is there in all this ? . . . Troilo ! Troilo ! . . . Cannot your miserable Lisa get a word ? ”

‘ And at length, with a burst of unspeakable rage, she exclaimed,—

“ Wretch ! tell me at least that it is true ! . . . that you *are* a traitor . . . It will at least end this uncertainty ! ”

‘ Troilo made no answer, but shrugged his shoulders, retreated, and was soon lost in the shades of night.

‘ Lisa grew white, and cold as a marble statue ; her arms dropped listlessly down ; and she too said to herself,—

“ He was a traitor ! ”

‘ Then sinking down at Niccolò’s feet as if she were dead, with her forehead resting upon the earth, she said in a spent voice,—

“ And I, wretch that I am, was the cause of all ! ”

‘ The old man replied ; “ It is too true ! ” and the soldiers, who now felt it too painful to witness such a scene, moved off, conducting their prisoners to the house which they had left a little before.

Niccolò is led back to Florence, with Lisa and the maid-servant, the former being lodged in prison, the latter sent to their own house. Lamberto and Laudomia, accompanied by Maurice, Bindo, and Fanfulla, are taken by the escort of Troilo and *Selvaggia* to a retired castle among the Appennines. The men are bound hand and foot in a subterraneous dungeon, Lamberto a little apart. Laudomia is conducted to a solitary chamber. The soldiers are then dismissed ; even the bailiff of the castle departs ; and the two who remain behind draw the

bar across the entrance. The prisoners are left to the mercy of Troilo and Selvaggia. We transcribe the scene which follows :

“ If we are not safe here,” said Troilo, as they stood looking at one another, “ we should be safe no where. Here we are, then, Selvaggia, let us look to ourselves, and each manage his own concerns.”

‘ He then proceeded to Laudomia’s chamber, while she descended to the dungeon, with the key in one hand, and the bailiff’s lantern in the other. . . . She went straight on where Lamberto was seated on the ground in mute despair, thinking of Laudomia, and praying God to help and protect her, since he could not in any way help and protect her himself. Stopping directly opposite, Selvaggia lifted the lantern so as to shine full upon her countenance, and said,—

“ It is I ! . . . do you know me, Lamberto ?”

‘ He *did* know her, and his heart sank within him. When he remembered the nature of the woman, and the terms on which they last parted, he lost all hope. Filled with anguish, he thought within himself,—

“ O my God ! my God ! Laudomia is at the mercy of this mad woman !”

‘ He did not dare to speak, for he did not know what to say, and he feared to make things worse; but he looked at her with eyes of inexpressible anxiety. Selvaggia placed the lantern on the ground, folded her arms across her breast as if to keep down its throbbing, which appeared in spite of the cuirass, and said with a voice which pierced to his very marrow,—

“ Do you remember, young man, how Selvaggia has loved you from the day that she first knew you ? . . . that night on the banks of the Po, do you remember with what prayers . . . humble prayers, Lamberto ! . . . she asked, not love, for she thought herself unworthy of it, but a little compassion ! . . . do you remember it ? . . . did you grant the request ? No, you denied it . . . was Selvaggia indignant ?—did she curse you ? She blessed you, and departed, she troubled you no more ; for she thought, ‘ I am not, perhaps, worthy even of this. But poor Selvaggia was not entirely hopeless. Without your knowing it, she inquired after you, found out where you went, followed you, but never came near you again till the day of that battle, when she saw a pike thrust against your heart . . . when, as you know, there was no escape for you ! . . . In *my* breast did I receive the weapon, and the cold steel which pierced my entrails seemed to me a delight . . . you were saved, and I had ceased to suffer—so I then believed . . . Wretched creature ! my sufferings had not even begun ! Tumbled into the sea, dying in the hold of a galley, in the stench of a hospital, in the mud of a public street, dragging myself on, mile after mile, in weakness and sickness, in rain, wind, and cold, in hunger, in destitution, and yet always on, on, hoping from you . . . not love ; I repeat it, for I am not as mad as you think me . . . not love, but pity, a word, a look of compassion. Arrived at Florence, I interested myself a thousand ways in your behalf . . . suffered, waited. At length I found you, you know how ; I dreaded to speak, I felt as if in the presence of a god . . . I made myself little, humbled myself, lay down under your feet . . . And yet you had the heart . . . were you not ashamed to outrage me thus ? How is it that you did not *die* with shame ?”

‘ And here the poor creature, stretching out her hands to Lamberto, remained for a few moments silent and motionless.

“ You might have killed me, and I would have thanked and blessed you, but you treated me with scorn and contempt ; then I longed to show you that Selvaggia may be hated, killed, but not despised. I thirsted for vengeance, and I have sought it, I have passed days and nights in labouring to obtain it ; and at length I have succeeded . . . Laudomia is here . . . you are here . . . you are all in the power of Selvaggia, the courtesan, the offscouring

of the world, whom all tread under foot, all hate, who has never met with love or affection . . . not even in a father."

'Here she drew her poniard from its sheath, which Lamberto believed she was about to strike to his heart, and overcome by her passionate emotions, burst into a flood of bitter tears.

"And not even now shall I meet with it!" . . . and, as she spoke, she cut the cords with which Lamberto was bound: "not even now, when I give you life and liberty, and save the Laudomia whom you love, shall I obtain my first petition that you would hold me as dear as your hound or your war-horse!"

'As she finished these words, with a voice no longer severe, but humble and supplicating, Lamberto, loosed from the cords, fell prostrate at her feet, and as he embraced her knees with a mingled feeling of pity, admiration and gratitude, exclaimed in broken accents—

"My guardian angel!"

'Selvaggia raised her hands to heaven, trembling with joy, while upon her countenance appeared a quite new expression, that of pure serenity, as she said,—

"God of mercy! At length I too can bless Thee . . . I too can thank Thee for having created me!"

'Then, after remaining motionless for a few seconds as if in extacy, she let her arms fall, and added, as if speaking to herself,—

"I had suffered so much!"

They cut the cords of the rest, and all rush together to 'the yellow chamber,' where Troilo, having lost all hope of accomplishing his purpose by other means, is about to proceed to violence. Lamberto dashes him to the ground under his feet.

'For some moments no one uttered a word; the traitor, terrified, panting, pale as death, and with staring eyes, was kept down and held tight by Fanfulla and Bindo. Lamberto had left him to run to Laudomia, who, white as a waxen image, had sunk upon her knees, and was raising her eyes to heaven in thanksgiving, feeling that gratitude in her heart which the poor creature was unable to express with her lips.

'Lamberto knelt down by her side, and she remained for a moment with her head resting upon his shoulder, scarcely able to keep herself from fainting. Selvaggia, perceiving this, brought some wine from the table, a draught of which Laudomia drank, and after a little time the colour returned to her cheeks.

"You are safe, my love!" said Lamberto, every muscle of his face quivering with the fulness of his joy.

"Oh, for the love of God! let us go!" said Laudomia in a faint voice, for the sight of the place and of Troilo filled her with horror; and rising, though with difficulty, assisted by Lamberto, and supported also by Selvaggia, she left the chamber. Having dragged herself along with tottering steps into the next room, she sank quite spent into an arm-chair, and laying her hands upon the shoulders of Lamberto, who was at her feet, regarded him with a look of unspeakable affection. Poor Selvaggia, who was a little behind, drew back, and with what feelings the reader may imagine.

"Do you know," said Lamberto, "who set me at liberty, who has saved your life and honour? There she stands,—she of whom I have so often spoken to you, she whose happiness you had so much at heart . . . Selvaggia."

"Oh!" said Laudomia, starting, 'is that Selvaggia?'

'And all of a sudden the whole of her wretched story recurred to her

mind; and, thinking of the anguish which she must feel at seeing her thus with Lamberto, she withdrew her arms, with an instantaneous and delicate impulse, and, joining her hands in the attitude of prayer, said, as she turned to the poor creature, with a countenance which seemed to deplore her pardon,—

“Oh, Selvaggia! I did not, I could not know it!”

“Yes, it is I,” she replied, advancing; and her voice, her countenance, her gesture, shewed the terrible suffering which oppressed her heart. ‘It is I,’ she continued, ‘who long cherished a dreadful desire of vengeance against Lamberto . . . against you! But at last I said to myself, ‘What have you been searching for, unhappy creature, so many years? To find one who would not hate you . . . would not hold you in contempt . . . to find a heart which could love you . . . to find, if not love, at least affection . . . to taste for once, only once before you come to die, . . . a word, a look of kindness; and do you hope to obtain it thus? Obtain it by vengeance?’ This has been my vengeance! . . . Tell me, will you, at least, hold the unhappy creature before you dear? . . . May I hope it this once?”

“Laudomia would have risen and rushed into her arms, but her strength failed, and she fell back again into her seat; but she stretched out her hands to Selvaggia, who threw herself into them with a cry of joy, and the two young women long remained clasped in a warm embrace.”

Though it is not D'Azèglio's wont to distribute what is called *poetical justice*, he has done it in the instance of Troilo, and it is almost too satisfactory. In the chamber, where the infamous Palesco is left bound, is an aperture in the wall, within which there is a trap-door, covering a deep well. ‘Above was a pulley, from which a cord was suspended, let down deeply into the shaft, from whence there arose the cold moist air which often comes up from cellars, with a dank smell of mouldy earth.’ Maurice, who had lingered behind while the rest were preparing for their departure, is suddenly struck with a new idea. ‘He went straight to the opening, shook the rope, and discovered the depth of the shaft. He laid his hand upon the cord, and began to draw it up. Up, and up it came; but it seemed as if the end of it would never appear. Troilo, in the meantime, seized with an universal trembling, an indescribable horror at what was thus preparing for him, had begun to pray, conjure, promise; he had thrown himself upon his knees as far as the rope which bound him permitted, and, quite beside himself with terror, had uttered horrible things, disjointed words, in which there was neither sense nor meaning; howled, roared, bellowed; and still Maurice went on pulling the rope, and all that he said was:—

“Messer Troilo, make an act of contrition. . . . You deserve to die in the water.”

‘At length the bottom of the cord came out, to which was tied a rusty hook, foul with mould. Troilo, quite overcome, fell prostrate; but though his strength failed, his senses unhappily did not.

‘Maurice tied the rope underneath his arms as expeditiously as possible, (for he wished the business over, and so do we), cut the cord which

tied him to the bed-post, and, taking him up in his arms, thrust him into the shaft, which was just large enough to admit him.

"The unhappy wretch struggled in vain to get free; and hanging to the rope, which ran swiftly through Maurice's hand, was let down into that fearful depth. In a minute's time the cord was at its full length, when Maurice disengaged it from the pulley, threw it down into the shaft, with Troilo's cap, which was still lying on the ground, closed the trap-door, and . . . falling on his knees, said, with as much devotion as he could, a *miserere* for Troilo's soul. Probably, however, the scoundrel did not meet with so speedy a death, but he had time to make many reflections, which we may leave the reader to imagine."

Worn out with illness and suffering, Laudomia is now conveyed by her friends to the priest's house for quiet and repose, and the scene shifts to Florence and Niccolò. We must give copious extracts from this part of the book, for it is in the closing scenes of his life that the sublime character of the noblest of the Piagnoni shines so grandly forth; all that had been harsh and repulsive in it then disappears, lost in the golden light which surrounds him like a halo of glory.

His first entrance to the prison is thus described:—

"He ascended with a firm though weary step; his countenance, though grave, was tranquil and serene. Having reached the upper landing-place, he was led through a long passage to a low and narrow door, which when the jailor half opened, he was obliged to stoop low to enter in. It was a dungeon about eight paces in length and breadth, where, through a hole above, a few rays of light were seen between the bars of a thick iron grate. A miserable bed, consisting of a sack full of chopped straw, still preserved the form of the prisoner who had slept there last; on the floor stood a pitcher.

"See if there is any water," said the jailor to one of his men, who having looked, answered,—

"It is full. Carduccio could not have been thirsty; for he has not even touched it."

"Niccolò started at that name, and asked, anxiously,—

"Was he, then, here?"

"He was."

"And where have they put him now?"

"Where he will be found at the day of judgment."

Here the turnkeys departed, shutting the door of the dungeon with a great noise of keys and bolts, and left the old man in darkness. Standing, as he was in the middle of the cell, he raised his arms in the attitude of prayer, and said,—

"O Francesco! thou hast fulfilled thy sacrifice. May thy brave soul rest in peace!"

"Then, groping his way to the bed, he sate down, took the pitcher, and drank a few mouthfuls of water, determined to seek sleep and repose if it were possible, and recover, as much as in him lay, a little strength.

"Let not this body of mine, this worn out instrument, shame me in the hour of trial. Help me, O God! to bear what is preparing for me! Thou knowest my soul, but Thou knowest also the state to which my poor limbs are reduced; infuse strength enough into them to bear up, without any act of cowardice, during the few steps which now separate them from the tomb!"

He stretched himself at full length upon the pallet, and, composing

himself to sleep, lay quite still in order to court it; but how could a mind filled to overflowing with a thousand thoughts, and a heart agitated by a thousand emotions, be lulled to rest? The tranquillity of an unsullied conscience cannot ensure this, nor is sleeplessness confined to remorse alone. How was it possible that, finding himself now at the end of a long and harassed life, full of such stormy events, consumed as he was by one ardent thought, that of his country, there should not pass before him, in thick and long array, all the events of those many years, the baffled designs, the imprudent counsels, the cross accidents in short, through which, after so many efforts, so much agitation and bloodshed, Florence had fallen again under the gripe of the Medici? And to what was he brought himself? To the last, fruitless sacrifice of the few hours of life that remained! And all that long suffering, all those sacrifices, all those misfortunes, had obtained from eternal justice only this! . . .

‘These mournful thoughts revolving in Niccolò’s mind, who, in spite of his iron temperament, could not fail to be overcome by fatigue, watching, and mental agitation, were leading him imperceptibly to a chain of ideas still more dark and disconsolate, before which his vital strength was giving way.

‘His faith in the justice and goodness of God, his faith in the prophecies of Fra Girolamo, which, like a ray of celestial light, had been for so many years his guide and comfort, seemed on the point of growing dark, and disappearing in a thick mist, full of doubt and terror. “Suppose all that I have hoped, all that I have believed, for ninety years, should be only a deception!”

‘A groan of agony burst from Niccolò’s breast, when, in spite of his efforts to close the door of his heart against despairing thoughts, he felt them rush in with terrible force, as the enemy pour into a fortress long defended, but now resisting in vain. For the first time in ninety years he knew what terror was. The hopes of a whole life, both for this world and the next, seemed to shake and totter. He sought in vain, either in the present or the future, a sensation which was not pain, a thought which was not darkness and uncertainty. Sitting up in the bed, and raising his hands to Heaven, he cried, “*Deus meus, quare deliquisti me?*”

‘Niccolò was destined to serve as an example of the pitch to which, in this life, misfortune may come, and the strength with which even then man may obtain the victory. With that desperate effort of the will which had always been his characteristic virtue, he willed to drive away those ideas; and he did. He willed to have others of a totally different kind; and he had them. He restrained his unbridled thoughts, and said to himself, “Who am I, to judge the Being that made me and all men—who made heaven and earth, and the universe? What impious madness, to say that He cannot, or will not, care for the least of His creatures, because he cannot descend so low! Is not this to limit His power, and bring Him down to our own measure? Are not all creatures equally atoms? Are they not as nothing, in the presence of His immensity? Does it cost Him more to roll the sun and stars through the firmament than to give form and motion to the minutest insect? Since, then, thou hast created me, do Thou care, great God, even for me. Aid the immortal soul which is about to return to the place from whence it came! Pardon the doubts of the understanding which Thou hast formed! Thou hast not made it able to comprehend Thee; but, as a compensation for all the evil that has fallen upon me, Thou hast placed in my heart, I feel it, the power of hoping in Thee, and in Thy mercy! Yes, my God, I hope . . . I trust in Thy goodness . . . I throw myself into Thy arms, on Thy paternal bosom, where I shall perhaps one day know why I have had so much to suffer here!”

‘Hope, that celestial friend of the afflicted, descended thus into the heart of the poor old man, and shed abroad there a charm not felt before, a tran-

quail serenity which gave him both strength and comfort. He seemed to be transported to a higher region, far from the miseries of this lower world, to be freed from its cares and passions, and lost in the contemplations of a better life."

We have not room for the trial, and we shrink from the torture, and shall proceed at once to the closing scene, which, in spite of its length, we shall give entire, premising that his friend the Prior of San Marco, a timid but holy man, is permitted to attend Niccolò in his last moments.

"The jailor and turnkeys, giving him their assistance, because it was with difficulty that he could either walk or stand upon his feet, led him slowly to the chapel.

"Ever since the year 1260 it had undergone no change, and was kept up in its devout and venerable antiquity. It formed a rectangle, its vaulted roof, bold and lofty, cut into four parts by ribs of considerable elevation, which rose from the capitals of the same number of slender pillars placed at the four corners, and met at the top, where the Florentine shield of the Guelf party formed the key-stone. The ribs were painted in cross-bars of alternate red and white; the ground was blue, sprinkled with gold stars, but was now blackened by time, and the smoke of the tapers. Opposite the entrance was the altar, with a crucifix of black wood as large as life, covered to the middle of the leg with a vest or tunic of a dark colour, embroidered with silver, resembling the *Volto Santo* at Lucca. On each side were two lighted candles. . . . The gleam reflected by the setting sun, whose rays could not penetrate directly into the interior, enlivened the painted glass of two large windows, and shed a doubtful and mysterious tint upon the chapel, in which the altar lights alone shone out distinctly.

"Near the altar the Company of Mercy had already assembled, four brethren, and one who acted as their superior, wrapped in black cloaks, with the cowl drawn down over the face, the eyes only being visible through two round holes cut in the cloth. Against the wall, in one corner, was placed their large, though portable, crucifix, on the upper limb of which a small bow was inserted, supporting a black flag, marked with two white crosses.

"When Niccolò entered, supported by the turnkeys, the brethren were reciting, in a low voice, the evening Psalms. No sooner did they see him than they approached to meet him; and as they took him out of the hands of those rascals, who retreated quickly to the door to keep guard, said,—

"God preserve you, Niccolò! Since He calls you to Himself, out of the miseries of this mortal life, we are come to assist you, and offer you all the service that we can, as our duty is, and our holy rule demands."

"And in so saying, they led him towards a bed, placed opposite the altar, where those who were condemned to death were wont to repose, if weariness, infirmity, or age required it. When Niccolò was seated, he answered,

"I thank you, brethren; God reward your charity!"

"The brethren then went to a corner of the chapel, where a little table had been prepared, and carried it to the old man, spread it neatly with a clean cloth, placed on it plates, forks, spoons, everything, in short, which was wanted for supper, except knives, which were not allowed to the condemned, and asked him when he would like to sup, and what food he desired.

"I will not load myself with food, my sons; during the few hours that remain to me, I should think of the spirit, and not of the body: however, not to weaken my strength too much, I will accept a little broth and a cup of wine; and again I thank you for all your kindness."

'Both appeared without delay; and Niccolò, who had looked very languid and worn-out when he first arrived, having taken this little refreshment, was visibly strengthened. They who were serving him, seeing that he now sat more upright, and that his eyes had no longer the feeble and exhausted expression which they had worn before, seemed to be conferring among themselves, and whispering a few words into each other's ear. At length four of them went towards the door, and stationed themselves between it and Niccolò, while the fifth sat down by him, as if to converse, which the brethren are wont to do with persons in his situation, and, putting his mouth close to his ear, said softly,—

"Messer, I have something to disclose to you . . . but be sure to make no sign, for fear these rascals of the guard should perceive it."

'Niccolò, a little astonished, said he would do as directed.

"You must know, then," replied the other, "that I am Bozza" (one of Niccolò's faithful workmen), "and the others are your Messer Bindo, Messer Lamberto, he they call Fanfulla, and a servant of theirs. Last night, just before break of day, they came to call me, and we agreed to take the turn of the brethren whose duty it was to assist you, and we are come in their stead. Under these blessed cloaks we are well armed, and we are resolved either to free you or die with you; and so, what Bozza promised you in San Marco he now keeps . . . and you shall hear how it is all to be done from Messer Lamberto, whom I will send to you; and so, a little to one and a little to another, you may talk to us all, without anything being known, for so the brethren are wont to do with the condemned."

'Before Niccolò could answer, Bozza arose, and soon after Bindo and Lamberto came and seated themselves by the old man's side; and each taking a hand by stealth, and kissing it warmly under the cowl, Lamberto said,—

"Our only fear was that you would not be able to support yourself and walk; but since, thank God! you can, we will manage the rest . . . we will fall upon those turnkeys; and if we can contrive to get rid of them at once, without their making a noise, we have a cloak of the Brethren of Mercy here, which we will throw over you, and we may get off clear. Other brethren will come . . . and it will seem that they are relieving us . . . I hope we shall succeed . . . In fact, no other hope remains . . . Many of the people are drawn up without, waiting for us, and they will help us." . . .

"Lamberto, Bindo, my sons!" said Niccolò, interrupting him, "I thank God that He has vouchsafed me a consolation which I could never have hoped for, and did not deserve . . . that of seeing you once more. I thank *you* . . . and, knowing you as I do, I knew that you would do more than you say; but I cannot accept of your brave offer, and I beg you, nay, as a father, command you, to dismiss such thoughts entirely from your minds. I would not leave this place, even if I could leave it without risk or danger to any one. Judge if I would do so, when I must risk the lives of so many—your lives, which will perhaps be spent some day for the advantage of the city! . . . And then, do you think that I find it a painful thing to die? Can anything appear hard to *me* after having lived ninety-one years in this world, after having encountered so many hardships that this poor country might be blessed with honour and happiness, and then seen it fallen into the depths of misery, without being able to offer any opposition, or find any remedy? . . . Can I fear death? . . . I long for it, my sons! . . . It is the only quiet and soothing thought which remains amidst the sorrows that oppress me: and would you take it from me? would you rob these worn-out and afflicted limbs of that repose which God at length grants, because He sees that they have suffered enough?"

'At these words the young men could not restrain their tears, and pressed him with eager entreaties to change his purpose; but assuming that aspect

of authority which no individual of his family had ever thought of resisting, Niccolò said,—

“ I fancied that, both by precept and example, I had taught you the virtues which belong to a good citizen; and . . . that you would prefer the benefit of your country to every thing else. . . . Would you have me now go to death with the grievous thought that I have not accomplished even this? Of what importance is it to the welfare of Florence that an old man of ninety-one should live a few days more or less? . . . Think of Florence, and not of me. . . . Think how *you* can leave this place in safety, you who are young, and can make the most of life. . . . Think how you may get together again the outlawed friends of the people . . . and return some day strong enough to free that country which *we* have not been able to preserve from traitors. . . . Think of this, if you are Niccolò's sons and care for his blessing. . . . Did I not see your brothers die? Did I weep or lament, or try to hinder them from doing their duty? And do you think that I loved them less than you love me! But I will not say another word, for such a contest is disgraceful both to you and me. Farewell, my sons! now let us part. We shall meet again in happiness, in that land which is won by the brave, not by cowards; in that kingdom, of which Christ Himself has said, *vim patitur et violenti rapiunt illud*.”

‘The wonderful and indomitable constancy of the brave old man was communicated like a flame, to the hearts of his two sons, who felt transported by his example to a higher region, where human affections and human sorrows remained beneath their feet. . . .

“ We shall overcome our grief,” said Lamberto, “ for your virtue will be our support . . . you shall not blush for your sons . . . and as long as life lasts, we swear to you that your will, your intentions, shall be ours.”

“ And God will bless you,” replied Niccolò, perfectly tranquillized; “ and my blessing will always accompany you; and from heaven, where, by God's goodness, I hope to have a place, my prayers will aid you! . . . But now, two other words about things here below, and then I have done with earth. Lamberto, not long ago I recommended my house to *you* . . . It is now comprised in this boy. Remember that you are brothers; love one another, help one another. . . . And you, Bindo . . . since it is God's will that you should be an orphan . . . listen to Lamberto, and form your life after his counsels. . . . I need not recommend Laudomia to you; Lamberto, she is your wife; and I know you. But Lisa! Oh! when she was born, who could have thought? But the will of God be done! . . . Poor, unhappy creature, she has more need than ever of help and comfort! For you must know” . . .

‘ And here he told his sons all that he had heard of Troilo's villany to Lisa.

‘The two young men were mute at that recital, so great was their indignation against the traitor, and their wonder at an event so contrary to their expectation; then, having first given vent to their feelings, they related to the old man, in few words, all that had happened since they parted . . . how they had left poor Laudomia under the care of the priest and Selvaggia, too sick and exhausted to be removed; and how she had insisted upon their hastening, at all events, to Florence, to try all means of saving her father; and then Niccolò had to wonder, in his turn, that human wickedness could reach to such a pitch, and that he could ever have trusted so implicitly such a scoundrel as Troilo.

“ It was God's will to chastise us, and we were blinded . . . He took away our understanding . . . *quos vult perdere dementat* . . . even in this, *fiat voluntas tua!*”

“ Now carry to my daughters . . . to Laudomia, the angel of my house, my blessing . . . to Lisa, my pardon. . . . So may God forget what she has done! . . . Take care of this poor, forsaken one . . . and let it comfort us

that the trick by which she was deceived dishonours the author of it, and not the victim." . . .

' At this moment there was a slight noise at the door. The young men turned round, as did Niccolò, leaving the sentence unfinished, and saw Bozza approach, who had been speaking a few words to some one without, and now said,—

" Fra Benedetto of San Marco is here, and has brought M. Lisa with him."

" God of heaven !" said Niccolò, filled with the liveliest joy, " how have I deserved so great a consolation ?"

' And it *was* the greatest he could experience.

" Keep a little apart, my sons," he added; " it is better that even *they* should not recognize you."

' The friar came forward, followed by Lisa, who was weeping, with her face held down, and trembling from head to foot.

" Oh, Fra Benedetto ! you have put yourself to all this trouble, perhaps exposed yourself to danger, only to come and comfort me !" — And the two old men embraced each other, remaining a considerable time in that position, while their white and venerable locks mingled in the close embrace. When they let go their hold, Niccolò saw the wretched Lisa at his feet, her forehead touching the ground. The sight of her father in that dreadful place, the terrible preparations for his death, the horrible thought that all this was *her* doing, struck her with such horrors, filled her with such desolate despair, that she could have wished to die, to be swallowed up and covered by that marble pavement on which her forehead rested, to be annihilated on the instant, if she might only escape a torment a thousand times greater than she had ever imagined. Her limbs shook with a convulsive tremor, and, covered with a cold perspiration, she uttered from time to time, in a faint voice, " Pardon—pardon !" . . .

' An enemy would have pitied her ; imagine the feelings of a father ! He would have raised her from the earth, but Fra Benedetto did not give him time. He raised her himself ; and soothing her with words of affection, in which Niccolò joined, encouraged her at length to look up. When she raised her face, and fixed her glassy and unmeaning eyes immovably on her father, the same idea struck him which before had struck Fra Benedetto, and raising his own eyes to heaven, he cried,—

" Unhappy creature ! the last and worst misfortune has come upon her ! "

' Then, taking her hand, he drew her to him, placed his other hand upon her forehead, which felt as cold as marble ; and, trying to soften his voice and looks as much as possible, said, as he laid the head of his daughter upon his bosom,—

" Here . . . poor, forlorn one ! . . . rest here . . . rest thy poor head, and warm it, on the heart of the father who has pardoned thee, and who mourns with thee. . . . How cold thou art, my poor girl ! . . . God of mercy, blot out from Thy remembrance what, in my anger, escaped my lips against this unhappy creature. . . . Remember only *my* pardon and *her* repentance ! . . . Poor girl ! she has suffered much, she has been punished enough ! . . . Lisa, my child ! . . . Take courage ; listen to me ! . . . It is thy father, who loves thee, and is trying to speak to thee of comfort."

' Lisa, who till now had never ceased trembling, and who had given no sign whether she heard the old man's consolatory words or not, seemed to revive a little, and answered,—

" I hear you, father. . . . God reward you for condescending to use me thus kindly . . . wretch that I am ! "

" Poor thing ! Come . . . come . . . take courage . . . you see we must part . . . give me the comfort of seeing you a little more like yourself, Lisa ; a little more tranquil. . . . I have pardoned you, I repeat it, and I give you my blessing. It was not your fault, poor thing ! . . . You were led into error !

... and what an error! ... Even we fell into it. ... But you have been too cruelly betrayed. ... Now ... listen ... I have something to tell you. ... It will grieve you at first, and greatly surprise you ... but it releases you from a great tie ... frees you from a great misfortune. ... Are you calm enough to hear it?"

"I am calm, father ... you see I am."

Niccolò observed the heaving of her bosom, the paleness of her countenance, and above all, that look, and was not quite re-assured; but hoping, and in fact believing, that the discovery would do her more good than harm, he said,—

"Listen to me, then, my Lisa. You know that you have been betrayed ... but you do not know the extent of the treachery. ... Now, bear in mind, before I say any more, that the shame rests with the deceiver, and not with the deceived ... therefore do not think of yourself as you never were and never could be ... you have never been anything but a modest woman ... know then ... and I could almost bid you rejoice at it ... you are not Troilo's wife ... you never were." ...

Lisa started.

"Hush! poor thing!—listen to me ... you will see ... God is perhaps opening a way for you ... Attend to me ... No, you are not his wife, he only pretended to marry you; he whom you fancied a priest, was one of his grooms. And then, not content with this, the traitor laid snares for the honour of your sister, and if a merciful God had not come to her assistance, she could not have escaped him."

And then he told her in a few words how it all happened.

"Poor thing! ... I know that this must seem horrible to you, so it did to me at first ... but reflect that it is no fault of yours, since your will had nothing to do with it ... There cannot even be shame ... It was a misfortune, a terrible misfortune, and nothing else ... But would it not be a greater misfortune to be bound to such a man for ever as his wife? ... Instead of this, you are now your own mistress ... You may ... I will not say hate him ... pardon him, my daughter, and may God pardon him also! But you may fly from him—you will not be tied to a traitor. You may live, if not happy, at least tranquil and honoured—live with your brothers, with Laudomia. Go where they go, and perhaps ... I, you see, am old ... and know that there is nothing durable here: happiness is not, neither is grief. Perhaps the time may come when the wounds of your poor heart will be healed."

While Niccolò was speaking, Lisa kept her eyes fixed on his countenance, and appeared to listen; then, suddenly clapping her hands, and pressing them firmly together, she said, with that voice which issues from a broken heart,—

"Then he never loved me, never! not even then! What he said to me was never true—not even once ... And yet, what a countenance! what angelic beauty! Oh, Troilo, how beautiful you were!"

At this moment, Niccolò, who, full of a fatal presentiment, had kept his looks fixed upon his daughter, saw, not only the pupils of her eyes, but her whole countenance suddenly change; it was as if a quite new face had been formed, the first totally disappearing as though a mask had been taken off.

The light of reason, which had been wavering before, was extinguished by this last blow. The brain of the unhappy creature was turned—she was a maniac!

She remained long immovable; then stretching out her arms, as one does in sleep or listlessness, smiled, and by the quick motion of her lips, seemed to be conversing with some one, making gestures at the same time, now with one hand, and now with the other.

Niccolò covered his face with his hands, while Fra Benedetto said in a faltering voice, for he pitied them both,—

"Now is the time, Niccolò, to remember that Jesus, our Lord, holy and innocent as he was, suffered on the Cross more than you are suffering at this moment. He suffered also *for you*, and for poor Lisa. Let us adore His judgments upon this unhappy girl—all may be for her good. We are certain that her soul was redeemed by His divine blood. From a God of so much love can we fail to hope for mercy? Let us adore Him with our faces in the dust, and say together, *Non sicut ego volo, sed sicut Tu.*"

Niccolò, who had remained till then with his hands upon his eyes, repeated, "*Non sicut ego volo, sed sicut Tu.*"

And his arms fell lifelessly upon the bed. Then, seeing Fanfulla at a little distance, who, though wrapped up, was recognised by his tall stature, he made signs to him, and said in a low voice as he drew near,—

"Lead her home, and God have mercy upon her!"

"Fanfulla went up to Lisa, and taking her hand led her towards the door, while she, like a thing devoid of sense, suffered him to turn her which way he pleased. They departed, and, as they were passing the threshold, the poor old man raised his weary arms to implore the Divine goodness for his daughter, and, as he thought of the curse which he had once called down upon her head, he said,—

"My God! my God! why hast Thou thus answered my prayer?"...

The painted windows had in the meantime lost all their colouring, and reflected no light but that of the candles at the altar, for the sky without was now quite dark. Other brethren of mercy had appeared, who, divided into two companies, one on each side the altar, were reciting psalms in a low voice not to interrupt the condemned. He had continued silent and motionless, with his head bent down, while Fra Benedetto, seated by his side, held both his hands, pressing them affectionately from time to time, but without speaking, for he thought it advisable to suffer this last terrible impression to subside a little of itself. After having remained thus some minutes, the friar said:—

"God, my dear Niccolò, gives you the opportunity of meriting much during the few hours of life which remain; for it is His will that you should suffer much. You have to do your best to bear the cross with resignation and readiness of mind. And, to quiet your mind a little about Lisa, reflect that He who cares for the sparrow on the house-top, and clothes the lily of the field, will take much more thought for a creature made after His own likeness, and whom He created neither to torture nor destroy... Consider the nature and magnitude of her afflictions... The veil which has fallen upon her intellect, is perhaps sent in mercy to blunt the edge of her sufferings... Let us adore, Niccolò, let us adore! and let us hope in *Him* who will not break the bruised reed, *calamen quassatum non confringet*. Let us hope in the author of that Divine precept of love, by which man is taught in his affliction to raise his heart to *Him*, and call Him Father."

Niccolò sighed, clasped his hands, and said, "*Non sicut ego volo, sed sicut Tu.*" Then, after a moment's thought, resumed:—

"My dear Fra Benedetto, I fully believe all you say. Can I, indeed, doubt the goodness of God when he grants me the greatest and sweetest of consolations, that of having *you* here, and listening to such words from your mouth? God's will be done with me and my poor children! I resign myself in all things to Him. Now, I have only one thing to say, one last wish to express, and then we will think only of Heaven. I would be buried to-morrow morning without any pomp, and clothed in the habit of S. Dominick, in our family vault at San Marco, near the altar of the Madonna, and would ask you to say mass for the repose of my soul."

"I promise it, Niccolò; this, and anything else that you wish, shall be done."

"Nothing else, Fra Benedetto, and I thank you... Yet, if I might ask one thing more... I am weary and in pain after so many shocks... and I

could wish to keep my thoughts fixed on God . . . but my mind is not equal to the task . . . and my head aches so violently, that it seems ready to burst. . . . I could wish, therefore, that you would let me rest a little upon your shoulder, and press my forehead with your hands . . . It seems as though it would refresh me, and I should be better able to attend to my soul."

' Fra Benedetto did not suffer him to finish the words before he took the venerable head of the old man between his hands, and laying it upon his shoulder and upon his breast, held it firmly to him, taking care, at the same time, to fix himself in such a posture as to support it for a considerable time without fatigue.

' After a few minutes Niccolò closed his eyes, and from extreme weariness, peacefully dropped asleep. The brethren, who were still reciting their office, became silent that they might not wake him, and each remained motionless in his place. This silent and terrible scene lasted nearly half an hour, and, terrible as it was, there was something sweet and celestial in the tranquillity of the old man, whose prolonged respiration was the only sound that was heard, and in the thought of how much virtue and constancy there must be in one who could thus draw near to death.

' At length a longer and deeper respiration gave sign that he was waking; in fact, he awoke entirely, and, slowly raising his head, said as he laid his hand on it,—

" You have given me the greatest relief, Fra Benedetto; may God reward you. Oh! how many things," he added, with a faint smile, "how many beautiful and heavenly things I have seen during my slumber! My God, Thou art too full of loving kindness to Thy poor servant! *Quid retribuam Domino?* Miserable creature as I am, how can I render such thanks as are due to Eternal goodness for so great a gift? Now I am full of that strength which God alone can give, that life which He alone imparts, and which can neither be injured nor destroyed."

' "Thank Him, then, for His mercy . . . let us thank Him together," said the friar, full of the sweetest delight at seeing the afflicted old man so richly comforted.

" Yes," Niccolò replied, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo!* Let us prepare to enter into His glory!"

' And then, feeling his mind more free, he desired to confess. When he had finished, preparations were made for the viaticum, and Fra Benedetto, going to the altar, ordered the candles to be lighted, and put on his sacerdotal vestments.

' The brethren, each bearing a lighted torch, placed themselves in a circle at the foot of the Prie-Dieu. Two only, Bindo and Lamberto, drew near to Niccolò, placed a cushion on the ground for him to kneel upon, and stood by his side to assist him.

' Fra Benedetto drew the pyx from the tabernacle, opened it, took out a particle of the Blessed Sacrament, and, turning round, raised his hands as high as his breast, as he pronounced the cheering and august words,—

" *Agnus Dei! qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!* "

' Niccolò meanwhile, who was on his knees, supported by his two sons, raised his white and trembling hands towards the Sacrament, while his eyes sparkled with the light of Paradise.

' He who remembers the head of S. Jerome, painted in this same attitude by Domenichino, will have a faint idea of the warmth of Divine love impressed on the countenance of Niccolò. When he saw Fra Benedetto before him in the act of holding out the consecrated wafer, he cried, shedding at the same time tears of the sweetest emotion,—

" I thank Thee, Most High God! that Thou art come to visit Thy servant, and take his immortal soul out of the miseries of this dark valley! Wash me from every stain of sin; for I repent of all my offences, and ask Thy pardon! Accept the forgiveness which, from the bottom of my heart,

I grant to all my enemies . . . to those who have robbed us of our country. . . . Bear witness, you who stand around me, that I die pardoning the Palleschi . . . I feel that I can love them as my brethren . . . and I promise to pray for them in heaven, that we may be all one day united in the heavenly Jerusalem, where all hatred will be extinguished, and we shall be transfused into the Sempiternal Love."

' All the bystanders wept; and Fra Benedetto, from the violence of the emotions which agitated him, felt his knees tremble, as he put the Sacrament between the pale lips of the old man.

' Returning to the altar, he finished the prayers; and then, having laid aside his vestments, resumed his place by the side of his friend, who, still on his knees, and supported as before by his sons, who were weeping violently, uttered from time to time, with an uplifted countenance and eyes of smiling serenity, a few brief and silent prayers.

' An hour passed thus: when the clock of the Palazzo struck the fifth hour of night, and the attendant entered, whose duty it was to be present at the execution of the sentence. He was a rough, robust man, of a stupid aspect, and said in the usual way, as he drew near to Niccolò,—

' "Messer, I must do my duty, and I ask your pardon."

' "On the contrary, I thank you, you are opening to me the gate of Paradise."

' And Niccolò embraced him: then, turning to Fra Benedetto, he said,—

' "Be pleased to cut off these few hairs on my neck . . . It is the last trouble that I shall give you."

' They sent for a pair of scissors, and Niccolò's white hair was cut off, and collected together by the Friar, who, at a sign from the old man, gave it to him. Watching his opportunity, Niccolò put it unobserved under Bindo's cloak, and into his hand, which he pressed: and the poor old man concentrated in that pressure all the intense love that he had borne, and still bore, to this his last and youngest son.

' Another hour passed . . . it struck six . . . and ten tipstiffs entered, bearing lighted torches. Fra Benedetto, the sons, all understood the signal, and started. Niccolò alone remained tranquil and serene as before. He rose with some assistance, and turning to the brethren who surrounded him, and who had lifted the crucifix from the ground in order to bear it before him, said twice, with a face all smiles,—

' "Farewell! farewell!"

' They began their march. Bindo supported Niccolò on one side, Fra Benedetto on the other, Lamberto supported him behind. The friar held before him a picture of the crucifix, suggesting to him prayers and devout aspirations, now in Latin, now in the vulgar tongue.

' Niccolò's step was firm and free, neither too quick nor too slow.

' When they reached the door at the top of the great staircase, the courtyard was seen illuminated by a great number of torches, and entirely surrounded by tipstiffs and soldiers with their halberts, all silent, with eyes up-turned towards the condemned prisoner.

' He descended in the manner before described, and having reached the centre of the court, where the block was placed, and where the executioner was standing with a shining axe held in both hands, he stopped, and said,—

' "When I have laid my head on the block, give me a moment that I may recommend my soul to God."

' Then, turning his eyes round upon all, he said in a clear, distinct voice:

' "I pardon all my enemies, and pray God to accept this my death for the preservation of my country."

' He then knelt, and laid his head on the block.

' Bindo and Lamberto shut their eyes, and there was a moment of profound silence . . . then a dead, firm stroke. They opened their eyes again; and the trunk was on the ground on one side of the block, the sacred head

on the other. The face, which was upturned, was of surpassing whiteness and still wore a smile.

‘ They had yet strength enough to move ; and having lifted up the body, they laid it on the bier, placing the head in its proper position, and so clean was the cut, that it only seemed as if a crimson ribbon encircled the neck. . . .

‘ On the morning of the 16th of August, before daybreak, the bell of San Marco tolled for a funeral. In the interior of the church, and in its centre, was placed a bier, with four iron candlesticks at the corners. Fra Benedetto was saying mass at the altar, dressed in black. . . . In the coffin was the corpse of Niccolò clad in the habit of S. Dominick. So white and serene was his countenance, that it seemed as if he only slept.

‘ Lamberto, Bindo, Fanfulla, Maurice, Bozza, and a crowd of artisans and common people, were praying around on their knees, silent and motionless, except that they wiped their eyes from time to time with the back of their hands.

‘ When mass and the obsequies were finished, some men belonging to the convent came, and lifted up with iron bars the stone which covered a vault before the altar of the Madonna. Lamberto, Bindo, and the rest, took up the body in the sheet on which it lay, and without discomposing it, let it down carefully into the tomb. The stone was then put back into its place. The poor artisans prayed and wept a little over it, and then went away one by one, till nobody remained in the church but Bindo, Lamberto, Fanfulla, and Maurice.

‘ The two brothers, kneeling upon the stone which covered Niccolò, took each other by the hand, and Lamberto said in a loud, firm voice,—

‘ “ We swear to God, and to thee, father ! as long as life lasts, to use our utmost efforts to restore liberty to Florence, and never to lay aside our arms, but oppose her enemies to the death.”

‘ They then arose, and quitted the church.’ . . .

This is a wonderful scene. Its exceeding severity almost pierces one like cold air when one reads it, and one feels in another region of the pathetic altogether from the human sentimental one, yet its pathos seems to us unrivalled.

The brothers redeemed their pledge. Lamberto followed with of Bindo and Fanfulla, as long as the latter lived, the fortunes the Florentine exiles. Never was a sword raised in Italy against the dominion of the Medici, but it was accompanied with that of Lamberto. It was not till every hope was extinct, that he retired with his wife to Genoa, where they lived as happily as they *can* live, who have lost their country, and seen it miserable and degraded. Bindo and Fanfulla fell, one in battle, another in a ludicrous but fatal skirmish with *Maurice*, which we think one of D'Azèglio's very few mistakes, for it somewhat mars the serious interest of the story. The body of Bindo was buried honourably. On his breast was found a lock of white hair. It was his father's, which he always carried about him, as a sign of the oath taken at his tomb. It showed that he had kept his faith, for it was moist and red with his blood. They who buried the corpse respected this memorial, and placed it upon his bosom before they filled up the grave. Lisa, who, with her child, had been brought from Florence to her

sister, continued but a short time under her care. With that sense of cunning which so often survives the intellect, she escaped the vigilance of her attendant, and was never heard of more. Fifty years afterwards, indeed, there was found by some hunters, among the wild rocks of San Marcello, an old woman covered with rags, but not dirty and neglected like those whose trade is beggary. Her hair was dishevelled, and fell around her like a silver veil. Her countenance was pale and emaciated, and her look mournful and depressed. 'She was on her knees at the entrance of one of the caves, before a rude cross of chestnut, the two branches of which were held together by a twig of osier. She neither moved nor turned at the approach of the hunters, who stopped to look at her with wonder and reverence. From time to time they heard her sigh and say, "My God! my God! I have wept for him so many years! . . . Hast Thou not pardoned him at last?" . . . And then, after remaining silent a few moments, she repeated her prayer, and always in the same words. . . . By the country people in general she was esteemed a saint, but no one could tell who she was or whence she came. . . . After trying in vain to lead her to live in an inhabited place, they had contrived a kind of rude bed for her in the cave, and sometimes one, sometimes another, brought her the means of subsistence. . . . At last they found her one day lying on her bed, as white and cold as alabaster, and having ascertained that she had departed, buried her in consecrated ground at San Marcello.'

Selvaggia remains with Lamberto and Laudomia, but the arrangement, as may well be imagined, tends to their mutual unhappiness: without one unworthy feeling on either side, their position naturally leads to mistakes and misapprehensions, which at length become intolerable even to the poor courtesan. One evening she disappears, leaving behind her this touching note:—

' "My last hope of peace is in that God whom you have made known to me. I go to pray upon His tomb, in that land where He was willing to die for our salvation. I shall carry you thither still in my heart, *you* who of all the world have loved me, and given me . . . what you *could*. Alas! I wanted more. I leave you my blessing. Pray that God may give me peace, and an end to my sufferings. I will pray for your life and happiness. *Your SELVAGGIA.*' "

Two years after this, Lamberto and Laudomia are summoned one evening to the Madonna di Quercia by a dying woman, who had been put ashore that day in a state of extreme weakness, and, having striven in vain to reach Serravezza in a litter, had made them lay her down at the door of the church under some cypresses.

'The night was serene, the moon resplendent, casting the dark shadow of the cypresses on the white front of the little church. They saw, while

yet at a distance, the bed and the woman who was lying on it. At her side was a priest, and at her feet a countryman holding a lighted candle. In a moment they were by her side, pressing in both their hands those of poor Selvaggia, whom they scarcely recognized, so changed was she, and almost wasted to a shadow.

'She gazed long on Laudomia and Lamberto, and her ardent and noble heart seemed to be all transfused in that last gaze. She was silent a moment as if to collect the little strength that remained; then, in a voice broken by the agony of death, said,—

"I have never found peace . . . as you may believe . . . never! . . . I felt instead . . . increasing in my heart . . . death . . . I feared I . . . should not get . . . as far as . . . here . . . but I have . . . Blessed be God! . . . Bless you both! . . . the only ones who ever loved . . . the poor courtesan. . . . Lamberto, lay your hand . . . upon my forehead . . . it was my last wish . . . on the banks of the Po . . . that night . . . call me yours. . . . Pardon me, Laudomia . . . I love him now—as they love in heaven."

'As Lamberto placed his hand upon her forehead, he felt it growing cold, a smile passed over her lips, and death fixed it there. Lamberto and his wife wept long over the cold and lifeless body of her to whom much should be pardoned, because she loved much; then buried her with honour in the little churchyard.'

In spite of the imperfection of our analysis, and the boldness of our translation, we think that we have done enough to show that this magnificent romance deserves to be better known to the English reader. In the mean time, many characters, which figure prominently in the story, both among the Palleschi and the Piagnoni, we have either omitted entirely, or passed over with only a slight allusion. Many scenes of equal, if not superior beauty, to those which we have extracted, occur here and there in the work. But, that we might not swell our article beyond all reasonable bounds, we have confined ourselves to such characters and situations as were immediately connected with Niccolò and his family. Even as it is, we fear that we have transgressed the limits usually prescribed to such subjects, from the desire to do adequate justice to D'Azèglio's sublime conception. '*Niccolò de' Lapi*' in the original, is the charm and delight of all Italian readers; and well, in our opinion, is its celebrity deserved. We are aware that there are not a few who will see in the work before us little more than a factious attempt to undermine the aristocracy of all countries, and erect a turbulent democracy upon its ruins. We do not envy such feelings; neither do we believe that they have any foundation. Though the works of D'Azèglio breathe the warmest spirit of civil and religious liberty, there is nothing in them of the reckless character of the demagogue. Accordingly, even in Italy, they have been published under the eye of the civil authorities, and have circulated widely, and been read with avidity, without any attempt having been made for their suppression, while their author enjoys not only liberty but estimation, and is

countenanced and befriended by others besides the *people*, whose cause he has so nobly advocated. Doubtless such works as these owe a portion of their celebrity to the impulse of the popular mind, and to a state of things in which exclusive persons and exclusive privileges will find it difficult to stand their ground either here or elsewhere. It is, however, the glory of the *English* aristocracy that they are *not* an exclusive class, cut off from general sympathy, but one connected with the classes below them in personal interest, social intercourse, benevolent exertion, and an honest downright desire to promote the welfare and happiness of the great and universal human family. Such men need not wince at the historical records of a by-gone system whose baseness and atrocity can return no more. Meanwhile, should here and there one still be found, who abuses his high station, or his local influence, or his commanding wealth, for the purposes of oppression or debasement, it is good that he should know, not only the 'signs of the times,' but the lessons of a purer and nobler truth than he dreams of in his philosophy; and learn that, while he is exposed to the watchful eyes of men whom the glare and glitter of external station have ceased to deceive, he is amenable to a tribunal compared with which the eyes of an assembled universe would be as nothing.

But it is not so much in their political, as in their religious bearing, that the novels of D'Azèglio address themselves to our deepest sympathies. The lesson which they teach is that of self-sacrifice. In an age which, in spite of its great and manifold improvements, is an age of egotism, they show us that there is something superior to our personal well-being. They prove to us that high, and what may be called by many abstract principles, are not a delusion; that the external is inferior to the internal man; that the accidents of worldly position are but for a time, while the essentials, connected with the perfection of the human character, are for eternity. In fact, D'Azèglio's aim is embodied in the description of his own *Lamberto*, and the high-minded men of his age and country. They saw before them a life of labour and trouble, but they determined to meet them resolutely, and found repose in the consoling idea of fulfilling a sacred duty. They prepared to suffer with that readiness and joy which religion alone can give, because *it* alone can teach the heart of man that suffering is a blessing. The men of that age, stained as it was with blood, and darkened by crime, were free from the guilt of believing in nothing except gold and the pleasures it can purchase. Their loves and their hatreds were indeed furious and excessive, but it was for this very reason, that they believed there were things which deserved either one or the other. The poisonous breath

of indifference, of doubt, admitted as a principle, had not congealed their hearts. They could throb in freedom and security. They were taught, by the faith which they had embraced, to sacrifice every thing for its sake, to follow it and make it triumph. They could say with uplifted brow, 'We believe that there are 'in the world things higher, more worthy, more estimable, than 'riches, pleasures, self-interest;' and they did not fear that their words would be answered with irony, that their noble sacrifice would be received with the smile of scorn or compassion. They did not think that life is a journey without an end, virtue a dream, the practice of it a labour without compensation. They did not see in human beings a pack of knaves or fools, in death the end of suffering, and after death—nothing. The time was yet far distant when poetry and literature would call him brave and magnanimous who gives way to his passions—him weak and contemptible who has learned to subdue them.

ART. VI.—*History of the Girondists ; or, Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution. From unpublished Sources.* By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Translated by N. T. RYDE ; with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. London : Henry G. Bohn, 1848.

‘As to the title of this book,’ says M. de Lamartine in his Preface, ‘we have only assumed it, as being unable to find any other which can so well define this recital, which has none of the pretensions of history, and, therefore, should not affect its gravity. It is an intermediate work between history and memoirs. Events do not herein occupy so much space as men and ideas. It is full of private details, and details are the physiognomy of characters, and by them they engrave themselves on the imagination. Great writers have already written the records of this memorable epoch, and others still to follow will write them also. It would be an injustice to compare us with them. They have produced, or will produce, the history of an age. We have produced nothing more than a study of a group of men, and a few months of the Revolution.’

The fact, we suspect, is, that M. de Lamartine set out with the intention of writing a history of the Girondins, who then happened to be the idols of his changeful fancy ; but, discovering as he proceeded that the Girondins really had no history of sufficient interest and importance to make a book, and finding that ‘familiarity’ with them ‘bred contempt,’ he enlarged his subject, took in the whole of the political movement of which the adventures of the Girondins form an insignificant part, and brought into the foreground those Titans of the Revolution to whose superior bulk and power his affections had been gradually transferred.

‘Incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum,
Maluit esse Deum.’

He began a worshipper of Vergniaud and Madame Roland, he ended a Jacobin ; he sat down to write the memoirs of the Girondins, he produced a history of the Revolution. But as he could not wholly recast the work, he still begins with the entrance of the Girondins into public life, and we have a history of the Revolution, continued, indeed, to its natural termination, the fall of Robespierre, but commencing with the death of Mirabeau ! The gathering of the avalanche, and the first part of its cause, are out of sight ; when it first comes upon our view it is rolling at full speed, and half way down the mountain.

The book, as it now appears in its eight formidable octavos, presents, not, as M. de Lamartine euphemistically suggests, a new form of narrative intermediate between history and biography, which, indeed, would be a strange kind of literary nondescript, but simply a confusion of the two ordinary species,—history the most comprehensive intermixed with biography the most minute. We find recorded with equal exactness the state of Europe, and the state of Marat's linen; the conferences at Pilnitz, and the conversations in the *salon* of Madame Roland; the debates of the Convention, and the loves and dinners of its members.

Of the strictly historical portions of the work little need be said at present. It is very confused, wanting in even chronological coherence and method, and encumbered to an inordinate extent with petty details of diplomacy which it might be highly instructive to forget. It is also characterized to an extreme degree by that spirit of exaggeration and reaching after theatrical effect which is the besetting sin of all French historians—especially of all French historians of the Revolution. But to this part of the subject we will revert hereafter.

The biographical portion, and those personal details which are akin to biography, constitute the real interest of the book. Not that, even here, we place any great reliance on M. de Lamartine's *facts*. He does not condescend to mention his authorities, and we suspect that the *unpublished sources*, if narrowly investigated, would be found to resolve themselves mainly into one unpublished and unpublishable source,—his own prolific imagination. To strict prosaic accuracy, indeed, he can hardly be said to pretend. The romance is too open and undisguised. Thoughts and actions, that which was whispered in the ear and that which was proclaimed upon the housetop, that which was suffered in the solitary cell and that which was done in the Assembly or the battle-field,—all is narrated with the same circumstantial accuracy and the same unhesitating assurance. We are very willing, however, to believe that M. de Lamartine's zealous study of all the memoirs and traditions of the actors and victims of the Revolution, and the intimacy at which he sometimes hints with their descendants and connexions, may have opened to him some sources of authentic information of a personal nature; for he abounds in interesting anecdotes and traits of character, and, fallen from his early faith, and Revolutionist as he is, there is a certain chivalrous generosity in his nature which leads him to lavish all the powers of his eloquence, and all the brilliancy of his colouring, upon the heroism of the sufferers. For the royal victims he is full of love and pity, and labours, not in vain, to excite the love

and pity of his readers. From this portion of his work we propose to make a few extracts.

What Mephistophiles says to the student in Faust may be applied with literal truth to Louis XVI.: 'Woe to thee that thou art a grandson!' He inherited a revolution; and as the vices of his ancestors had foredoomed him to be a victim, his own virtues made him fit to be a martyr. He could do nothing; and we believe that, in spite of all those historical critics who are wise after the event, there was nothing to be done: much was to be suffered, and he could suffer well. In that passive courage which often belongs more to the weak nature than to the strong, to woman than to man, to the Oriental than to the European, Louis XVI. has had few rivals. It enabled him to meet with composure and dignity not only death, but insults and humiliation more bitter to a king than death itself. On the memorable 20th of June, for example, when the mob of Paris, instigated by the Girondins, and led by the ruffians whom they had summoned from Marseilles, had broken into the Tuilleries, and forcing the apartment of the king, presented their pikes and muskets at his breast, he stood calm and self-possessed as though he had been in the midst of a crowd of courtiers receiving a deputation at Versailles.

'The king was in a deep recess of the centre window; Aclogne, Vaunot, D'Hervilly, twenty volunteers and national guards, made him a rampart with their bodies. Some of the officers drew their swords. "Put your swords into their scabbards," said the king calmly; "this multitude is more excited than guilty." One of the multitude handed a *bonnet-rouge* to Louis XVI. at the end of a pike. "Let him put it on! let him put it on!" exclaimed the mob; "it is the sign of patriotism; if he puts it on we will believe in his good faith." The king made a signal to one of his grenadiers to hand him the *bonnet-rouge*, and smiling he put it on his head; and then arose shouts of *Vive le Roi*.'

Alas! monarchy with a *bonnet-rouge* upon its head was precisely that impossible combination which Lafayette and the Constitutionals had been vainly endeavouring to uphold. Monarchy with a *bonnet-rouge*, and Religion with a tri-coloured scarf—such was the constitution of '89. The poor king himself had at last begun to believe it feasible: the queen's instinct taught her better. She knew that Monarchy must wear its crown or die.

'Fresh orators mounting on the shoulders of their comrades, demanded incessantly of the king, sometimes by entreaties, sometimes with threats, to promise the recall of Roland, (the Girondin chief), and the sanction of the decrees (against the emigrants and non-juring priests). Louis XVI., invincible in his constitutional resistance, eluded, or refused to acquiesce in the injunctions of the malcontents. "Guardian of the prerogative of the executive power, I will not surrender to violence," he answered; "this is not the moment for deliberation, when it is impossible to deliberate

freely." "Do not fear, sire," said a grenadier of the national guard to him. "My friend," replied the king, taking his hand and placing it on his breast, "place your hand there, and see if my heart beats quicker than usual." This action, and the language of unshaken intrepidity, seen and heard in the crowd, had its effect on the rebels.' . . .

'A fellow in tatters, holding a bottle in his hand, came towards the king, and said, "If you love the people drink to their health!" Those who surrounded the prince, afraid of poison as much as the poignard, entreated the king not to drink. Louis XVI., extending his arm, took the bottle, raised it to his lips, and drank to the nation.'

The 10th of August came, the Tuilleries were again stormed; the Swiss guards, after a gallant resistance, overpowered and brutally massacred; the king conducted to the Assembly, doomed to listen to the debate on his own dethronement, loaded with cowardly insults, imprisoned with the rest of the royal family, first in the monastery of the Feuillants, and finally in the Temple. From the steeple of the St. Germain l'Auxerrois the first signal had been given for the massacre of S. Bartholomew; from that same steeple was the tocsin first rung for the storming of the Tuilleries on the 10th of August; and the gloomy court-yards and blackened towers of the Temple recalled, with the name of its slaughtered order, one of the darkest pages in the annals of the French Church and monarchy. But the hour of expiation was also the hour of triumphant martyrdom. Raised now above the region of perplexity and doubt, his course one and clear, his conscience fairly engaged, his duty to God, to the Church, and to his people, manifest,—the nobler part of the king's nature shone forth in full lustre, and his conduct, from the first day of his imprisonment to the last moment of his life, is full of Christian constancy, patience, and magnanimity. In one particular only he has by some been thought to have betrayed a want of dignity. When arraigned before the Assembly, he pleaded and entered on his defence, departing therein from the example of Charles I., who had refused to recognise the Court of High Commission. But we must remember that the two kings stood in very different relations to the tribunals before which they were respectively brought: Louis had already recognized the Assembly as a lawfully existing power; he had, in all senses, put on the *bonnet-rouge*. This, it may be said, merely throws back the blame upon his previous conduct. Possibly; but his previous conduct proceeded from a sincere, however erring, desire to make his people happy; and unless it can be shown that he acted, in this particular instance, from an unworthy love of life, we shall not consider that he derogated from the dignity of a character which must always rest its claims to veneration on moral, not on intellectual qualities.

All his powers of endurance were not too much for that which he was called upon to bear:—

‘ At each story (of a gloomy tower in the Temple) a portion of the royal family and their servants was lodged. Madame Elizabeth in a kitchen, with a truckle bed in it, on the ground floor : the men in waiting on the second, and the king on the third floor ; a wooden bed without curtains, and a few seats, were the only furniture of the room. The walls were bare except *some coarse pictures*.

‘ Rocher (one of the keepers) was one of those men for whom misfortune was a sport, and who growled at victims as curs do at rags. He had been chosen for his bulky stature, his malevolent look, and hang-dog features. Hideously ugly, insolence in his look, grossness in his gestures, foulness in his language, with a hairy cap, a long beard, a hoarse and hollow voice, reeking with the smell of tobacco and wine, the fumes of his pipe, which he incessantly smoked,—all combined to make him the visible incarnation of the dungeon. He trailed a heavy sabre along the pavement and staircases. From a leathern girdle was suspended an enormous bunch of keys, the noise of which, as he clashed them on purpose, the rattling of the bolts, which he was drawing and undrawing the whole day long, pleased him as other men are pleased by the music and clanking of arms. It seemed as though this music, whilst it bespoke his importance, made captivity sound more dismally in the ears of his prisoners. When the royal family went out for their noonday walk, Rocher, pretending to be looking for the proper key, and trying the locks in vain, made the king and the princesses wait behind him. Scarcely was the door of the first wicket open than he descended with all haste, brushing rudely with his elbow against the king and queen, whilst he advanced to place himself as a watchman at the last gate. There, standing erect, obstructing the free passage, examining their countenances, he puffed from his pipe clouds of smoke in the faces of the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the princess royal.

‘ These outrages, applauded by his brutal comrades, encouraged him to their daily renewal. The national guard on duty assembled daily to witness the repetition of the turnkey’s insult to royal dignity. Whilst those who in their hearts resented it, dared not avow their indignation, others offered every insult and mark of disrespect. Shouts of laughter, gross epithets, obscene remarks and songs, followed the king and the princesses. Some wrote on the walls brutal comments on the stoutness of the king, the illness of the queen, or threats of death to the children, as *whelps, who ought to be strangled before they were grown to an age to devour the people*.

‘ They (the royal family) heard, almost at the foot of the tower, the howling of the assassins of September, desiring to force the *consignes*, cut off the queen’s head, or, at the very least, display at her feet the mutilated trunk of the Princess Lamballe. The 24th of September, at four in the afternoon, the king being asleep after his dinner, by the side of the princesses, who were silent that they might not disturb his slumber, a municipal officer, whose name was Lulin, came accompanied by an escort of mounted gendarmerie, and a tumultuous crowd of people, to proclaim at the foot of the tower the abolition of royalty, and the establishment of the republic. The princesses did not desire to rouse the king : they related the proclamation to him on his awaking. “ My kingdom,” said he to the queen, with a sorrowful smile, “ has passed away like a dream, but it was not a happy dream ! God had imposed it on me ; my people discharge me from it. May France be happy ! I will not complain.” On the evening of the same day, Manuel having come to visit the prisoners, “ You know,” said he to king, “ democratic principles triumph ; that the people have abolished royalty, and have adopted a republican government ? ” “ I have heard it,” replied the king, with serene indifference, “ and I have made vows that the republic may be for the good of the people. I have never placed myself between them and their happiness.”

The King yet retained his sword, the sceptre of a gentleman in France, as M. de Lamartine calls it, and the insignia of the orders of chivalry, of which he was the chief. Of these the Republicans resolved to strip him; and this resolution was accordingly conveyed to him by Manuel:—

‘The fiery (loathsome) Hébert, afterwards so famous (unspeakably infamous) under the name of Pere Duchesne, then a member of the Commune, had asked to be on service this day, to rejoice in that rare derision of fate, and to contemplate, in the king’s features, the moral torment of degraded royalty. Hébert scrutinized with his eye, and with a cruel smile, the countenance of the king. The calmness of the man in the features of the dethroned sovereign disappointed the curiosity of Hébert.’

Not content with having thus surrounded the King with wretches who ‘thought they saved their country every time they drew a tear,’ the Commune at last ordered him to be torn from the Queen and his family, and imprisoned by himself in the great Tower of the Temple. Here he was attended only by the faithful Cléry, once a revolutionist, whom Petion had made the king’s keeper, and compassion had made his friend:—

‘A morsel of bread, insufficient for the nourishment of two persons, and a small bottle of water, into which the juice of a lemon had been squeezed, was on that day (the first day of his separate confinement) all the breakfast brought to the king. The prince advanced towards his servant, broke the bread, and presented him the half of it. “They have forgotten that we are yet two,” said the king to him, “but I do not forget it; take this, the remainder is enough for me.” Cléry refused; the king insisted. The servant at last took the half of the bread from his master. His tears bedewed the morsels which he carried to his mouth; the king saw these tears, and could not restrain his own. They ate thus, weeping and regarding each other without speaking, the bread of tears and equality.’

The King fell ill:—

‘Cléry watched in his master’s chamber every night; but no sooner was he convalescent than Cléry fell dangerously ill, and was unable to attend on the dauphin. The child passed the whole day in the dark and cold chamber of Cléry, giving his medicine, and performing all those offices for him which his tender age rendered possible. The king himself, during the night, watching the moment when the commissary was asleep, went with naked feet, and in his shirt, to carry him some medicine.’

Meanwhile, the Jacobins, overbearing with the concentrated and single-minded energy of perfect wickedness the great majority of the Convention and the French people, who shrunk from the last atrocities, were driving fast towards the practical realisation of their favourite maxim ‘*There is no victim more agreeable to the gods than an immolated king.*’ Gamain had betrayed the secret of the iron chest, containing the king’s papers, among others the secret treaty of the court with Mirabeau, and positive proofs of the corruption of the great revolu-

tionary chief, whose ashes were accordingly ejected from the Pantheon. The king was condemned in the Convention and then tried. Robespierre had the black virtue to ridicule the hypocrisy which talked of justice, and to declare, with little disguise, that the king was doomed to death by revenge and fear. The forms of a trial were, however, to be enacted. Louis XVI. was paraded from the temple to the bar of the Convention, surrounded by all the appanages of that ferocious puerility which is characteristic of the French nature, in the midst of an army of soldiers drawn up in battle array, and furnished with sixteen rounds of ammunition. There his accusation, which imputed to him, in many counts, and under varied expressions, the crime of being a dethroned king, was read to him; and he was allowed to choose counsel for his defence. Old Malesherbes heroically volunteered to undertake that fatal office. A disciple of Rousseau, and the friend and favourite of Voltaire, Malesherbes paid an unconscious homage to Christianity in the person of his royal client. 'If the King,' said he, when it was suggested that he might convey to his client the means of suicide, 'were of the religion of the philosophers, were he a Cato or a Brutus, he might kill himself; but he is pious, he is a Christian, he knows that religion forbids him to take away his own life, and he will not commit suicide.' In drawing up his defence the King's predominant wish evidently was to clear his memory from reproach. Of acquittal or mercy he despaired. In pleading before the Convention he pleaded to mankind. Having finished the preparation of his defence, he made a will in which he had little to bequeath save prayer for all, advice to his family, thanks to his friends, forgiveness to his enemies. It is a document in its way unrivalled; and if M. de Malesherbes read it, as he doubtless did, he must have been again struck with a remarkable contrast between the religion of Christ and the 'religion of the philosophers.' It is needless to repeat the details of the trial—the sanguinary levity and cowardly ferocity of the murderers, the calm bearing of the victim, and the devotion of his advocates—the *gods*, true gods of a French republican's worship, swarming round the altar of *sacrifice*, and yelping for innocent blood—the night scene of the *appel nominal*, with republican women in tri-coloured scarfs pricking down the votes on their cards, and servants handing round ice and lemonade above, while demon passions doomed a king to death in the dim-lit hall below. In all Paris, during the days of the trial, of the debates which ensued, and the *appel nominal*, there was but one peaceful spot. To that spot Malesherbes at length is wending, the bearer of long-expected tidings.

'On the morning of the 19th of January 1793, the gates of the tower opened, and the king saw M. de Malesherbes come towards him. He rose, and advanced to meet his old friend, who, falling at the king's feet, bedewed them with his tears, remaining for a long time unable to speak. Like the painter of old, who veiled the visage of grief from a fear that he could not adequately express the agony of the human heart, Malesherbes, mute with his tongue, endeavoured to make his attitude and silence convey the words which he shuddered to pronounce. The King understood him, uttered *the* word without a change of countenance, raised his friend, pressed him to his heart, and seemed only absorbed in his attempts to console and assure the venerable messenger who brought his death warrant. He inquired, with calm curiosity, and as though not personally affected, the particulars, number of votes, the vote of certain individuals of the Convention whom he knew. He inquired how his cousin the Duc d'Orleans had voted. Malesherbes having informed him, he remarked, "Ah, that affects me more than any of the others!" It was the comment of Cæsar when he recognised the countenance of Brutus among his murderers. He alone roused him to speak.'

It is satisfactory to know that the unnatural crime of the Duc d'Orleans shocked and disgusted even Robespierre himself, and rather hastened than retarded the destruction of the perpetrator.

Respite was refused; but, after much demurring, a confessor was granted. With M. Edgeworth the King passed the night before his execution, first in confession and religious preparation for the sacrament, which he was to receive on the following morning, then in 'calm and long conversation on the events of the last few months,' 'inquiring after the fate of several of 'his friends, lamenting their sufferings, and rejoicing at their 'flight and safety; speaking of all, not with the indifference of 'a man who is quitting his country for ever, but with all the 'interest and curiosity of a traveller who, after a long absence, 'inquires after all those whom he has left.' The hours of night were now fast wearing away. Seven o'clock approached, when the King was to have a last interview with his family.

'The queen and princesses had learnt during the day, the refusal of the respite, and the order for execution within twenty-four hours from the public criers, who bawled the sentence through every street in Paris. All hope was now extinguished, and all their anxiety was now confined to one doubt,—would the king die without having seen, embraced, and blessed them? One last outbreak of tenderness, one last embrace, one last word and look to treasure up; all their hopes, desires, and supplications, were bounded there. Grouped since the morning in silence and tears in the Queen's apartment, they only learnt late in the evening the decree of the Convention, permitting them to see the king. This was a joy amidst all their despair, and they prepared themselves for it long before the time. Pressing round the door, questioning the commissioners and gaolers, it seemed to them that their impatience would hasten the hours, and that the beating of their hearts would force the doors to open sooner.'

'The king, though in appearance more calm, was in reality no less agitated. He had never had but one affection—his wife; one friendship—his sister; one joy in his life—his children. These tendernesses, distracted and chilled, though never extinguished on the throne, had been warmed

and revived in his heart since the attacks of adversity, and more than ever since his captivity. One idea troubled this interview beforehand,—the idea that this last interview, in which nature would vent itself with the freedom of despair and the *abandon* of tenderness, would be watched by the gaolers; that the most secret emotions of the husband, wife, mother, sister, father, daughter, and son would be counted, and perhaps criminated, by their enemies. The king availed himself of the terms of the decree of the Convention, to demand that the interview should take place in private. The commissioners, responsible to the Commune, and who at the same time did not venture openly to disobey the Convention, deliberated how they could reconcile the intentions of the decree with the rigour of the law, and it was agreed that this interview should take place in the *salle à manger*, which opened by a glass door into the commissioner's apartment, who could thus still watch the king, and by this means, though their gestures and tears would be profaned by the presence of strangers, their words at least would be unheard. The king, a short time before the hour appointed for the interview, left his confessor in the turret, and descended into the *salle à manger*, to prepare it for this last farewell. "Bring some water and a glass," said he to his attendant. A carafe of iced water stood on the table. Cléry pointed to it. "Bring some water which is not iced," said the king; "if the queen drank that, it might be injurious to her."

The door at last opened; the queen, leading her son by the hand, threw herself into his arms, and strove to lead him to her chamber. "No, no," whispered the king, clasping his wife to his heart; "I can only see you here."

Madame Elizabeth followed with the princess royal; and Cléry closed the door after them. The king gently forced the queen to seat herself on his right, and his sister on his left, and he then sat down between them, so close that their arms encircled his neck, and their heads rested on his breast. The princess royal, her long hair hanging dishevelled over her shoulders, laid her head in his lap, and the dauphin was seated on his father's knee, and had one arm round his neck.

'These five persons thus grouped, their faces hidden on the king's breast, formed in the eyes of the spectators one mass of heads, of members, from whence escaped in caresses and murmurs of anguish the despair of these five souls joined in one, to burst forth and die in a single embrace.

'More than half an hour elapsed without a single word being spoken; it was a lamentation in which the voices of father, wife, sister, and children were lost in the general sorrow, and at intervals burst forth into cries so shrill, so agonising, that they penetrated through the walls of the Temple, and were heard in the adjacent *quartière*. At length physical weakness caused them to cease, tears dried on their eyes, and a conversation in whispers, interrupted by kisses and embraces, lasted for two hours. No one overheard these confidences of a dying man to the survivors; the tomb swallowed them up in a few months. The princess royal alone guarded the traces in her memory, and revealed in after years what confidence, policy, and death can reveal, of the tenderness of a father, the conscience of a dying man, and the secret instructions of a king. Mutual recital of their thoughts during their separation; repeated recommendations of sacrificing all vengeance to God, if ever the fickleness of the people, which is the fortune of kings, should place his enemies in their power; supernatural soarings of the mind of Louis XVI. to heaven; sudden outbreaks of tenderness at the sight of those beloved beings whose arms seemed to enfold and detain him on earth; vague hopes exaggerated by a pious fraud to alleviate the sorrow of the queen; resignation to the will of God, sublime prayers that his life should not cost the nation one drop of blood; lessons

rather Christian than royal, given and repeated to his son,—all this, mingled with kisses, tears, embraces, prayers, and more secret and tender advice whispered in the queen's ear, occupied the two hours of this melancholy interview. Nothing could be heard but a confused and gentle murmur. The commissioners cast a furtive glance from time to time through the glass door, as though to warn the king that time was rapidly wearing away.

‘When at last they had given vent to their tenderness and tears, the king rose, clasped them all in a long embrace. The queen threw herself at his feet, and entreated him to permit them to remain with him through the night: this, however, he refused through tenderness for them, alleging, in excuse, the necessity of a few hours' tranquillity to prepare himself for the morrow, but he promised his family to have them summoned the next morning at eight. “Why not at seven?” said the queen. “Well, then, at seven,” replied the king. “You promise us?” cried they all; “Yes, I promise you,” repeated the king. The queen, as she crossed the ante-chamber, hung round the king's neck; the princess royal and Madame Elizabeth encircled him with their arms, whilst the dauphin, holding a hand of his father and mother, gazed earnestly at the former. As they approached the staircase, their cries redoubled; at last, the king retreated a few paces, and stretching out his arms to the queen, “Adieu—adieu,” cried he, with a gesture and voice which revealed at once a whole past life of tenderness, a present of anguish, a future of eternal separation, but in which could be distinguished an accent of serenity, hope, and religious joy, which seemed to indicate the vague, yet confident hope of a re-union in a better world.

‘At this adieu the princess royal fainted at her father's feet. Her mother, aunt, and Cléry, raised and carried her to the stairs, whilst the king covered his face with his hands, and turning on the threshold of his chamber, “Adieu,” cried he, in a broken voice, as he closed the door, and hastened to the turret, where the priest awaited him. The agony of royalty was over.

‘The king exhausted, sat down on a chair, and remained for a long time unable to utter a word. “Ah! Monsieur,” he said at length, to the Abbé Edgeworth, “what an interview I have had! Why do I love so fondly? Alas!” he added after a pause, “and why am I so fondly loved? But we have done with time,” he added, in a firm tone; “let us occupy ourselves with eternity.”

With eternity the king was occupied, when—

‘The day began to dawn in the tower through the iron bars and planks which obstructed the light of heaven. There were distinctly heard the noise of the drums beating in all quarters, the *rappel* for the citizens to get under arms, the trampling of the horses of the *gendarmérie*, the rolling of the wheels of cannons and tumbrels, which were arriving at their stations in the courts of the Temple. The king listened to these sounds with indifference, as he explained them to his confessor. “It is in all probability the national guard assembling,” he said, at the first noises. A few moments afterwards they heard the trampling of a numerous body of horse on the pavement at the foot of the tower, and the voices of the officers as they arranged them in order. “Here they come,” he exclaimed; and he said so without impatience or fear, like a man who arrives first at a rendezvous, and is kept waiting. And he waited long. *For nearly two hours they came knocking at the door of his chamber under various pretexts*, and at each summons the confessor believed it the final order. The king rose without hesitation, opened the door, and having replied, resumed his seat. At nine o'clock there was a tumultuous noise of armed men on the staircase, and the doors were suddenly opened. Santerre appeared, attended by

twelve municipals, and with ten gendarmes, whom he arranged in two lines in the apartment. The king opened the door of his cabinet, and said in a firm voice, and with an imperious gesture to Santerre, "You are come for me; I will be with you in an instant: await me there." He pointed with his finger to the threshold of the chamber, closed the door, and knelt once more at the priest's knees. "All is consummated, my father," he said: "give me your blessing, and pray to God to sustain me to the end." He then rose, opened the door, advanced with a serene air, the majesty of death on his brow and in his looks, and placed himself between the double row of gendarmes. He held a folded paper in his hand; it was his last will and testament. He addressed himself to the municipal guard in front of him, saying, "I beg of you transmit this paper to the queen!" . . . A look of astonishment at this word on the republican countenances made him recollect that he had mistaken the word;—"to my wife," he said, recovering himself. The municipal retreated, saying savagely, "That is no affair of mine; I am here to conduct you to the scaffold."

"This man was Jacques Roux, a priest, who had left his order, and cast off all feeling with his frock. "True," said the king with a saddened air; then, looking at all the guards, he turned to the one whose countenance expressed some tenderness of heart; his name was Gobeau. "Transmit, I pray you, this paper to my wife—read it if you will; these are wishes that the Commune should know." The municipal, with the assent of his fellows, took the testament.

"On the way to the scaffold the king asked the Abbé Edgeworth to lend him his breviary, and he sought with his finger and eye the Psalms whose peculiar structure suited his situation. The sacred songs, uttered in broken accents by his lips, and echoing from his soul, drew his eyes from the horses and the sight of the people during the whole progress from prison to death. The priest prayed beside him. The gendarmes in the carriage wore on their countenances the expression of astonishment and admiration, which the pious calmness of the king inspired. Some cries of pardon were heard, when the carriage drove away, from the mob assembled at the entrance to the Rue du Temple, but died away unechoed in the throng, and the general repression of popular feeling. No insult, no imprecation arose from the multitude. If it had been asked of each of these two hundred thousand citizens, actors, or spectators of this funeral of a living man, "Must this man—one against all—die?" not one would have replied, *Yes*. But circumstances were so combined by the misfortunes and pressure of the times, that all accomplished unhesitatingly what, isolated, none would have consented to. The multitude, by the mutual action which it exercised on itself, prevented itself from yielding to its sympathy and horror—like a vault, where each stone by itself has a tendency to give way and drop, but where all remain suspended by the resistance which pressure opposes to their fall!

"The carriage drew up a few paces from the scaffold—two hours had elapsed since it left the Temple.

"When the king perceived that the carriage had stopped, he raised his eyes from his book, and, like a man who pauses for an instant in his reading, leaned towards his confessor, and said to him in a low tone, "We have arrived, I think?" The priest's reply was a silent but significant gesture. One of the three brothers Samson, the executioners of Paris, opened the door. The gendarmes got out, but the king closing the door, and placing his right hand on the knee of his confessor with a gesture of protection, "Gentlemen," he said, authoritatively, to the executioners, gendarmes, and officers who pressed round his wheels, "I recommend to

your care this gentleman! Take care that he be not insulted after my death. I charge you to watch over him!" No one replied. The king repeated this admonition to the executioners, even still more impressively. One of them interrupted him. "Yes, yes," said he, with a sinister tone, "make your mind easy—we will take care—let us alone." Louis alighted from the carriage. Three of the executioners' attendants came towards him, and wished to undress him at the scaffold foot. He waived them off with majesty; took off himself his coat, cravat, and turned down his shirt. The executioners again came towards him. "What do you desire to do?" he murmured indignantly. "Bind you," they replied; and they took his hands in order to fasten them with cords. "Bind me!" replied the king, with a tone in which all his ancestral blood revolted at the ignominy: "No! no! I will never consent! Do your business; but you shall not bind me. Do not think of such a thing." The executioners insisted, raised their voices, called for help, and violence must have ensued. A personal struggle was about to sully the victim at the foot of the scaffold. The king, out of respect for the dignity of his death, and the composure of his last thoughts, looked at the priest as though to ask his counsel. "Sire," said the divine counsellor, "submit unresistingly to this fresh outrage, as the last feature of resemblance between yourself and the God who is about to become your recompence." The king raised his eyes to heaven with an expression in his look which seemed at once to imply resignation and acceptance. "Assuredly," he said, "there needed nothing less than the example of God to make me submit to such an indignity." Then, turning round, he extended of his own accord his hands towards the executioners. "Do as you will," he said: "I will drink the cup to the dregs!"

'Supported by the priest, he ascended the steep and slippery steps of the scaffold. The action of his body appeared to indicate a weakness of soul; but on reaching the last step he quitted his confessor, crossed the scaffold with a firm tread, looked at the instrument and its trenchant blade, as he passed, and turning suddenly, he faced the palace and the side where the greatest body of the populace could see and hear him, and making a gesture of silence to the drummers, they obeyed him mechanically. "People," said Louis XVI. in a voice that sounded far in the distance, and was distinctly heard at the extremity of the square, "People, I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me! I pardon the authors of my death, and pray to God that the blood you are about to shed may not fall again on France!" He would have proceeded; a shudder ran through the crowd. The principal officer of the staff of the troops of the camp round Paris, Beaufranchet Comte d'Oyat, son of Louis XV. and a favourite named Morphise, ordered the drums to beat. A long and loud roll drowned the voice of the king, and the murmur of the multitude. The condemned man turned slowly to the guillotine, and surrendered himself to his executioners. At the moment when they fastened him to the plank, he cast a farewell glance on the priest, who was praying on his knees at the foot of the scaffold. He lived and was in full possession of his perfect soul, until the moment when it was returned to his Creator by the hands of the executioner. The plank sunk, the blade glided, the head fell.'

'Fifty years,' says M. de Lamartine, 'have elapsed since 'that event, yet the problem still agitates the conscience of the 'human race, and even divides history into two parties.' And then follows a long discussion of this difficult question, edifying, no doubt, to a French reader. For ourselves, we have still the happiness to belong to a portion of 'the human race,' in which

no one is heard to argue that the execution of Louis XVI. was not a most foul and cowardly murder, and condemned as such by the conscience of every individual who took a part in it. That innocent blood is pleasing to *God*, however it may be to *the gods*, is what no Englishman has yet been found deliberately to maintain. The only point upon which there is any likelihood that history will ever be divided *here*, is the influence of the murder of Louis XVI. upon the issue of the struggle between France and Europe. Some persons may imagine—some persons, we believe, have imagined—that regicide France conquered because she had no alternative left but to conquer or to perish; that despair of reconciliation and fear of vengeance united all her people in one superhuman effort to repulse the armies of the Coalition. In answer to such arguments we should think it almost enough to point backwards to Valmy, and forwards to La Vendée. But, in point of fact, it was the bloody atrocities of the French Republicans, among which the murder of a fallen and innocent monarch was the most conspicuous, which held the Coalition together through the vicissitudes of a disastrous war, which kept Pitt at the head of England, and England at the head of Europe; which converted a war of calculation into a crusade, and made the cause of kings the cause of humanity. We are glad to see that, both in the present instance and in that of the massacres of September, to which similar reasonings have been applied, M. de Lamartine, though with a softness and circuitry of expression characteristic of revolutionary ethics, and enforced by the tyranny of opinion under which he writes, ventures to state his belief that murder, though committed on an enormous scale, and under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity, is still murder, and, as such, will eventually, and notwithstanding all specious appearances to the contrary, prove a departure from sound policy as well as from soft sentiment.

The character of Marie Antoinette, like that of her husband, receives fresh lustre and beauty from the handling of an author who, with all his glaring faults, has unquestionably a heart to feel heroism, an eye to recognise, and a hand to paint it; and who, strange to say, appears throughout to fancy that he is exalting the Revolution in exalting the character of its victims. Wise the queen cannot be pictured, but he has pictured her sublime,—leading the king to the scaffold, but ascending it with him,—revealing ever new virtues under ever new sufferings; her earthly radiance changing into a heavenly glory, and her soul still mounting upwards as her feet went down into the dungeon and the grave. In council she was nothing; but in danger and affliction she was all—all that a queen, a mother, a

wife, and a friend, could be. On the 20th of June, when the mob for the first time stormed the Tuileries, she stood, guarded only by a few devoted friends, in the midst of a sea of male and female ruffians, who summed up in her person all the objects of their hate, fearless for herself, fearful only for her husband and her children :—

‘ A young girl, of pleasing appearance and respectably attired, came forward, and bitterly reviled, in the coarsest terms, *l’Autrichienne*. The queen, struck by the contrast between the rage of this young girl and the gentleness of her face, said to her in a kind tone, “ Why do you hate me? Have I ever unwittingly injured or offended you?” “ No, not me,” replied the pretty patriot, “ but it is you who cause the misery of the nation.” “ Poor child !” replied the queen, “ some one has told you so, and deceived you ! What interest can I have in making the people miserable? The wife of the king, mother of the dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman by all the feelings of my heart as a wife and mother. I shall never again see my own country. I can only be happy or unhappy in France : I was happy when you loved me.”

‘ This gentle reproach affected the heart of the young girl, and her anger was effaced in a flood of tears.’

After the death of the king she was suffered to remain for upwards of six months in that which had been their common prison, and which had now become to her a living tomb, penetrated neither by hope nor fear. The Convention, meanwhile, was distracted by the death-struggle between the Mountain and the Gironde, which ended in the downfall of the latter, and in the punishment of the more timid assassins of the king by the hands of their more hardened associates. On the 31st of May the Jacobins achieved a decisive victory over their opponents, and the ascendancy of her more pitiless enemies was immediately felt by the queen in a decree of the Convention ordering her to be separated from her son. The royal boy, whose sweet disposition and touching beauty beam full upon us from the pages of M. de Lamartine, was handed over to the custody of the obscene and brutal Simon, to be by him debased, demoralized, and finally beaten and starved to death. But it was not until the 2d of August that the queen received the sentence of her deliverance, an order for her removal to the Conciergerie, on her way to the revolutionary tribunal and the scaffold. In the Conciergerie she remained till the 14th of October, enduring every sort of privation and insult which the brutal agents of the Commune could devise :—

‘ The queen having expressed a wish for a cotton counterpane, lighter than the heavy covering of coarse wool which oppressed her in her sleep, Bault (the keeper) transmitted this request to the solicitor-general of the Commune.

“ How dare you make such a request,” answered Hébert, brutally, “ you deserve to be sent to the guillotine.”

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'The 14th of October, at noon, the queen dressed herself, and arranged her hair, with all the decorum which the simplicity and poverty of her garments permitted. She did not affect a display of the rags which should have made the republic blush. She did not dream of moving the regards of the people to pity. Her dignity as a woman and a queen forbade her to make any display of her misery.

'She ascended the stairs of the judgment-hall, surrounded by a strong escort of *gendarmes*, crossed through the multitude, which so solemn a vengeance had drawn into the passages, and seated herself upon the bench of the accused. Her forehead, scathed by the Revolution, and faded by grief, was neither humbled nor cast down. Her eyes, surrounded by that black circle which want of rest and tears had graved like a bed of sorrow beneath the eyelids, still darted some rays of their former brilliancy upon the faces of her enemies. The beauty which had intoxicated the court, and dazzled Europe, was no longer discernible; but its traces could be still distinguished. Her mouth sorrowfully preserved the folds of royal pride, but ill effaced by the lines of long suffering. The natural freshness of her northern complexion still struggled with the livid pallor of the prison. Her hair, whitened by anguish, contrasted with this youth of countenance and figure, and flowed down upon her neck as in bitter derision of the fate of youth and beauty. Her countenance was natural,—not that of an irritated queen, insulting in the depth of her contempt the people who triumphed over her,—nor that of a suppliant who intercedes by her humility, and who seeks forbearance in compassion, but that of a victim whom long misfortune had habituated to her lot, who had forgotten that she was a queen, who remembered only that she was a woman, who claimed nothing of her vanished rank, who resigned nothing of the dignity of her sex and her deep distress.

'The crowd, silent through curiosity rather than emotion, contemplated her with eager looks. The populace seemed to rejoice at having this haughty woman at their feet, and measured their greatness and their strength by the fall of their most formidable enemy. The crowd was composed principally of women, who had undertaken to accompany the condemned to the scaffold with every possible insult. The judges were Hermann, Foucault, Sellier, Coffinhal, Deliége, Ragmey, Maire, Denizot, and Masson. Hermann presided.

"What is your name?" demanded Hermann of the accused. "I am called Marie Antoinette of Lorraine, in Austria," answered the queen. Her low and agitated voice seemed to ask pardon of the audience for the greatness of these names. "Your condition?" "Widow of Louis, formerly King of the French." "Your age?" "Thirty-seven."

'Fouquier-Tinville read the act of accusation to the tribunal. It was the summing up of all the supposed crimes of birth, rank, and situation of a young queen; a stranger, adored in her court, omnipotent over the heart of a weak king, prejudiced against ideas which she did not comprehend, and against institutions which dethroned her. This part of the accusation was but the accusation of fate. These crimes were true, but they were the faults of her rank. The queen could no more absolve herself from them, than the people from accusing her of them. The remainder of the act of accusation was only an odious echo of all the reports and murmurs which had crept during ten years into public belief, of prodigality, supposed licentiousness, and pretended treason of the queen. It was her unpopularity converted into crimination. She heard all this without betraying any sign of emotion or astonishment, as a woman accustomed to hatred, and with whom calumny had lost its bitterness, and insult its poignancy. Her fingers wandered heedlessly over the bar of the chair,

like those of a woman who recalls remembrances upon the keys of a harpsichord. She endured the voice of Fouquier-Tinville, but she heard him not. The witnesses were called and interrogated. After each evidence Hermann addressed the accused. She answered with presence of mind, and briefly discussed the evidence as she refuted it. The only error in this defence was the defence itself.

Many of these witnesses, taken from the prisons in which they were already confined, recalled other days to her, and were themselves affected at seeing the Queen of France in such ignominy. Of this number was Manuel, accused of humanity in the Temple, and who gloried in the accusation; Bailly, who bent with more respect before the downfall of the queen than he had done before her power. The answers of Marie Antoinette compromised no one. She offered herself alone to the hatred of her enemies; and generously shielded all her friends. Each time that the debates of the trial brought up the names of the Princesse de Lamballe, or the Duchess of Polignac, to whom she had been most tenderly attached, her voice assumed a tone of feeling, sorrow, and regard. She evinced her determination not to abandon her sentiments before death, and that if she delivered her head up to the people, she would not yield them her heart to profane. The ignominy of certain accusations sought to dishonour her, even in her maternal feelings. The cynic Hébert, who was heard as a witness upon what had passed at the Temple, imputed acts of depravity and debauchery to the queen, extending even to the corruption of her own son, "with the intention," said he, "of enervating the soul and body of that child, and reigning in his name over the ruin of his understanding." The pious Madame Elizabeth was named as witness and accomplice in these crimes. The indignation of the audience broke out at these words, not against the accused, but against the accuser. Outraged nature aroused itself. The queen made a sign of horror, not knowing how to answer without soiling her lips. A jurymen took up the testimony of Hébert, and asked the accused why she had not replied to this accusation? "I have not answered it," said she, rising with the majesty of innocence, and the indignation of modesty, "because there are accusations to which nature refuses to reply." Afterwards, turning towards the women of the audience, the most enraged against her, and summoning them by the testimony of their hearts and their community of sex, "I appeal against it to all mothers here present," cried she. A shudder of horror against Hébert ran through the crowd. The queen answered with no less dignity to the imputations which were alleged against her of having abused the ascendancy over the weakness of her husband. "I never knew that character of him," said she; "I was but his wife, and my duty as well as my pleasure was to conform to his will." She did not sacrifice by a single word the memory and honour of the king for the purpose of her own justification, or to the pride of having reigned in his name. She desired to carry back to him to heaven his memory honoured or avenged.

After the closing of these long debates, Hermann summed up the accusation, and declared that the entire French people deposed against Marie Antoinette. He invoked punishment in the name of equality in crime and equality in punishment—and put the question of guilty to the jury. Chauveau-Lagarde and Tronson-Ducoudray, in their defence, excited posterity, without being able to affect the audience or the judges. The jury deliberated for form's sake, and returned to the hall after an hour's interval. The queen was called to hear her sentence. She had already heard it in the stamping and joy of the crowd, which filled the palace. She listened to it without uttering a single word, or making any motion. Hermann asked her if she had anything to say upon the pain of

death being pronounced upon her. She shook her head, and arose as if to walk to her execution. She disdained to reproach the people with the rigour of her destiny and with their cruelty. To supplicate would have been to acknowledge it; to complain would have been to humble herself; to weep, would have been to abase herself. She wrapped herself in that silence which was her last protection. Ferocious applause followed her even to the staircase which descends from the tribunal to the prison.'

The wretches who surrounded the queen, refused her in her last hours the ministrations of a priest of her own Church, and endeavoured to force upon her those of some priests of the Church of the Revolution—constitutional priests, as they were termed. These the queen treated rather as the precursors of the executioner than as the ambassadors of Christ, and inflexibly refused to confess herself to them or receive absolution at their hands. Meantime, her sister had procured for her the number of a house in the Rue St. Honoré, before which she would necessarily pass on her way to execution, and from the window of which a Catholic priest would be ready to bestow upon her, from above, and unseen by the people, the absolution and benediction of God. Happy in this assurance, the queen, on the night preceding her execution, wrote a letter, full of all that is Christian, noble, and affecting, to her sister, prayed, and then slept calmly for some hours.

'On her awakening, the daughter of Madame Bault dressed and adjusted her hair with more neatness and respect for exterior appearance than on other days. Marie Antoinette cast off the black robe she had worn since her husband's death, and dressed herself in a white gown, emblematic of innocence on earth, and joy for heaven. A white handkerchief covered her shoulders, a white cap her hair. A black ribbon which bound this cap around her temples, alone recalled to the world her mourning, to herself her widowhood, and to the people her immolation.

'The windows and the parapets, the roofs and the trees, were loaded with spectators. A crowd of women, enraged against the *Autrichienne*, pressed round the gratings, and even into the courts. A pale cold autumn fog hung over the Seine, and permitted, here and there, some rays of the sun to glitter upon the roofs of the Louvre and upon the tower of the palace. At eleven o'clock the *gendarmes* and the executioners entered the hall of the condemned. The queen embraced the daughter of the concierge, cut her hair off herself, allowed herself to be bound without a murmur, and issued with a firm step from the Conciergerie. No feminine weakness, no faintness of heart, no trembling of the body, nor paleness of features were apparent. Nature obeyed her will, and lent her all its power to die as a queen.

'On entering from the staircase to the court, she perceived the car of the condemned, towards which the *gendarmes* directed their steps. She stopped, as if to retrace her road, and made a motion of astonishment and horror. She had thought that the people would have clothed their hatred somewhat decently, and that she would be conducted to the scaffold, as the king was, in a close carriage. Having compressed this emotion, she bowed her head in token of assent, and ascended the car. The Abbé Lothringer placed himself behind her, notwithstanding her refusal.

'The *cortège* left the Conciergerie amidst cries of "*Vive la République!*"

"*Place à l'Autrichienne!*" "*Place à la veuve Capet!*" "*A bas la tyrannie!*" The comedian Grammont, aid-de-camp of Ronsin, gave the example and the signal to the people, brandishing his naked sword, and parting the crowd by the breast of his horse. The hands of the queen being bound, deprived her of support against the jolting of the car upon the pavement. She endeavoured by every means to preserve her equilibrium, and the dignity of her attitude. "These are not your cushions of Trianon," shouted some wretches to her. The cries, the looks, the laughter, and gestures of the people overwhelmed her with humiliation. Her cheeks changed continually from purple to paleness, and revealed the agitation and reflux of her blood. Notwithstanding the care she had taken of her toilette, the tattered appearance of her dress, the coarse linen, the common stuff and the crumpled plaits, dishonoured her rank. The curls of her hair escaped from her cap, and flapped with the breeze upon her forehead. Her red and swollen eyes, though dry, revealed the long inundation of care augmented by tears. She bit her under lip for some moments with her teeth, as a person who suppressed the utterance of acute suffering.

'When she had crossed the Pont-au-Change, and the tumultuous quarters of Paris, the silence and serious aspect of the crowd bespoke another region of the people. If it was not pity, it was at least dismay. Her countenance regained the calm and uniformity of expression which the outrages of the multitude had at first disturbed. She thus traversed slowly the whole length of the Rue St. Honoré. The priest placed on the long seat by her side endeavoured in vain to call her attention, by words which she seemed to repel from her ears. Her looks wandered, with all their intelligence, over the façades of the houses, over the republican inscriptions, and over the costumes and physiognomy of this capital, so changed to her since sixteen months of captivity. She regarded above all the windows of the upper stories, from which floated the tri-coloured banner, the ensign of patriotism.

'The people thought, and witnesses have written, that her light and puerile attention was attracted to this exterior decoration of republicanism. Her thoughts were different. Her eyes sought a sign of safety amongst these signs of her loss. She approached the house which had been pointed out to her in her dungeon. She examined with a glance the widow whence was to descend upon her head the absolution of a disguised priest. A gesture, inexplicable to the multitude, made him known to her. She closed her eyes, lowered her forehead, collected herself under the invisible hand which blessed her; and, being unable to use her bound hands, she made the sign of the cross upon her breast, by three movements of her hand. The spectators thought that she prayed alone, and respected her fervency. An inward joy and secret consolation shone from this moment upon her countenance.

'On entering upon the Place of the Revolution, the leaders of the *cortége* caused the car to approach as near as possible to the Pont Tournant, and stopped it for a short time before the entrance of the gardens of the Tuilleries. Marie Antoinette turned her head on the side of her ancient palace, and regarded for some moments that odious and yet dear theatre of her greatness and of her fall. Some tears fell upon her knees. All her past life appeared before her in the hour of death. Some few more turns of the wheels, and she was at the foot of the guillotine. The priest and the executioner assisted her to descend, sustaining her by the elbows. She mounted the steps of the ladder. On reaching the scaffold, she inadvertently trod upon the executioner's foot. This man uttered a cry of pain. "Pardon me," she said to him, in a tone of voice as if she had spoken to one of her courtiers. She knelt down for an instant and uttered

a half-audible prayer; afterwards rising, "Adieu once again, my children," said she, regarding the towers of the Temple, "I go to rejoin your father." She did not attempt, like Louis XVI., to justify herself before the people, nor to move them by any appeal to his memory. Her features did not wear, like those of her husband, the impression of the anticipated bliss of the just and the martyr, but that of disdain for mankind, and a proper impatience to depart from life. She did not rush to heaven; she fled from earth, and bequeathed to it her indignation and its own remorse.

'The executioner, trembling more than she, was seized with a tremour which checked his hand when disengaging the axe. The head of the queen fell. The assistant of the guillotine took it up by the hair, and made the round of the scaffold, raising it in his right hand and showing it to the people. A long cry of "*Vive la Republique!*" saluted the decapitated member and already senseless features.

Such was the murder of Marie Antoinette—a most foul deed, and terribly avenged. If it has been truly said that the blood of Louis XVI. was in the oil that anointed Napoleon, it may be said with equal truth that the blood of the queen was in the hearts of those who won Trafalgar, Leipsic, Waterloo; and that the memory of her murder brought the confederated legions of Europe, and the wild hordes of Asia, the drinker of the Don, and the drinker of the Guadalquivir, to encamp together beside her grave in the captured city of her murderers.

But perhaps there is no character which shines out on us from these pages with such mild glory as that of Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister. The constant and inseparable companion of the Royal Family in all their trials, caring only for them, fearing only for them, suffering only in their suffering, regardless of her own, like a sunbeam in the darkness of their dungeon, shedding around her grace, resignation, and a better hope, she wends her quiet way through storm and trouble onwards to her rest, unsoiled by the foul speeches that assail her, untouched by the rude hands that drag her to the prison and the axe; an example of what was once French womanhood—now typified by George Sand.

Had not our extracts already run to so great a length, we might gather from M. de Lamartine's volume many traits of heroic endurance worthy to stand beside the story of the royal victims. We will content ourselves with two taken from the shambles of September. While the massacre was going on in the court at the Abbaye,

'The prisoners alone did not sleep. Shut up in their cells, or the salles, they listened to all these sounds, which, in their ears, conveyed life or death. At sunrise, two priests, the Abbé Lenfant, the king's preacher, and the Abbé de Rastignac, a religious writer, confined together in the Abbaye, collected all the prisoners in the chapel, and there, from a tribunal, prepared them for death. These two priests were nearly eighty; and their white hair, the visage pale from age, macerated by vigils, and rendered almost divine by the approach of martyrdom, gave their gestures and their

words the evangelical solemnity of eternity. All the prisoners fell on their knees ; and this ray of religion, amidst a scene of blood, made them feel the presence of a Providence even in their last moments. Scarcely had the two priests extended their arms over their companions, to bestow on them their last benediction, than they were summoned to set the example of martyrdom. Their hands clasped, their eyes raised to heaven, they were hacked to pieces by sabres, without ceasing to pray.'

At the Carmelite Convent, where a great number of priests had been pent up for the slaughter,

'The victims, summoned one by one, were dragged through a little door opening on the garden, and slaughtered on the staircase. The Archbishop of Arles, Dulan, the most aged and venerable of these martyrs, edified the rest by his bearing, and encouraged them by his exhortations. The Bishop of Beauvais, and the Bishop of Saintes, two brothers of the house of La Rochefoucauld, embraced each other, and rejoiced to die together. Those who were summoned to die, received the kiss of peace, and the prayers for the dying, from their brethren. The Archbishop of Arles was one of the first summoned. "It is you," said a Marseillais, "that shed the blood of the patriots at Arles." "I!" returned the archbishop—"I never hurt any one in my life." At these words he received a sabre stroke across the face, followed by a second, that deluged him with blood. At the third, he fell without a groan. A Marseillais dealt him so furious a pike-thrust, that it broke in twain ; then mounted on the body, tore away the cross from its neck, and displayed it as a trophy. The Bishop of Beauvais embraced the altar, and then advanced to the door with as much calm and majesty as in a religious procession, followed by all the young priests, on whom he bestowed his benediction. The king's confessor, Hébert, superior of the Eudistes, was the next to fall. Each minute decreased the ranks in the choir ; only a few priests kneeling before the altar remained, and soon but one was left.

'The Bishop of Saintes, who had his thigh broken in the garden, lay on a mattress in the side chapel, surrounded by the *gendarmes* of the post, who better armed, and more numerous than the assassins, might have rescued their charge. They, however, surrendered the Bishop of Saintes like the rest. "I do not refuse to die with my brother," replied the bishop, when summoned ; "but my thigh is broken, and I cannot walk ; assist me, and I will go with joy to meet my death." Two of his assassins supported him by placing their arms around him, and he fell, thanking them. He was the last. It was eight o'clock ; the massacre had lasted four hours.'

The spectacle displayed by the Gallican Church suffering and persecuted in the Revolution, as contrasted with its aspect when dominant and persecuting before the Revolution, is indeed a remarkable proof how 'the wrath of man worketh the glory of God,' as its final preservation is of the following words, 'the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain.' It is wonderful how few of the clergy of that Church which had permitted Dubois and Rohan to remain among its bishops, and Voltaire and Diderot among its members, flinched before the fiery furnace, denied their faith, or betrayed the liberties of their Church. It is wonderful, after all the scandalous licentiousness of the preceding century, how few were driven by fear, or seduced by

passion and opportunity, to renounce the discipline of their order, or violate their vows. When the National Assembly gave itself (to borrow the fine expression of De Maistre) the *sacriligious pleasure* of declaring the vow of celibacy illegal, and throwing open the doors of the convents, it was necessary to hire a common prostitute to come to the bar of the Assembly and play the enfranchised nun. Nor was the conduct of the priesthood, as a whole, less exemplary, scattered as they were over foreign lands, without any superintendence or control beyond that of their own conscience.

Of the general character of the book before us, we have intimated an opinion which we venture to think will be confirmed by those who read it. Addition either to the sound philosophy, or to the authentic facts, of history, M. de Lamartine has made none. Whatever he has touched, that has he made to glitter, but quite as often with a false brilliancy as a true. Exaggerated importance, heroism, inspiration, is attributed to the very meanest of the tiger-monkeys whom vanity, greed, or fanaticism drove into the Revolutionary arena. The Revolution itself, according to the custom of the Michelet school, is worshipped as a kind of abstract entity, with a divine origin and character of its own, apart from and above the human agents in and through whom it triumphed. It becomes the idol of a sort of refined fetichism. Everything that belongs to it is great, awful, holy. Each of its orators is a Demosthenes, each of its soldiers an Achilles. All its madmen are prophets, all its madwomen sibyls. The drunkenness, under the influence of which Roget de Lisle composed the Marseillaise, after being described with a phenomenal accuracy which must satisfy every scientific mind, is finally designated as a 'divine inspiration.' Perfect personal beauty appears to have been rather the rule than the exception among the French republicans. With their warlike exploits, M. de Lamartine, ending as he does with the fall of Robespierre, is not very much concerned; but all that he does is done in a style that may well bear comparison with the sublimest fictions of M. Thiers,—

‘ Et quicquid Gallia mendax
Audet in historia.’

His Jemappes reminds us of nothing so much as Livy's Regillus. The gods fight amongst men. The Demoiselles Féni are an exact counterpart of the Dioscuri. The disparity of numbers is kept entirely out of sight; though, according to Napoleon, the French were to the Austrians actually engaged in the proportion of twelve to one. Whether the French or English won the battle of the 1st of June, it would be difficult, from M. de Lamartine's account of the matter, to

divine. No French ships appear to have been taken. One, the ever-memorable 'Vengeur,' went down with all her crew on board, firing her last broadside level with the water—an eternal theme for dithyrambs, both in prose and verse. This is one account. According to another, the glorious vessel surrendered to the 'Brunswick,' hauled down her own and hoisted British colours; and, after being for two hours in the possession of her captors, sunk with *half* her crew, while the remaining half, glorified spirits in the land of verse, became imprisoned bodies in the land of prose. We can only say that if the fathers of the Revolution were half what their sons believe and represent them to have been, the cardinal doctrine of the new faith is overturned, the progress of the humane species is backwards, Gargantua has degenerated into a *gamin*, and 'perfectibility' is like to remain a 'bility' for ever.

The causes of the French Revolution lie beyond M. de Lamartine's horizon; but we doubt whether he would have changed our opinion of them. The writing on the wall which the monarch and his guests could not read, posterity can read all too well; their interpretation is the most dreadful chapter in world-history, a chapter of which, one must fear, too many leaves are yet to turn. From the last years of Louis XIV. to the death of Louis XV., the annals of the French monarchy and the French Church are but one vast Belshazzar's feast. The misgovernment of the one, and the corruption of the other, spread famine and atheism throughout the land. From famine and atheism sprang the Revolution, naturally, inevitably, justly. But the effect is not better than the cause; and the cause being famine and atheism, the effect will not be the regeneration of mankind.

'A new Christianity,' was the designation which M. de Lamartine, in his reply to the address of the Irish conspirators, thought fit to bestow on the Revolutionary movement. The blasphemy is a favourite one with all the Michelet and Quinet school, and it is one which offers a certain evidence, though rather of a hideous kind, to the complete identification of all that is good in human nature, and all that human nature can conceive as good, with Christianity. It is not only necessary, as in the case of the sophist, to persuade men that evil is *good*, but you must also persuade them that it is *Christian*, or the conscience of your hearers will at once take fright. In short, to those who have once known Christianity, Christian and good are the same thing. Whether Christian and Revolutionary are the same thing, we will give Voltaire and Rousseau leave to say. M. Quinet, in his 'Christianity and the French Revolution,' is at great pains (our readers may conceive at what pains) to prove

that the children of the French Revolution *loved their enemies*. He is quite right. No code of morality can now be recognised as perfect, which does not include the precept, 'Love them that hate you;' and none who have not practised that precept, will satisfy the ideas which mankind now have of moral perfection. But we should like to know where M. Quinet got his doctrine, and what philosophical account he is prepared to give of it. The dilemma is the same, or perhaps more obvious, with regard to the doctrine of humility.

If M. de Lamartine's book does not alter our estimate of the Revolution as a whole, neither does he throw much new light on the characters of its principal actors. We had never imagined that Robespierre and Marat were demons, but we always regarded them as unspeakably wicked men, but still as men, with human wants and passions. We are not conscious, therefore, of any particular prejudice which can be removed by learning that the first of these worthies lodged with a joiner, and that the second kept a mistress, and was partial to warm baths. That either of them was a vice, never entered into our minds. After reading all M. de Lamartine's anecdotes and sentimentalities, we are more than ever convinced that both of them were scoundrels.

Above all, what is there so difficult to understand in the character of Robespierre? For the life of us, we can see no mystery, except that mystery which is in every soul of man. Never, it appears to us, was there anything so transparent. True; he did not care for money, but he sold his soul for power and fame; he was as cold as a fish, and as cruel as a tiger; he had very weak nerves, and a very hard heart; he was the softest of sentimentalists, and the most sanguinary of butchers; he was the author of the Rights of Man, and the foulest and bloodiest tyrant that ever scourged and disgraced humanity. We see no contradiction, nothing extraordinary, except the opportunity given for development: we most cordially wish we could. Of course a difficulty, a very considerable difficulty, arises if one regards the author of the 'Rights of Man,' as the author of one's religion. There is a contradiction which it is certainly hard to reconcile. But great is the faith of infidelity. It has swallowed Rousseau, and is fast swallowing Robespierre.

Those who still hold to the 'Duties of Man,' may be content with remarking that if, as M. de Lamartine and others pretend to believe, the end of the terror only *coincided* with the fall of Robespierre, it is remarkable that its beginning should also have coincided with its end.

One character there was with regard to which we were very anxious to hear all that M. de Lamartine might have to say.

Indomitable courage, warmth of heart, constancy in friendship, and a readiness to forgive, springing from fearlessness, are qualities which, joined with transcendent genius, we admire in Cæsar, and which it is hard to hate in Danton. But independent of the fact that the one lived in the night of heathenism, the other in the day of Christianity, Danton, while he was less than a Cæsar in ability, was more than a Cæsar in pride, and lust, and recklessness of blood. Traits of an almost childlike tenderness M. de Lamartine, and not M. de Lamartine only, has recorded of him. But of complicity in the death of the king and the massacres of September, he must stand convicted to all time. That blood which, in the crisis of his own fate, palsied his strong arm and sunk his voice of thunder, must blacken his name with eternal infamy. In genius, nothing like or second to him sprang from the Revolution, save only the mighty Mirabeau. His eloquence was eloquence indeed—that sweetness which comes out of the strong; he had all the gifts which sway nations in stormy times—all that enables a man to command popularity and to scorn it. Had he lived, there had been no Napoleon. Of the race of the giants, beyond all doubt, he was; but it was of the race of those giants who brought down the waters of the flood upon the earth.

We fully appreciate the judgment displayed by M. de Lamartine in abandoning the Girondists. They were a clique of unprincipled adventurers, and their's is the often told, though still instructive tale, of men who go half lengths in wickedness. Talents they had, oratorical and literary, of a high, perhaps even of a first-rate order. They might have glittered in the salons of Holbech and Helvetius; they might have charmed the listening senates of a peaceful day; but they had not those 'wrestling thews that throw the world,' above all, a world of Jacobins. In place of statesmanship, they had a spirit of intrigue, an ostentatious Machiavellism which made them feared without making them formidable, and won them the fatal nickname of 'Hommes d'Etat,' without winning them a single victory over their enemies. M. de Lamartine does them no more than justice when he calls them the 'Pilates of the monarchy.' Perfectly, nay avowedly, convinced of the innocence of the king and of the iniquity of his murder, they yet voted for it, from the fear of being outbid by the sanguinary fanatics. Their conscience was vanity, and their God was the people. They brought the Marseillais ruffians to Paris, plotted the 20th of June, overthrew the laws in their own interest, and then expected that others would obey their law. They raised the demon of anarchy, bid him fetch and carry for them, and he destroyed them. Their life was an intrigue, and their death was an orgie. They were

great only in their eloquence, virtuous only in refusing the hand of Danton when it was stretched out to them red with the blood of September, happy only in their punishment.

The most interesting, and probably the most influential, member of the party was, after all, Madame Roland. She alone has found favour in the eyes of Mr. Carlyle: weakness condemns the rest. She is the pattern woman of French Republicanism: and charms no doubt she had, and intellect, and heroism, though rather of the hysterical kind. But compare her rhetorical, theatrical, ostentatious sentiment with the virtue of a Christian saint! The 'Heloise of the 18th century she may 'have been;' *valeat quantum*. 'Heroism, virtue, and love,' says M. de Lamartine, 'were destined to pour from their three vases 'at once into the soul of a woman destined to this triple palpitation of grand impression.' And this is the sort of religion by which human nature is to live! She condescended to believe in the existence of her Maker, but the faith and worship which He had enjoined to His creatures, unfortunately appeared to her 'degradation and slavery.' She 'kissed the hand of God in his works;' and took her Plutarch to church instead of her Prayer book. A visit to the palace, which deeply mortified her sense of her own consequence, seems to have given her the first decided impulse towards the regeneration of mankind. She expressed her triumphant exaltation at the insults endured by the Queen on the 20th of June, in language which, if correctly reported by M. de Lamartine, can only be designated as brutal and disgusting. Her death, suffered at the hands of her friend Robespierre, was an assassination. She met it bravely and theatrically; made orations to her fellow-sufferers in prison, wrote an oration to posterity, and fell in an apostrophe to Liberty, unpitied by none—by us not much admired.

Her husband was a man of second-rate intellect, perfectly *bourgeois* in his ideas, honest in pecuniary matters—and thereby favourably contrasted with his leader Brissot—naturally vain, and goaded into ambition by his aspiring wife. Antiquity was his model. He was a Cato under the Christian dispensation: and approached his prototype of Attica about as nearly as Robespierre approached Cæsar. Finding the earth, on which he had consented to the murder of his king, too much stained with crimes to be any longer his abode, he quitted it by the antique exit of self-murder.

In one point of view the Girondists are perhaps more worthy of notice. Of all the parties in the first Revolution they had most affinity to the leaders of the present. They were pure Republicans, while their adversaries were Socialists. They were the disciples of Voltaire—the Jacobins of Rousseau. They

looked for the kingdom of Reason—the Terrorists for the kingdom of Love. Liberty was their watchword, Equality and Fraternity those of their enemies. Of equality, indeed, they never dreamed. Their ideal was a perpetual administration of ‘all the talents,’—‘all the talents,’ of course, being themselves.

Our author himself is evidently, in the most essential points of character, a thorough Girondist. We can quite account for his first love as well as for his faithlessness. Cleaner hands than of those who intrigued with Brissot, more practical energy than of those who ranted with Vergniaud, and purer thoughts than of those who blasphemed with Condorcet, he certainly has; but still he bears a general resemblance to the party, not only in the rhetorical powers which carried him, amidst delirious applause, to the head of the Revolutionary movement, but also in his dreamy intellectualism, his girlish vanity, his supreme and undisguised contempt for ‘the vulgar horde’ of whom his own power is held; and we suspect, also, in a want of moral firmness, and real statesmanlike qualities. Let any one peruse the account of his interview with Lady Hester Stanhope, given in his ‘Travels in the East,’ and judge whether a man, who was in ecstasies at being told by a crazy Pythoness that he ‘had a great part to play in the world which was preparing,’ is likely long to ride upon the storm, and gather the winds of sedition in his fist. Let any one note a few of those passages in the ‘Girondins,’ in which the lower classes are spoken of, and he will see how much real sympathy can exist between the writer of those passages and the heroes of the barricades. And let any one review the conduct of M. de Lamartine since the days of February, especially with regard to M. Ledru Rollin, M. Louis Blanc, and Louis Napoleon, and he will be able to decide whether the feeble Machiavellism of the ‘Hommes d’Etat’ is altogether without a parallel in their historian. Another ‘Pilate of the Monarchy’ there cannot be; but there may still be a Pilate of Order. Does there lurk among the benches of the National Assembly some despicable and despised fanatic, who may play, in miniature, the next part, and become a mitigated Robespierre?

ART. VII.—*Holy Baptism: a Dissertation by the REV. WILLIAM MASKELL, M.A. Vicar of S. Mary Church, Devon, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Exeter.* London: Pickering. 1848.

IT has often been felt as a *σημείον* of the present Church reviving, that it began from the beginning. Foundation and superstructure have proceeded in an orderly way. The Christian life and way of salvation have been surveyed from their elements. The doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration was the first post won; the lines upon which the whole strategic movement was to turn, were consolidated; the centre from which the revolving cycle of truths and duties was to expand was soon fixed.

But though, by God's grace, we may consider this single doctrine as established to be the sense of the Church of England,—a fact which, if anything were needed to prove, would be proved by the remarkable change which has come over the opponents of Christian Baptism within the last few months, who, finding the Prayer-Book too strong for them, now surrender its teaching, and require it to be modified by the undogmatic statements of the Articles,—still, all is not over. Many, though in a loose popular way, do firmly hold the doctrine of Baptism: in a way quite sufficient to preach upon and live by. The Church has grasped it with that firm clutching hold by which men convulsively cling to a principle. We have seen that it is the Church's life: that it is subtle as element: that it gives to actions, and life, and habits, their various degrees of weight and elasticity. We have traced it entering into all doctrines—controlling all duties, colouring, modifying, regulating every view of truth. We have recognised it as the practical, and personal, and individual exhibition of the mystery of the Incarnation. We have seen that the new birth is the one fact which makes Christians to be what others are not. With simple and confident hearts, we have implicitly held it to be Illumination, Transfiguration, Resurrection, Ascension, Unction, Incorporation. As was fitting, faith has outstripped knowledge. And having overrun the country, the time has come that we may survey it: having taken seisin of our heritage, we may register its landmarks, parcel it out, and, in an orderly and systematic way, settle its limits and bearings, its coast lines and citadels, its coigns of vantage, and its accessible posts. In other words, the Church being imbued with the practical side of the doctrine of Baptism, we may turn to its theoretical side. Anxious, hitherto, as the Church must have been that her Clergy should work as preachers of repentance and newness of life, addressing themselves to the

topic of the baptismal gift, there is now sufficient calm and rest to listen to the theologian. We can turn to the technical and theological aspect of Baptism; to the scientific and scholastic doctrine of Baptism as a sacrament and means of grace.

And here we are quite content to admit that the language of our formularies is scholastic. Not only is it not needful to rebut, on this head, the charge of such writers as Dr. Hampden, but we rather glory in what links us so inseparably with the continuous dogmatic teaching of the faith. Mr. Maskell, in addition to the many services which he has dutifully rendered to the Church, has, in the present volume, done much to vindicate the theological and strict technical statements of the English offices of Baptism. In cast of mind, as well as in his general studies, Mr. Maskell was eminently fitted for the task. Ritual and scientific language—the distinctions and definitions of the school—the delicate anticipation of contingent difficulties, and doubts, and objections—the putting of cases probable, possible, and barely looming within the indistinct hazy range of hypothetical matter—the limitations, abatements, and subtle analysis—the formal stiff divisions, question and article, *Dubium* and *Respon-deo ad primum, ad secundum, ad tertium*—the grave cumbrous syllogism; *probatur minor; Distinguo; Conclusio*;—all this is not so much a matter of taste as of method, to the purely theological mind. And for reviving the study of the schools, Mr. Maskell has done service. The function of the schoolmen has not been understood. It is not that scholastic philosophy turned theology into a technical science: but theology being conversant with the highest essence and the highest truths, produced the scholastic method by a natural process. It was the only mode, formal and grave, stately and refined, in which pious minds could conceive it possible reverentially to treat its solemn themes. The later English mind has been so accustomed to think only of the practical and the immediate; it has looked out so exclusively to results; has considered the Gospel to possess solely a pastoral character, that any view of theology which is objective, has come to be thought merely speculative, and *therefore* unprofitable. But bearing in mind that, at least, one purpose of the Church is to guard the mysteries of the Kingdom, and that it has been revealed as one characteristic of the Gospel revelation, ‘to the ‘intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly ‘places might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God,’ we may reasonably pause before we conclude that even edification is the sole end of the Gospel. Whatever else they did, the schoolmen treated the dogmas of the faith as objects upon which no amount of careful investigation could be misplaced—as sacred facts, every minute particular of which might

be full of the most sacred and important bearings: they were careful, with sedulous and reverent anxiety, to view divine things under every possible aspect, and with the most susceptible keenness to anticipate every emergency, and provide for every difficulty, lest haply they might miss a blessing from Him who vouchsafed to will that even the Apostle's shadow might be a means of grace.

This especially holds of the Sacraments. Put forth in the broadest and most elementary form, the Catholic doctrine of the Sacraments is such in its nature, and on its simplest enunciation, that a reverent spirit cannot but in the details refine and specify. It is unavoidable that a vast array of questions, and circumstances, and speculations, and limitations, and distinctions must attend upon the administration and doctrine of the Sacraments immediately upon the enunciation of the doctrine itself. As soon as we grasp the unearthly doctrine, difficulties arise: it is in meeting such difficulties, in urging probable cases, pious doubts, and pious wishes, that the school theology was employed. And if the time has arrived—which we believe to be partly the case—for the mind of the English Church to entertain all the subsidiary train of thought and theological teaching which must of necessity attend upon anything like a firm apprehension of the Catholic theory of the Sacraments, Mr. Maskell's volume will prepare us for many questions which have already occupied, often in a perplexing way, serious minds among us.

Eminently fitted, as we have said, for such discussions by his literature, of a kind rare at least among the present generation, the author of the present volume has probably reckoned, at least he may safely reckon, upon his labours being inadequately appreciated. Whatever literature we may have, it can hardly be said that many among us are acquainted with the Schoolmen and the Canonists. Formerly in this, as in other matters, the Church of England vindicated its title to a share in the diffused learning which is the common property of the Western Church. Laud and Montague and White, and, though to a less extent, in later times Jeremy Taylor, quoted in every page, not only Aquinas and the Master of the Sentences, but Bonaventura and Scotus and Anselm, as well as more recent worthies, Gabriel Biel and Alphonsus a Castro, and their own countryman, Thomas Waldensis, Vasquez, and Suarez, and Almain, and Gregory of Valencia, and Henry of Ghent, Vives and Simanca, and Azorius, and Holkot and Alexander Halensis and Durandus, Gonsalez, and Perez, and Bannes. If Mr. Maskell had done nothing else, he would have deserved thanks for reminding ourselves of the true sources of theological learning: to recall attention to the scientific pursuit of divinity is not among the least recom-

mentations of his various works; and, though we are occasionally forced to smile at the quiet irony with which he assumes in his readers some knowledge of his 'learned friends,' it may be that such an assumption of the virtue may in time lead to its practice among our students. At any rate, it is something to let Examining Chaplains and Margaret Professors, and even Divinity Lecturers, know that there is a whole class and mass of divinity which has never entered into the philosophy of Mr. Hartwell Horne, and which scarcely comes within the range of Bloomfield's Greek Testament, or Tomline's Elements, or even Burnet on the Articles; and that there really are very important questions, most deeply affecting the usefulness and peace of mind of a parochial minister, solutions of which are not to be found either in the Clergyman's Instructor, or in Wheatley on the Prayer-Book; or, if they soar to such a meridian height, even in Johnson's Vade-Mecum. It was an observation, we believe, of the late Mr. Rose, that the best book for a divinity student was the Summa of S. Thomas; and it was with no small satisfaction that we lately saw, in a Sermon by the Bishop of Brechin, several citations from Aquinas. Perhaps, after all, even Dr. Hampden may have been overruled to good by setting people to read the school divinity about which he has written—written, we suspect, more than he has read.

The present dissertation is less unsystematic than Mr. Maskell's previous works; for, with all the amount of information which they contained, they were very deficient in arrangement. It is cast into a formal shape; and, commencing with an examination of the definitions proposed of Holy Baptism, it discusses the *Matter*—both of Sacraments in general and of Baptism in particular—the *Form* and *Minister*, according to the order recognised in those purely scholastic questions which occur in our own Rubric. Besides these, the essential parts of any formal disquisition upon the Sacrament, several collateral subjects are treated of—such as Lay Baptism, the Baptism of Martyrdom and of the Spirit, the triple division being *fluminis*, *flaminis*, *sanguinis*—the distinction between Christian Baptism and 'the baptism of John;' together with still more remote, but important subjects, baptism *in vitis parentibus*, trine immersion, rebaptizations, baptisms hypothetical and *sub conditione*, the baptism of the Apostles, the 'character'² given in baptism.

¹ Occasionally Mr. Maskell carries this irony somewhat too far, as when, at p. 72, note 19, he speaks of a work of a Spanish theologian, *Cangiamilla*, who wrote a very curious and elaborate tract, *De Baptizandis Parvulis in Utero Materno*, as a 'well-known work;' while, at p. 206, note 17, he again speaks of it as 'one not often met with.'

² Mr. Maskell writes thus:—'Not that I would dispute, holding it as a pious

Probably the chapters of the present disquisition which will attract most attention, because they are on subjects which are to some extent known among the present generation of the clergy, are those on Lay Baptism, and the concluding one on the Spiritual Effects of Baptism. With respect to the former, we are not at all surprised that Mr. Maskell has, with considerable learning, arrived at the conclusion, that, in opposition to the Cyprianic decisions, the Western Church maintained the validity of all Baptism, by whomsoever performed, so that it was with the right matter and form: in other words, that the Minister is not of the essence of the Sacrament. Against Lay Baptism, as it is well known, on the one side, are to be reckoned Laurence (not Lawrence, as Mr. Maskell, p. 219, once spells it), and, besides Waterland, generally speaking the non-juring writers; on the other, Bingham. It is some satisfaction to find that Mr. Maskell (p. 202,) very properly rebukes Bingham for the ‘argument too contemptible for consideration;’ from which, ‘as a principle, he insists, as enforcing the inevitable necessity of the correctness of his conclusion.’ While we at once state our concurrence in the general view propounded by Mr. Maskell, as to *Lay* Baptism, we think that he has by no means recognised to the full the miserable uncertainty which attends *Dissenters’* Baptisms. Formerly, when it was made a matter of duty to instruct lay people in the form of Baptism, the danger might be less; but, while the present writer, in a chapter (v.) containing very valuable instruction, points out the manifold danger, the serious ‘difficulties which might possibly arise’ from ‘an insufficient or improper pronounciation of the Form’ on the one hand; and when, as regards the other, we ourselves have seen a clergyman, and a very well-meaning one, in a populous parish, baptize, as he intended, some twenty children *in a batch*, by only passing his wet fingers, once dipped in the font, over their foreheads, we do own to much more serious apprehensions on the score, not of irregular, but of absolutely null and invalid, baptisms performed by the ignorant people who in country places call themselves ‘dissenting ministers.’ For example: the Canonists hold such a ministration as ‘I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Holy Ghost, and of the Son,’ or, ‘I baptize thee in the name of the Trinity,’ to be no baptism. To omit the words, ‘I baptize,’ or its equivalent, ‘This person is baptized,’ is ruled to be fatal to

opinion, that in the Sacrament of Baptism there is something, I know not what to name it, whether character, or mark, or seal, or sign, conveyed and given also, indelible, eternal; imprinted both upon soul and body; ever distinguishing, not only in this world, but in the world to come, those who have once received it, from all who have died unbaptized,’ p. 360. With this subject we should like to have seen connected a discussion of the well-known opinion of (after others) Dodwell on the natural mortality of the unbaptized soul.

the administration : a baptism given in an optative form, ' May'st thou be baptized,' is distinctly and unequivocally null. Are such cases impossible ? are there no Dissenters ignorant enough to make mistakes, or conceited enough to invent a private form, only because it shall not be that of the Church ? To such difficulties we think Mr. Maskell has not assigned sufficient weight ; and we are not yet prepared to abandon Dr. Pusey's¹ careful judgment contained in one of the notes to the Oxford Tertullian (p. 280, et seq.), from which, as it does not seem to have come under Mr. Maskell's notice (note G on the tract *De Baptismo*, ch. xv.), we extract the conclusion.

' The validity of all baptism wherein the right " matter " and " words " had been used, became thenceforth the rule of the Latin Church, except that in the later times, the Roman Church has left it to the Bishops to dispense with her rule, when there seems to them " reasonable cause ; " and virtually, among ourselves at least, has adopted conditional re-baptizing as her rule : the Scotch branch of our Church has formally sanctioned conditional baptism, whenever the parties themselves entertain doubts of their schismatical baptism : and such is the growing practice in our own.'—P. 295.

' The practice now adopted by the Scotch Church and our own, with regard to persons baptized by such as are not only in schism, but never received any commission to baptize, (a case to which there is no parallel in the early Church,) unites the advantages of the Latin and Greek practice ; of the Latin, in that it avoids the risk of real re-baptizing, which the ancients regarded as a profanation of the Sacred Names ; of the Greek, in that it does what in us lies to provide that none of the blessings and grace of baptism be lost through our omission ; and is an act of piety towards God, desiring that whatever may have hitherto been lacking, be supplied.'—P. 297.

Again : we think Mr. Maskell (p. 326,) dismisses in too summary a way the occasions upon which ' the English Clergy are called upon to use this conditional form of baptism.' Since we last met him in these pages, Mr. Maskell has become a parish priest : what the general intelligence of the inhabitants of S. Mary Church, or of the whole archdeaconry of Totness, may happen to be, we are not aware ; but we will suppose a possible case. A child, alleged to be privately baptized, is brought to

¹ We observe that Mr. Maskell does not seem to be aware of the existence of the first form of Dr. Pusey's ' Scripture Views of Holy Baptism,' for he quotes it without the author's name, with which it certainly appeared in its original, and now very rare, shape of ' Tracts for the Times, Nos. 67, 68, 69.' As first published, the ' Views' embody what the writer incorrectly, as has been observed, calls ' Baptismal Liturgies.' From these Mr. Maskell would probably have quoted had he seen them ; all that appears to have come under his knowledge was probably the enlarged and much improved recast (1839) of the first part only of the original Three Tracts (1836). This recast is usually bound up, without the writer's name, in the second volume of, what pretends to be what is now almost unattainable, a complete set of the original ' Oxford Tracts.' Will Dr. Pusey pardon us for asking whether the two remaining parts of a work, upon which his reputation as an accomplished Theologian will most depend, are to remain an *opus desideratum* ?

Mr. Maskell himself to be admitted into the Church. 'By whom was this child baptized?' 'By Mr. M. or N.' (Mr. Maskell's predecessor, or his curate.) Mr. M. or N. being dead, Mr. Maskell himself will not allow this answer to be sufficient, for this comes only to the 'reasonable conclusion, that a minister is the single essential particular of a valid administration of 'the sacrament,' (p. 172); a conclusion very much at issue with Mr. M.'s argument, and which of course he rejects. 'Who was present, &c.?' 'Goody Blake.' Goody Blake then is examined as to 'matter' and 'form.' We will not pain our readers by any conjectural account of the old nurse's replies. But we will say, that with our knowledge of the poor, these questions will either not be answered at all, or not in any rational way, even when put by an acute and patient questioner, or answered only just as the clergyman, according to his bias, puts them. Besides all this, there is the broad fact, that in case the child is alleged to have been baptized by the Wesleyan preacher, who is not the Rubric's 'any other lawful minister,' no examination whatever is to be instituted, according to the present requirements of the English book.

For this is, as every parochial Clergyman knows, the real pinch of the question. In after life, a person in earnest is converted to the Church—knows that his parents were Dissenters—knows that he was said to have been baptized in some obscure part of the country by the butcher or baker, who probably could not write, and who occasionally acted as local preacher in the — Circuit. This man is dead—the parents are dead—nobody knows anything about the alleged baptizer, except a vague tradition that he died a Mormonite, which forms an exceedingly harassing suspicion as to his faith, or his use of the Sacred Name. The applicant's spiritual adviser is not bound to institute the Prayer-Book inquiry; for, by hypothesis, his case is not that of a baptism 'by any other lawful minister.' If he follows the spirit of the Prayer-Book, and makes the inquiry, no evidence, no answer, is forthcoming. Witnesses present there are none living. Will Mr. Maskell say that this is not a case for hypothetical (at the least) baptism, or that such a case is rare? We believe that there is hardly a Clergyman of moderate diligence who has not had scores of such cases coming within his own knowledge, and upon which he has been called upon to advise. It will not do to call conditional baptism, under such circumstances, 'a mere means of escape from troublesome inquiries, and as a settling of' nervous 'doubts.' (p. 327.) Reverence for holy things will not allow less. And as to the danger about rebaptization, it really has no place in such a case: if the first baptism were good, the second, or hypothetical baptism,

administered *ex abundanti cauteta*, is no rebaptization; it is no baptism at all—it is not—it never has been. Far from ‘the serious error of rebaptization being not seldom the consequence,’ (*ibid.*), we cannot see how it ever could possibly occur in the conditional form. This we think the least direct and satisfactory part of the present volume.

To the popular—we had, perhaps, more rightly called it vulgar—panacea, that a subsequent reception of confirmation by episcopal hands, or the reception of the Eucharist, supplies the grace which is wanting, that is, which has never been given, in an absolutely null baptism, one that is deficient in form—from its extreme absurdity, we suppose—Mr. Maskell does not even allude. We wish that he had done so. For this make-shift, this mere passing by on the other side, only to avoid meeting a difficult and often painful question, is not uncommon. It is one which the incapable or idle adviser often takes refuge in. Such a subterfuge scarcely asks for a serious answer. The grace of confirmation is not the gift of regeneration: the character impressed in laying on of hands is not identical with that impressed in the washing of water; the sustenance of spiritual life conveyed in the Eucharist cannot supply its first gift, which is the essence of the new birth in baptism. A person is either baptized or not: if he is not baptized, it is only because the true matter and form have not been applied. If he has been washed in any fluid which is not water—this case affecting the canonical *materia remota*; if intention to baptize was present in the priest, only that, from using a wet finger or a Wedgwood basin, sufficient water was not applied to the infant—this case affecting the technical *materia proxima* of ablution: in either case the alleged baptism is deficient in matter, and therefore is null—is not. The child is a heathen—and so of the cases already put with respect to the form. Here no confirmation—not the imposition of hands of all the Bishops in Christendom—not the partaking of the one Eucharist every day—ever can annul this original defect. The party labouring under it is not a baptized man.

The present writer has some useful remarks on the somewhat perplexed question of the right inherent in the diaconate to administer baptism. We coincide in his conclusion, that this commission does exist, yet restrained and modified to cases of necessity. Our own Church retains the ancient principle, by confining the diaconal ministration to the absence of the priest. And while great scandal accrues from permitting English deacons, as is too often the case, to perform strictly sacerdotal functions, such as the marriage benediction, there is an additional objection, upon which Mr. Maskell has not observed, to the deacon baptizing in the present Church of England, arising from the struc-

ture of its reformed offices. Anciently, when the 'Benedictio Fontis' occurred only at rare intervals, the deacon might very properly baptize in water already blessed by the priest, which cannot be among ourselves, when at every baptism the Minister of the Sacrament has to consecrate ('Sanctify this water,') fresh water. The impropriety of a deacon hallowing the fontal element, as well as baptizing, is obvious.

Mr. Maskell, as is known, is very strictly Anglican in his ritual interpretations: in matters which are not of the essence of the Sacrament, he submits with much less reluctance than many among us to the supposed excision of ritual proprieties, which he thinks that the Church of England has forbidden only because she has not expressly ordered. Such is his conclusion about trine affusion, which we are quite satisfied that the Church of England permits, as well as she does the signation of the elements during their consecration in either Sacrament. With respect to baptism, Mr. Maskell does admit this custom of signation, (p. 90.) We quite concur in the propriety of his hints about the drains to fonts; the necessity of reverently disposing of the water in private baptism, (in addition to which, on such occasions, the use of the surplice ought also to have been strictly suggested), and other formal matters. One omission in the dissertation we have noticed, that of any regret for our loss, since the first book of Edward, of the direct form of exorcism in baptism, which rite is still retained by Lutherans. This mutilation, together with the suppression of chrism in any shape (except at coronations), is among the most serious instances of the unhappy spirit of our Reformers, which led them, without even the poor pretence of compulsion, to abandon, at the dictation of an heretical German, that first book of Edward VI., the excellences of which they confessed at the very moment of destroying it. And we may also, —though in a confused way, only as specimens of the kind of instruction to be derived from it,—specify, as among the useful points discussed in this dissertation, some notices of the interesting question of the baptism of the Apostles—whether a person can baptize himself?—clinic baptism—the impropriety of parents baptizing their own children—the condition of unbaptized infants,—of all such questions, which some, perhaps, will be found to stigmatize as at the best curious, but often impertinent, Mr. Maskell says, with truth and severity,—‘Would that
‘we might be quite sure that the poverty of our theological
‘literature during the last century and a half has not been
‘owing to this general opinion, that many questions, involving
‘vital doctrines, are merely “amusing;” an opinion bringing
‘with it its fatal and most sure consequences—a disparagement

‘ of objective truth ; a confusion of creeds ; barren recommendations of some few moral duties agreed upon by most of us ; and vapid dissertations on certain articles of belief, thought to be important, solely because no man happens to dispute them.’—P. 304.

It would be hardly fair, however, either to Mr. Maskell, or to our readers, to dismiss him without a sample of his quality, which we are in this case the better pleased to do, since we think Mr. Maskell’s style, to the ornaments of which, however, he still does not seem to attend much, somewhat less rugged than we found it in his ‘ Ancient Liturgies,’ and ‘ Monumenta Ritualia.’

‘ There is an argument which has not been, so far as I remember, urged in support of the real meaning which can alone be put upon the ritual and formularies of our Church ; (supposing, that is, that it does admit of doubt ;) and yet one, which cannot but have great weight. Denial of the doctrine of regeneration in baptism, did not spring up after the middle of the sixteenth century ; after, that is, the first alterations which took place in our service-books and formularies.’—P. 362.

‘ I shall endeavour to show the truth of this by some extracts from the works of two or three writers of acknowledged authority of a certain kind.’—P. 363.

‘ First, however, take the following from the Concilia : the fact of the condemnation of such errors and heresies is evidence of the extent to which they were reaching ; these, then, were condemned in a mandate to the university of Oxford, by the archbishop, in the year 1368, together with others. “ 4. Sacramentum baptismi non est de lege Dei alicui parvulo decedenti requisitum ad salutem æternam, si intelligatur universaliter, quod nullum sacramentum, etc. *error*.—6. De quolibet parvulo baptizato decedente, an salvabitur, seu damnabitur, est à quolibet catholico dubitandum : *error*.—8. Non est possibile de lege communi aliquem pro solo originali peccato damnari : *error*.”—P. 363.

‘ Among the tenets propounded by the Wickliffites, was this ; and although, as I have stated in a preceding chapter, it may possibly be interpreted not unfavourably, and merely as objecting against a too severe opinion advanced on the contrary, it is nevertheless itself a proposition apparently opposed to the constant decrees of the Church, and to the words of Holy Scripture. The reader may form his own judgment upon it. “ Item, quod definient parvulos fidelium sine baptismo sacramentali decedentes, non fore salvandos, sunt in hoc præsumptuosi et stolidi. *Error est*.”

‘ In the year 1530, among other heretical propositions gathered out of books, at that time dispersed actively through the country, were these ... “ That the children of faith be under noo lawe.—The water of the fonte hath noo more vertue in it than hath the water of ryuer. [This may be true in one sense, and has been spoken of : but then there follows,] The baptisme lyeth not in halowed water, or in other outward thinge, but in the faith oonly.—The water of baptisme is noo thinge but a signe that we must be under the standard of the crosse.—Infants be holy and clene, thoo they haue not receyued baptisme, because their parents be holy and clene.”—Pp. 363—364.

‘ In the following place, Wickliffe cannot be understood except as disputing against the necessity of baptism with water, and that baptism with the Spirit is of itself sufficient : thus, in anticipation, arguing upon that dangerous system, against which we are thus warned by the author of the

Ecclesiastical Polity: "When the letter of the law hath two things plainly and expressly specified, Water, and the Spirit, water as a duty required on our parts, the Spirit as a gift which God bestoweth, there is danger in presuming so to interpret it, as if the clause which concerneth ourselves were more than needeth." Such a mode of dealing with Holy Scripture Wickliffe did not fear to use. He says; "Baptismus flaminis est baptismus Spiritus Sancti. Item duo baptismi priores [sc. sanguinis et fluminis] sunt ut signa antecedentia, et ex suppositione necessaria ad istum tertium baptismum flaminis. Ideo absque dubitatione, si iste insensibilis baptismus affuerit, baptizatus a crimine est mundatus: et si ille defuerit, quantumcunque adsint priores, baptismus non prodest animæ ad salutem. Ideo cum iste sit insensibilis tantum, et nobis incognitus, videtur mihi imprudens præsumptio taliter damnationem hominis, vel salvationem, ex baptismo definire."—Pp. 366—367.

Then, after quoting passages exceedingly like those of their modern admirers, from Tyndal, Frith, and Hooper, of which we can only find space for one from the last writer:—

“Baptism sanctifieth no man:—external baptism is but an inauguration or external consecration of those that first believed and were cleansed of their sin.—Infants be examined concerning repentance and faith, before they be baptized with water; at the contemplation of the which faith, God purgeth the soul.”—Pp. 372—373.

Mr. Maskell then forcibly concludes:—

“We learn, then, from these extracts out of writings both before, and contemporaneous with, the revision of the ritual of the Church of England, and her expositions of doctrine set forth during the sixteenth century, the existence of a definite system of teaching upon the effect of, and upon the blessings conveyed by, reception of the sacrament of baptism. This system had been over and over again condemned by councils, both diocesan and provincial, of the English Church; it was plainly opposed to the rituals which had been in use from the beginning; it had been still insisted on, enforced, and spread by men who, nevertheless, believed in the correctness of it, and that it was not contrary to the truth as contained in Holy Scripture, and held by the primitive Church; lastly, as a system, it was known to and understood by those to whose judgment the alterations which it would be wise to make in the ancient service-books were committed. Will any person prove there is even an appearance of evidence in any of the authoritative documents and formularies of our Church during the last three hundred years,—in ritual, liturgy, catechism, articles, or canons,—from which we can fairly conclude that this system, so often rejected in earlier ages, was at last adopted? I think not. Will any person point out the actual changes which were made in the ritual, in order to accommodate and make room for the admission of the new system, in place of, and in contradiction to, the old faith? I think not. Or, once more; will any person produce a plain, dogmatic assertion, agreed upon and published by the Church of England since the year 1545, condemning her ancient doctrine upon baptism? I think not.”—Pp. 375—376.

ART. VIII.—*Narrative of the French Revolution of 1848.* By
W. K. KELLY. London: Chapman and Hall. 1848.

WE are now half through this year of revolutions, and their novelty is wearing off. We are becoming familiar with a state of things which, compared with all that we have hitherto known, is a reversed order of the world. The game, indeed, is far from being played out. We seldom look in vain in the morning for those headings in large capitals, characteristic of the newspaper files of 1848, which imply another throne shaken, or another perilous encounter between rival elements of society. But now, every new event of this kind, however exciting in itself, is perfectly natural, and belongs to the established course of things. Chaos is, for the present, the recognised condition of Europe. Conflict, convulsion, and overthrow, belong to that condition. They affect us only like any other phenomena with which life has made us acquainted. Not so those astounding and incredible tidings which used to come in the gloomy mornings of February and March, more trying to our faith even than to our fears or hopes, like the shocks of an earthquake to persons who had never felt one. We, the children of tranquil monotony and unbroken peace, gravely doubting whether war was henceforth a possibility, found ourselves in a moment the contemporaries of a revolution, in very deed accepting the traditions of 1793, and not hesitating before any of its consequences. We found ourselves at once a historical generation. But the bewilderment attending this novel transformation has worn off. We have recovered our breath, and can look back and about us.

But, though the shock of surprise is over, the scene is still too confused, and the drama not sufficiently gone forward, to admit of any very satisfactory or comprehensive criticism. All seems broken up, floating apparently at random, the sport of a day's accidents, wanting informing principle within to shape and guide it, or energy and power without to control it. What order of things will arise from this wreck? Which are the really powerful and prevailing tendencies among the many which have shown themselves? Is this the beginning of a state of society new to Europe?—or one in a chain of steps and series of conflicts? Or is it a dream or hour's madness? Is the spell of old opinions and old associations finally broken? Have the old ideas of rank and privilege, of property and

hereditary right, received their death-wound? The immemorial unquestioned *data* of social arrangements—are they going to make way for a new political economy, a new public opinion and social creed,—or will they return to their strength again as they have ever done before? Are we really driven down to first principles, — or do we only seem to be so? Is it possible that this time next year may find old Europe again settled as of old,—somewhat shaken by the rude hand of democracy, but fast subsiding to its old tranquillity—or will it be in the thick of that pitiless and internecine ‘war of principles,’ which a great statesman is said to have foreboded? Are the great problems of industry about to be solved? Is the condition of the labouring classes likely to receive a fundamental change,—or is all that is propounded and promised them a fatal and hopeless rebellion against the strong laws of Providence? Is there really in modern Republicanism the self-devotion, the self-denial, the justice, the kindness, the hatred of unfairness and corruption, the insight and the energy, which it has so largely promised? Does society stand on the edge of the abyss?—on the border of the promised land?—or is it entering the wilderness? or have we exaggerated at once the forces, the talent, the perils, and the prospects of the revolution? Is it, after all, but ‘the situation?’

The great revolution, and its foreign progeny, are still too young for their history to be written. They have not yet taken shape; they are simply monstrous, though, no doubt, they will grow into something—some new type, or, possibly, some very old one. Nor would any wise man, who cared about his character, stake much of it on any but the most general prophecies about the future. We, who cannot wait for the issues of things, but must speak when our turn comes round, must not encroach on the business of the historian, much less have we any inclination to try our chance in forecasting. The obvious and palpable characteristics of this last strange birth of time are all that come within our sphere to notice: but they are worth noticing.

The French revolution is the centre of the system of European revolution, and we shall confine ourselves to it. Paris is the heart and brain of Europe, which moves when Paris moves, and thinks what Paris thinks—so cry all Parisians and Frenchmen, journalists, poets, tragedy-writers and comedy-writers, philosophers, historians and preachers, novelists and *fabricants*, deputies and the great family of *commis-voyageurs*—Guizot and Thiers, Michelet and De Maistre, Lamennais and Lacordaire, and stern little M. Alexis Pupin, the crop-haired, bullet-headed, black-bearded, full-waisted, short man, who travels with sham *bijouterie* for the *Maison Flamm* of Marseilles, and who lays

down the law peremptorily on cookery questions, politics, and taste, at every *table d'hôte* from Frankfort to the Fair of Sinigaglia. They make so much noise that we are inclined to disbelieve: nevertheless there is some truth in what they say. France popularizes, communicates; easily, elegantly. Her writers seem to think that this is the whole of the civilizing process; but, though this is one of their many simplicities, a people who have this gift cannot be without influence. Again, they are eloquent in descanting on the sacrifices which France has made to redeem the nations;—but though this is a hyperbole, such as none but Frenchmen would venture on, it is undeniable that they have shown those who are so disposed the way to overturn governments. Glib, excitable, frowning M. Alexis Pupin, the oracle of *tables d'hôte*, is unquestionably a ridiculous little man; yet, to use the French formula, Pupin represents a principle. The solemn German burghers vilipend him, and his subtle Italian friends secretly mock him; they have their own way of thinking and acting, quite independent of Pupin and his country; but, (besides that they find the *bijouterie Flamm* to their taste,) Pupin, in conversation, is at a loss on no subject; he discourses with fluency, spirit, and assurance, with breadth of view, yet with apparent precision; bold and rapid in inference, and, where ignorant, inventive. Further, however his local criticisms may be accepted, he is an authority worth listening to in Frankfort about Sinigaglia, and at Sinigaglia about Frankfort; and at both about the mysteries of St. Petersburg, and the monster system of the English aristocracy: he is sure to be ingenious, and plausible, and amusing, even where his lying becomes too bold. Pupin, too, is a hater of despotisms: his opinions are strong, and his sentiments generous, whenever the question of oppressed nationalities turns up: and when foreign patriots despair, he cheers their fainting spirits by the example of France, and the assurance of its warm sympathy. So that M. Pupin, besides the *bijouterie* business, also keeps up liberal enthusiasm, and dispenses information pleasantly: and what M. Pupin does in his small way, is done in a large way by the French nation in general, and specially by the writers and speakers of the city of Paris.

The doings and fortunes of the French revolution, though with one exception—the doings and fortunes of the Roman see—the most absorbing spectacle in Europe, are far from being the only one worthy of attention and study. Its history does not virtually comprehend that of the German or Italian movements, nor are they mere copies of the 24th February. But the French revolution is far the most advanced of all the others, the most

systematic, the most uncompromising and venturesome; the type of revolution, though not the actual model. While the Italians are aiming at national independence, and the Germans at national unity, the idea of the French revolution is an entire recasting of society, not in France only, but throughout the civilized world. This is the idea, at least, which its leaders profess, and which will henceforth become the keynote and highest mark of revolutionary action throughout Europe. We shall therefore devote what space we have to it, and review briefly the state of things which preceded it, and its past and present aspects.

A strong government and a long one, a fortunate and a rich one, had not been able, even with the aid of peace and increasing prosperity, to bring about and secure the harmony of French society. It had its own way more than any government not avowedly despotic; there was no want of ability among its statesmen, no want of choice among those who might be its instruments, no want of devotion in those who were chosen, no want of purpose and will in its chief. Its influence extended wide and deep through the mass of French society, knitting and tying it together by a tissue and network of mutually connected interests, joined to, and directly dependent on, its central power, as the nerves are on the brain. It gave opportunity and encouragement for what was disturbed to settle, and for what was dislocated and fractured to unite; it gave time, it appeared to give a solid basis, and confidence for the future. It used to be said that every hour of peace gained to France, was a further pledge of future tranquillity. This government secured seventeen years of peace. It had no overwhelming difficulties to struggle with, no want of money, no discontented army, no universal famine; nothing more than the ordinary trials of statesmen. And there was a minister in power who appeared equal to far greater emergencies than any that threatened; the very personification of good sense and of moderate and conciliating policy, never shrinking from the call of duty, yet as cool and philosophical as if he had been less bold and firm; of the simplest and austere manners, which yet in public life did not make him inopportunistically nice, and allowed him a large range in the use of political instruments; bent with passionate devotion, and unscrupulous only in this cause, on building up on deep and stable foundations, and at whatever cost, the fabric of French society; patient of a corruption which he scorned, and of a stigma on himself, so that he might not lose that last chance for his countrymen, repose—

‘ Si Pergama dextra

‘ Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent.’

But two deadly symptoms, which make revolution a continual

possibility, had never disappeared from French society since the first revolution; a feverish, uncontrollable, sudden excitability, and a cynical *insouciance* for their existing political institutions of whatever sort. Whether from their own fault or that of the institutions, they never have become attached to them; the instincts and customs of loyal subordination have perished among them; they have never known what it is to value and respect while they find fault: a sneering or dogged obedience, or the acquiescence of perfect indifference, has marked the general temper of the French people towards the various political arrangements under which they have found themselves for the last half century. Enthusiasm they have shown in abundance, but never, except in the field of battle, trust. We are not going into the causes of this; but it is obvious that it has gone along with great social disorder. The dark pictures that we have lately seen of French society, drawn by Frenchmen, and Frenchmen of very opposite parties, and which taken by themselves appear exaggerations, receive confirmation from recent events, of which they offer a key. Exaggerations probably they are, for the writers we allude to are given to exaggeration; but they cannot be wholly false, and they point exactly to those evils which we should expect to precede a great convulsion, for which no very sufficient cause appears on the surface. They speak of the way in which French society has separated itself from the past; of the traditions, and recollections, and sentiments of old days which have been violently broken off; of the absence of any instincts or habits powerful enough to replace them; of the alarming way in which authority has lost its *prestige*, and law all that is sacrosanct and inviolable; of the disunion, isolation, mutual jealousy of classes; of the failing hearts of the peasantry, the viciousness of the artisans, the feebleness, decay, stagnation and incapacity of the easy inhabitants of the towns; of the weakening of the family tie; of the loss of influence among the clergy; of the savage spirit which any attempt to regain it calls up; of the light and reckless scepticism, or the selfish and sulky indifference, which is shown, not only in respect of religion, but morality;—they complain of dissatisfaction and misunderstanding, a fretful restlessness, vexing and wearying men, they scarcely know why;—and finish their picture with the worst feature of the whole,—a corruption which is not satisfied with its own excesses, but morbidly seeks to parade itself, and uses the brilliant style and cosmopolite press of France to publish its abominations and its miseries to the whole of Europe.

These social evils are not confined to France; but in France their poison is inflamed in proportion to the fiery vehemence of French temper, incapable of balancing and enduring—to its

exaggeration of sentiment, its want of reserve and patience. Making allowances for this, may we not say that such views as the following have been amply confirmed? at least they explain with painful probability the strange events we have seen. The bitterness with which evils are published and commented on may help on their effects, but can hardly of itself produce those effects.

We will take some statements of a French clergyman writing in 1845.¹ The revival of religion in France, of which a good deal has been said, and the change of tone towards it, from mockery to respect, he treats as a mere superficial symptom, marking, indeed, a partial reaction from past madness, and suggesting hope, but in itself worth little.

After saying that there never was a time when religion seemed so much to interest the world, and to claim the homage even of its enemies, he proceeds:—

‘ You who speak of religion, who seem to humble yourselves at its feet and devote to it your heart, your soul, your deceitful lips, show us your religious *acts*. Acts, alas! you have none to show. What, then, do you mean by religion? I know not; probably you know not yourselves. . . . Who can venture to deny that, in the present day, every one has two characters? There is the outward and the inward man; each has his show side, and his concealed side: each is at once the man of the drawing-room, with his honeyed words, his correct and guarded conversation, and also the man of the saloons, with his deeds of shame and ignominy, often of infamy. Their lips and their hearts have each a set of doctrines of their own. Hence the change of our society into a vast theatre, where each plays his part as best he may; hence this understanding, each to be deceived; hence the necessity of this accomplished and faultless hypocrisy; hence this woeful scepticism which extends through every thing, so that men no longer believe anything, not even virtue; hence this false position, this universal uneasiness, these vague and sad forebodings of suffering humanity, balancing between the fear of impending dissolution, and the yearning after speedy regeneration; hence this language of etiquette and conventionality, which all mock at in their hearts, and which offers such a contrast to their actions.’—Pp. 3, 4.

Yet in this arrest of open and rampant infidelity, he sees some hope; a hesitation in the path of destruction. But this is only in the higher classes. If there seems a chance of improvement in them, he sees nothing but increasing degradation in the lower, a degradation getting deeper in a far more rapid proportion than the utmost improvement in the higher. For example, in the matter of religion:—

‘ The people—as it is the way to designate the laborious classes—have preserved nought of their fathers’ faith and virtues but the remembrance of them . . . Except a small number of families, on whom the fatal cause

¹ De l’Etat et des Besoins Religieux et Moraux des Populations en France: par M. l’Abbé J. Bonnetat. Paris, 1845.

which produces all these evils has not yet acted, or acted but slightly, the remainder presents only the fearful aspect of a revolting degradation,—a degradation the more amazing, as in no age to which we can carry back our thoughts, has the ease and material prosperity of the people been so great

‘I am not exaggerating. There is, at this day, in general, in any given district, on an average, almost a tenth of the men who do not believe in God, and who glory in this tremendous unbelief. About half of the remaining nine-tenths, and a great number of the women, do not believe in the immortality of the soul, and make no concealment of it. Let me give an idea of their language; one set of them say,—“For my part, I only know him who gives us light—God means the sun: there is no other. Is it not the sun who causes rain and fair weather; who makes the fruit of the ground to spring? If there be a God, as people say, why does he not show himself, and let us see him?” The others say,—“People tell us that after death there is a soul: what is a soul? once dead, we are dead for good and all.” And all these misbelievers, these small professors of free-thinking, are usually grossly ignorant and stupid, and without exception, the most abandoned and vicious people of the place. A proof of their ignorance and stupidity is, that, believing nothing, they are yet most superstitious. . . . The other four-tenths have faith, but, for the most part, a dead faith, or a faith simply negative: they believe in the sense of denying nothing; they want, as compared with the others, the science of misbelief; they deny nothing, and affirm nothing. Their ignorance is extreme; they know nothing of their own hearts, of the faith, of religion. They are preeminently *indifferentists*; such is the least bad we have to show in a religious point of view Their breaches of the rules of discipline, of the commandments of God and the Church, are numerous, almost of daily occurrence. Those even who are considered religious for the most part pay no attention to them; the sacraments are neglected, the churches deserted, and the streets of Sion mourn because her children come not to her solemnities. They have their children baptized, they make them receive their first communion, here they stop; after this no more talk of religious acts, of attendance on the sacraments, except when they marry, and, in this case, it is more a matter of custom than of religion.

‘As to the divine and salutary institution of the Sunday, it no longer attains its end. In the towns the working and trading classes scarcely ever put foot in the churches. In the country, about a tenth of the people never come, viz. those who do not believe in God, the worshippers of the sun: half the other nine-tenths come four or five times a year, or the more solemn festivals; the rest more frequently, but very irregularly. One Sunday they attend the parish services, the next they work in the fields or at home, or do nothing, but any how do not come to church. The young people, especially after twelve or fourteen, when they usually receive their first communion, leave off coming in a great many districts, except it may be three or four times a-year.

‘It is fair to say there are exceptions. We have still in France a number of parishes in the country which have preserved the faith and simplicity of their fathers: to whatever cause this be owing, the fact is certain. But the number of these localities is small compared with those which have been swept away by the torrent, and even they begin to feel the first touch of the contagion of the age. In those where irreligion and carelessness reign supreme, some good and sensible persons have had the happiness to preserve a spark of piety But what happens? They are unceasingly the objects of a regular persecution; let them but attend church with tolerable regularity, let them but fulfil some of the practical duties of

religion,—this is enough : the rest get up a cry against them, make them the subject of their coarse jests, their insolent sneers, and contemptuous slights. . . .”—Pp. 7—14.

The parish church, he says, is empty ; the only chance which the clergy have of bringing them back to religious ways, the pulpit, is taken from them by the desecration of Sunday, with respect to which all feelings of sacredness are extinguished.

He further complains of the great social and domestic disorder among the poorer classes of the towns and villages ;—
‘ *Aujourd’hui il n’y a plus de famille.*’

‘ In the greater number of married people, the profoundest indifference takes the place of the sacred friendship which ought to unite them. . . . From indifference to hatred is but a step—a step which is often passed. . . . When they speak to one another, even in their moments of good humour, it is with that tone of carelessness which would wound the least susceptible heart ; but their usual tone is one of discontent, dislike, contempt. When they hear good people speaking the language of the heart, they call it *sentiment* and *humbug*, and would blush to imitate them. . . . When the labourer returns home at night, worn out with fatigue, and his brow loaded with sadness and anxiety, not a word, not a look, much less a smile, to welcome him to the threshold of his silent hovel. . . . Speak to them of the bad conduct which they allow in their children, they will answer, “ Oh, nowadays, children are masters, they must be left to themselves ; if they tried to force them, they would lose their help.” . . . Nothing do they fear so much as hearing their children called stupid. . . . Their sons might be very fiends, so that they were “ smart fellows ”—*degourdis* ; this is the term of their ambition—the manners learnt in the pothouse. . . . Their daughters are brought up like their boys—free as they—going where they will, coming home at night when they will . . . with a language of their own. . . . “ Amuse yourselves,” they say, “ while you are young ; you will have other things to think of when you are married : ” . . . never a word to them of religion or duty. When their boys have gone to their first communion, they never set foot again in church ; their girls often spend the time of service, of vespers specially, in houses where the boys meet together. And the parents never ask their children, “ Were you at mass ? where were you at vespers ? why were you not at church ? ” . . . By their own mockery of religion, its duties, ceremonies, and doctrines, their own gross language and gross actions, and their daily general bad example, they are the first corrupters of their children.’—Pp. 43, 46, 47, 22—28.

But what, after all, is perhaps its most alarming feature, is the way in which religion itself cannot act without breaking up households, chilling affection, estranging hearts. The fact is witnessed by its friends and foes ; the priest and the priest-hater speak almost in the same language :—it is ‘ *la question la plus brûlante de l’époque.*’

‘ The question is,’ says the latter—and it is the text of his pamphlet—‘ the question is about our family :—that sacred asylum in which we all desire to seek the repose of the heart, when our endeavours have proved fruitless, and our illusions are no more. We return exhausted to the domestic hearth ; but do we find there the repose we sigh for ?’

'Let us not dissemble, but acknowledge to ourselves how things are: there is in our family a sad difference of sentiment, and the most serious of all.

'We may speak to our mothers, wives, and daughters on any of the subjects which form the topics of our conversation with indifferent persons, such as business or the news of the day, but never on subjects that affect the heart and moral life, such as eternity, religion, the soul, and God.

'Choose, for instance, the moment when we naturally feel disposed to meditate with our family in common thought, some quiet evening at the family table; venture even there, in your own house, at your own fire-side, to say one word about these things; your mother sadly shakes her head, your wife contradicts you, your daughter, by her very silence, shows her disapprobation. They are on one side of the table, and you on the other—and alone. One would think that in the midst of them, and opposite you, was seated an invisible personage to contradict *whatever you may say*.

'But how can we be astonished at this state of our family? Our wives and daughters are brought up and governed by *our enemies!*'—*Michelet, Priests, Women, and Families*, pref. p. xxix.

'Irreligion,' says the clergyman, 'has corrupted, in their very germ, the elements of the family, the sole base on which the hinge of all social order turns. It has placed its icy hand between the husband and the wife: it has loosened their mutual ties, it has broken down their sympathies, chilled their hearts.' . . . —*Bonnetat*, p. 40.

And in another place he says—'Oh, shame of our times, in which it is possible to say what follows: that at the family hearth Faith is still seated in the person of the wife, but at her side is Unbelief, sitting there in the person of the husband, and there is disunion in the household: that, in order to put a stop to this permanent state of warfare and intestine troubles, to gain that peace and union which is to be prized before all things, it is necessary to withdraw the wife from the influence of that religion which makes her what she is, which gives her feelings and belief different from her husband's, and thus to expel faith, and consequently virtue, from her home.' . . . —P. 83.

Side by side with this view of French society from the pen of a priest, a view which we know to be a common one among religious people in France, set the statements of their extreme opponents, such as Lamennais or Michelet. Whether exaggerated or not, they bear testimony to the same disorganization, so to speak, of society—the dull uneasy discontent and jealousy, which work in secret under the dazzling veil of the most refined civilization: the bitter sense of wrong, the isolation and fear, the absence of loyalty from the citizen to the law, of trust from the subordinate to the superior. Take, for example, Michelet's book, '*Du Peuple*,' published in 1846. He begins by protesting formally against the unfair and exaggerated pictures of French social disorders, which Frenchmen have held up to the scorn of the world. 'We are not so bad as the world thinks 'us,' he says; 'in the excess of our frankness, we have accused 'ourselves, but our self-condemnation has been extreme.' And yet he writes his book on purpose to shame his countrymen

into union and patriotism, by a detail of the misery which they inflict on and suffer from one another. '*Du Servage, et de la Haine*'—this is the title of his chapters; this is the condition, and this the feeling, which he finds in all classes alike; he describes it in each, often in the midst of his affectation and extravagance, with touches of nature, which it is hard not to believe. He is enthusiastic in his admiration of the people,—meaning by the word,* not, as Louis Blanc, the workmen of great towns, but the labourers of the field; it is in the country, neglected by statesmen and economists, that he finds the virtue, the self-denial, the hope of France. Yet, in this country-population of twenty-four millions of agricultural labourers, 'not only the most numerous, but the strongest, the healthiest, and on the whole, taking in together physical and moral considerations, the best part of France,' he too finds religion extinct, and, by way of substitute for the faith which has been lost, nothing but the military ideas and remembrances of the empire:

'Unsupported by the faith which formerly sustained him, left to himself, halting betwixt that religion which is no longer his, and the lights of modern philosophy which are withheld from him, he is yet the depositary of the national sentiment, the grand military tradition of his race, he still preserves something of the honour of the soldier. He is selfish and hard to deal with, no doubt; but who can rail at this who knows all that he has to go through?'—P. 12.

He describes the peasant as engaged in a hopeless war with the usurer; and how it affects his temper and ways.

'Marvel now, that this Frenchman, this laughter, this singer of aforetime, is no longer known to laugh! Marvel, when meeting him on this land which devours him, you find him so sombre. . . . You pass, give him a cordial "Good-day!" he forces his hat over his eyes and won't see you. Don't ask him your way; his answer might send you back the road you came.

'And thus the peasant is more and more isolated and embittered. His heart is too frozen up for him to open it to any sentiment of goodwill. He hates the rich; he hates his neighbour and the world. Alone on this miserable plot of ground of his, as much alone as if on a desert island, he becomes a savage. His insociability, arising from the very sense of his misery, renders it irremediable, and prevents him from coming to an understanding with those who ought to be his natural aids and friends, his brother peasants; he would die sooner than advance one step to meet them. On the other hand, the denizen of the town has no mind to draw near to this fierce man, and almost fears him. "The peasant is mischievous, malignant, capable of any thing. . . . You cannot live among them with any safety." So, people in easy circumstances become more estranged from them; they make short visits to the country, but do not fix permanently there; their dwelling is the town. They leave the field open to the village banker, to the lawyer,—the secret confessor of all, who gains by all.'—P. 11.

Yet of all the pictures which he draws, that of the labourer,

both as to his condition and his character, is the most hopeful. He winds up his gloomy chapters by the following:—

‘In the moral, as in the physical, society in our days has an ill peculiar to itself—it has become singularly susceptible. That man’s ordinary ills have decreased, I believe; history proves it. They have, however, decreased in a finite proportion; and sensibility has increased in an infinite.

‘To fill up the measure of woe, this age of extreme individual sensibility is precisely that in which everything is done by collective means which are least within individual influence. Action, in all mechanical pursuits, is centralised around some mighty power, and, will he nill he, man is drawn into the whirlwind. Of how little import he himself is, what becomes in these vast impersonal systems of his most cherished thoughts and poignant griefs, alas! who can tell? . . . The machine rolls on, immense, majestic, indifferent, unconscious that its small wheels, which have to bear such hard friction, are living men.

‘Machines, (I except not the most perfect, whether manufacturing or administrative,) have furnished man, amongst numerous advantages, with one unfortunate faculty, that of combining forces without combining hearts, of co-operating without loving, of acting and living together without knowing each other—the moral power of association has lost all that mechanical concentration has gained.

‘Savage isolation, even in co-operation; ungrateful contact, without wishes, without warmth, and which one feels only in the severity of the friction. The result is not, as might be imagined, indifference, but antipathy and hate; not the simple negation of society, but its contrary—society actually labouring to become unsociable.’—Pp. 32, 33.

Is this exaggeration? Possibly: but not therefore total falsehood. General descriptions are apt to overstate; French writers are apt to overstate; M. Bonnetat and M. Michelet are apt to overstate;—and they *say*, which is a probability the other way, that they do not overstate. But are they simply false witnesses? If so, they have a large body of compurgators. They are disputing a battle ground: both parties assume the same facts to begin with. Both parties, religious and irreligious, assume that French society presents certain phenomena: these phenomena each lays to the other’s door: each professes to give the only remedy. M. Bonnetat confesses that the influence of the Church has dwindled down to nearly total extinction. M. Michelet, who hates it, yet abstains from triumphing—what the Church has lost, ‘*la patrie*’ has not yet gained. Each has to charge his opponent for the failure of his own cause; but each cause meantime appears as a failure. And between them French society, even if its actual misery be painted too darkly, appears at least in a state of apathetic indifference, on the lookout for good which it would receive from any hand—neither opponent charging it with those prejudices which imply principles or at least fixed habits and sentiments, or even with those parties which result from these, and which, if they

separate, also bind together; both looking on it as a field inviting and admitting of, not improvement but, change, where nothing is so settled as that it may not legitimately be disturbed, and where, in default of steady attachment and steady purposes, bold enthusiasm might most hopefully make its ventures.

Further, to whatever extent social evils exist in France, whether different, or in a greater or less degree, from those of other countries, those who are affected by them at all are more sensitive, and more precipitate, than Englishmen or Germans. An Englishman broods long over an abuse, and ponders long on an improvement: first, whether it is an abuse or improvement; and next, whether he can mend by altering: it may be, he is not sensitive enough. But with a Frenchman, impressions magnify, and inference hurries on; and before this 'infinitely sensitive public,' or before the infinitely susceptible part of it which reads, such pictures as we have quoted cannot be paraded without irritating misfortune, poisoning wounds, infusing bitterness, goading on discontent. And such pictures have been daily presented to it for years past, in the pages of the brilliant and exciting journalism of Paris—a series of papers, not so rich or so practical as much of our English press, but combining singularly a scientific and luminous method of exposition, with equal pungency, and far more direct and significant calls for an immediate response from the public. Add to these the novelists, as representing phases of society in France, or at least what the most popular literary men did not hesitate to present as such, and the public received without protest—further, as what these popular literary men were not ashamed to adorn and make interesting, and the public not ashamed to admire and applaud. Michelet—here, at least, an authority who may be trusted—thus records and comments on this fact in French literature:—

'Immortal and classic romances, revealing the domestic tragedies of the higher and wealthier classes, have made it an established article of European belief, that domestic life is not to be found in France.

'Other works, of incontestable talent, but dealing in terrible phantasmagoria, have given as examples of ordinary life in our towns, retaken criminals and returned convicts.

'A painter of manners, of wonderful genius for details, amuses himself with painting a loathsome village ale-house, a low tavern for the reception of thieves and blackguards, and to this hideous sketch he has the effrontery to affix a word which is the name of the majority of the inhabitants of France.

'Europe reads greedily, admires, and recognizes such or such a touch from life; and from some minute incident which startles her with its truth, jumps to the conclusion that all the rest is true.

'No people upon earth can stand such a test. This singular mania for

blackening ourselves, for parading our sores, and, as it were, for courting disgrace, will be fatal to us in the end. Many, I know, belie the present, that they may hasten a more brilliant future, and exaggerate our evils to hurry us on to the fruition of the felicity which their theories are to secure us.¹ Have a care, nevertheless, have a care; it is a dangerous game to play. Europe takes no account of all these clever tricks; if we call ourselves despicable, she is very ready to believe us.'—P. 2.

'Just the opposite to the English,' he says, this French people 'takes a delight and a pride in parading itself as worse than it 'really is'—it is one of their ways of 'showing their independence'—bad government and conventionalism have cut them off from most others. Such is his apology. In French character and French scenes, there is no food for freshness of heart and force of imagination, but where the existing order of things is reversed: truth is not to be found except in wild or monstrous forms: where there is repose there is falsehood, and with obedience goes along weakness and stagnation.

'Our novelists have supposed that art lies in the revolting, and believed that its most infallible effects were to be found in moral deformity. To them, a vagabond love has seemed more poetical than the domestic affections; robbery than industry; the galleys than the workshop. Had they but tasted for themselves, by personal sufferings, of the profound realities of the life of this epoch, they would then have seen that the family circle, the hard work, the lives of the humblest and the meanest of the people, have a holy poetry of their own. To feel this, and to describe it, is not the business of the machinist—is no proper subject for stage effect; only it requires to bring to the study the "single eye," adapted to the subdued light of these humble scenes, fitted to penetrate into the obscure, the small, and the humble, aided by the heart which shrinks not from the recesses of the fireside, thrown into Rembrandt shades.

¹ 'Philosophers, socialists, politicians, all men now-a-days agree to fritter away from the minds of the people the idea of France, as one great independent whole. Most dangerous is this! Remember that this people, more than any other, is, in all the excellence and force of the term, a *true society*. Isolate it from its social idea, it lapses into weakness. All governments have been telling it for these fifty years, that the France of the Revolution, which was its glory, its creed, was a chaos, a contradiction, (*un non-sens*), a pure negation. The Revolution, on the other hand, had cried down ancient France, and told the people that nothing of its past history deserved remembrance. It forgot the old; the new is fading away. It has been no fault of politicians if the people have not become a *tabula rasa*, and forgot its own existence.

'How should it be other than weak now? It knows not itself. Every effort is made to efface from its mind the sense of the glorious unity which was its life: you are plucking its soul out of it. This soul was its sense of France as a grand fraternity of living men, as a glorious companionship with our Frenchmen of the olden ages. Yet these olden ages are within it, are part and parcel of its being; it is conscious of their stir within, yet cannot recognise them. It is not told what that grand deep voice is, which murmurs within it, like the distant bass of an organ in a cathedral.

'Men of reflection and study, artists, writers—all have a holy and sacred duty to fulfil towards the people; and this is, to throw aside our sorry paradoxes, our fears of the mind, which have aided politicians not a little in concealing France from the people, enfeebling its idea of it, in making it despise its country.'

‘Whenever our great writers have taken this view, they have been worthy of all admiration; but, too generally, they have turned aside their eyes to the fantastic, the violent, the strange, the rare; nor have they even deigned to warn us that they have been painting the exception.’—P. 3.

French literature of late, whether in the shape of novel, or history, or journal, or drama, has come more and more to represent society in this contradictory and disorganized state; and ever and anon events happened which gave meaning and force to the strong words and wild pictures of the popular writers. Whether or not their exceptional heroism was realised, their exceptional crimes were. The tribunals of Europe furnished no parallel, we do not say in ferocity or baseness, but in strange extravagance of combination, to the mysteries of French wickedness. The great criminals who in France have from time to time figured before all Europe, have thrown all others into the shade by their daring, inventiveness, and originality; and they have ranged in all classes of men. The accumulated horrors and abominations of last year are not forgotten: and many who read of them, must have felt at the time forebodings for a state of things over which they threw such an ominous shadow.

We have said that a variety of symptoms indicated certain great evils in French society; indicated that it wanted stability and union; indicated uneasiness, dissatisfaction, the want of new ties and new principles to replace those which had vanished; shewed talent and energy spending themselves on the work of destruction, love of peace without loyalty, repose nursing itself in indifference. In the midst of this state of things an idea, long stifled by the effects of the empire, began to push forward, take shape, and gather strength—the idea of the Republic. It was too new a revival in 1830 to have much chance of prevailing then; and its partizans were not ready for their opportunity. But they had gained an immense step: the sacred right of insurrection, dormant since the ‘whiff of grape-shot’ in Vendémiaire, had been again asserted, and with success. They took courage—the Republic, so long given up as utopian, again began to appear feasible. The tide had begun to turn, with the recal of the Tricolor. Men once more ventured to scrutinize that terrible revolution from which they had so long averted their eyes: in spite of its terrors, it wore attractions; from being defended, it came to be glorified; with long years, the alarm had worn off: with horror and hatred grown common-place, it was generous and original to praise. The Revolution became more and more interesting—more and more identified with the glory of France—nay, marvellous to relate, with the glory of Christianity, and the strengthening of the Church. Mignet and Thiers broke in the public mind to admire the Revolution, *minus* the ‘Terror,’

and to excuse that: but they were tame panegyrists compared with two fervent and, we are told, self-denying Catholics, who in 1833 commenced the most laborious and minute history of the Revolution, on the theory that 'it was at bottom an attempt to realise Christianity, and fairly put it in action in our world.'¹ One of this pair of Catholic historians has since become himself historical, and is M. Buchez, the late president of the National Assembly: he is not ashamed of the 'Terror'; he and his companion shock M. Michelet, 'by their apologies for the 2nd September, and the S. Bartholomew, their testimonial of good Catholics given to the Jacobins, their satire on Charlotte Corday, and praise of Marat:'² M. Michelet is forced to protest against them that the Convention saved France, not *by*, but *in spite of*, the terror, hopes that in the next edition these 'sad paradoxes' will disappear, and laments the activity which in 1845 was 'distributing these strange absurdities, by means of cheap papers, among the people and the labourers who have not time to examine.' The last and most brilliant apology was furnished by an illustrious convert from the ranks of legitimacy. Men in France do not write in vain, if they write well: the republican party drew into itself a large proportion, perhaps the largest, of the ablest writers of the day; it was served too by many more keen pens and brilliant imaginations than even it could claim to dispose of. But it did not confine itself to writing—it worked, organized, moved, showed itself, nay, paraded itself: it trained itself, tried its hand; baffled, it recommenced; defeated, it never lost confidence; it changed its shape, its name, its tactics, as necessary; showed daring, and threw away lives, but without being uselessly prodigal, to deepen an impression, and gain the consecration which is given by death; and when it found itself premature, the lesson was not lost, and it learnt resolution to bide its opportunity. It tried, and not without success, to unite the dazzling praise of chivalrous daring with the lustre of high intellect and noble thought, and with the severer merits of indefatigable industry, simplicity of manners, and self-sacrifice, warmed and softened by all tender and generous emotions—it presented itself as the cause of the young, as well as the cause of the poor. There was no want of bombast and buckram in it; but amid the damaged reputations, the tried and but too-well-known expedients, the feeble attachments, the inconsistencies, and selfishness by which it was surrounded, itself unproved, it bore itself bravely, and made a figure; it conciliated, it promised, it seduced; and no one need

¹ Roux et Buchez, 'Histoire Parlementaire.' Vide Carlyle, *Miscell.* vol. v. p. 228.

² Michelet, 'Du Peuple;' p. 263, note.

recognise the children of the grim and grisly Jacobins, in the long-haired handsome youths, redolent of poetry and flowers, with melancholy tender eye, but firmly set lip and manly mouth, who gloried in the 'traditions of '93.' Their old heroic sires had been compelled to do rough work; their sons would be heroic, but not rough: Republicanism had laid aside its terrors, its knife and sabre, and red cap, and was become mild as the age—

'Positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juvena
Volvitur'—

graceful and gentle, and gay, yet not without aggression on its crest, and menace in its restless glittering tongue—

'Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.'

'The party,' says Louis Blanc, 'had distinguished and even illustrious representatives in the parliament, the institute, the press, the army, in the sciences, in the arts, and in trade. But it is particularly as a *militant party* that it deserves to be considered in this period of French history.

'A great and serious thought possessed the leaders of the republican militia, and was about to form the business of their lives. They wished to reconstruct the chain of modern ideas which the empire had so rudely broken. They wished to lead back into the course of history that marvellous epoch of the first Revolution, over which had passed the *coups d'état* of General Bonaparte. It was their glory, as we shall see, to accomplish this vast design at the cost of absolute self-sacrifice—an incalculable service, enough for ever to mark out their place in the narrative of the most pregnant vicissitudes of French society.

'They were for the most part men of brilliant intellect, of chivalric valour, and who answered more exactly than the legitimatist party itself to the ancient national type. Amongst them had taken refuge, when banished from a society overspread with mercantilism, that tone of sarcastic levity and intelligent turbulence, that love of adventure, that impetuosity in self-abandonment, that gaiety in danger, that appetite for action, those lively ways of treating serious things, that formerly constituted the salient characteristics of the nation. Thus, with a curious contrast, an earnest care for the things of the future was found precisely amongst those whose personal qualities best recalled the most brilliant features of the past.'—*History of Ten Years*, vol. i. p. 429.

For seventeen years—it is a thing worth noting, for it is not so common—this republican party have worked as no other body of men of their time have served a cause; with clear ability, and singular pertinacity and daring, and an enthusiasm which never cooled down from the hottest point. They started into life, warriors—the sights and sounds of their birthdays in July 1830, had entered deep into their soul: warriors in all sorts of ways—wielding the journalist's pen, and the musket of the barricades, and the duellist's pistol. They were not vain seekers after present improvement; that they left to a prudish, pettish, blind government, and an inconsistent, illogical selfish opposition. Their line was a clear one, attack—per-

petual, manifold, varied attack: when everything existing was destroyed, it would be time to begin to build. 'Every institution,' Robespierre had said, 'which does not suppose the people good, and the magistrate corruptible, is vicious.' Such were the institutions of 1830. '*La liberté vit de défiances*,' had been laid down by M. Armand Marrast, editor of the *Tribune*, and on it he had founded the 'theory of personal attacks,'—'*la théorie des attaques personnelles*,'—made a reality with a faith and determination such as few theories inspire. 'The theory of *personal attacks*' was not confined to the journalist in his higher sphere—exercising in the *bureaux* of his paper, 'a magistracy, say rather a priesthood.' The maxim, that 'his life belongs to the cause of truth,' meant that he should end it not merely in hard work, but, if needs be, in the *Bois de Boulogne* by a bullet. He was bound to do battle against all men, like the knight errant of old, for the honour of his lady. '*Notre dame, à nous, c'est la liberté*,'² cried the chivalric M. Ferdinand Flocon, of the *Tribune*, to the whole legitimatist party, when he solemnly forbade them, under pain of mortal encounter, 'to speak concerning her either good or evil.' Twelve republican champions chose each his man, from among twelve legitimatists, in the quarrel of Liberty against the Duchess de Berri; and Armand Carrel led the band,—Armand Carrel, who was to shed his blood again, and for the last time, in defending the sacred purity of the press against the intrigues of a 'speculator:—

'The *Corsaire*, a satirical journal belonging to the republican party, having one day alluded to the suspicions indulged in by public malice, the editor, M. Eugène Brifault, was called out by a royalist and wounded. Another attack was followed by another challenge upon the part of the writers in the *Revenant*, to which the *Corsaire* on this occasion replied by an energetic appeal to the respect due to the liberty of the press. Now to have recourse to measures of intimidation against the republican party was a proof how little that party was understood. Composed of men full of courage, impetuosity, and daring, the strength of that party consisted precisely in its ardour in braving death. No sooner did it find itself threatened than its indignation burst forth with tremendous vehemence. The *National* and the *Tribune*, which until then had spoken only with chivalrous generosity of the unfortunate and captive Duchess de Berri, now hurled a formal and haughty defiance at the legitimatists. With that lofty disdain which characterised him, Armand Carrel wrote, "It seems that the moment is come for testing the famous Carlo-republican alliance; be it so. Let messieurs the *cavalieri serventi* say how many they are; let us see each other once face to face, and then let there be an end of the matter. We will not call in the *juste-milieu* men to help us." A declaration of the same kind appeared in the *Tribune*. Instantly the popular societies, the schools, and all were in motion. The offices of the two republican newspapers were filled with impassioned crowds. Every one demanded per-

¹ Louis Blanc, *Dix Ans*, c. xxi. vol. i. 477. Eng. Tr.

² Louis Blanc, c. xxxii. vol. ii. 134. Eng. Tr.

mission to enrol his name; every one claimed for himself the honour of the first fight. A list of twelve names had been deposited by the legitimatists at the offices of the *National* and the *Tribune*, and from that list Armand Carrel had selected the name of Roux Laborie; but in matters of single combat the republicans admitted no representative, and they all insisted that the engagement should have a character more in conformity with the intensity of their anger. Accordingly they deposited at the offices both of the *National* and the *Tribune* twelve names in opposition to the twelve that had been furnished to them, and declared that they determined to have, not a collective engagement, not a listed field, which would have been impracticable, but a combat divided into twelve rencontres, at different hours and at different places. After several negotiations and a long correspondence, the legitimatists refused to subscribe to these conditions. The following letter addressed to the *Revenant*, by MM. Godefroi Cavaignac, Marrast, and Garderin, will give an idea of this singular conflict, in which the spirit of the middle ages seemed to be revived.

“We send you a first list of twelve persons. We demand, not twelve simultaneous duels, but twelve successive duels, at times and places on which we shall easily agree. No excuses, no pretexts; which would not save you from the disgrace of cowardice, nor, above all, from the consequences which ensue from it. Henceforth there is war, man to man, between your party and ours; no truce till one of the two shall have given way to the other.”

‘From the acrimony of this language, it may be conceived what must have been the surprise of the republican party when its opponents dared to threaten it. The men of intelligence among the royalists felt that a great blunder had been committed, and they exerted all their energies to stifle this deplorable quarrel. In pursuance of a decision come to at a meeting of their leading men, the legitimatists declared that they could not consent to generalise the dispute. Tardy prudence, and insufficient to the end proposed! On the 2d of February, MM. Armand Carrel and Roux Laborie met upon the ground. The fight took place with swords, and lasted three minutes. Carrel had already twice wounded his adversary in the arm; but in making a lunge, he met the point of the sword, and received a deep wound in the abdomen. The news spread like lightning, and immediately became the subject of every conversation. Nothing was talked of in the schools, the journals, at the Bourse, in the theatres, but the courage of Armand Carrel, his devotedness, and the danger impending over his life.’—*History of Ten Years*, vol. ii. pp. 132, 133.

They carried on the war with the advantages which all extreme opinions possess as long as they are extreme; the cheap cost at which they can purchase two important virtues—candour and consistency. They looked down on the struggles between cabinets and chambers with contemptuous fairness—on the false position of the July monarchy as against that of Charles X., of the liberal opponents of the peerage as against its supporters, on the dynastic opposition as against the ministry, on the curtailers of prerogative as against its extenders—each the impotent and self-contradictory result of that masterpiece of human madness, ‘*chef d’œuvre de folie humaine*’—a constitutional régime. The nearer to truth, the more false; the more liberal, the more absurd. They laughed

with the legitimatist *Gazette de France*, they admired its talent, they celebrated, at least for a time, the uprightness and honour of its party, they were moved to tears by M. Berryer's eloquence, and could afford to sympathise with the touching adventures of Marie-Caroline. If, again, the system of the ministry was bad, that of the opposition was worse. One appeared at least a '*politique d'affaires*,' the other but a '*politique de sentiment*.' When the liberals talked of liberty, they were answered that their liberty was a 'cowardly despotism;' when they murmured against authority, they were told that what society wanted was just a *stronger* authority—*la réhabilitation du principe d'autorité*,—not fresh 'guarantees for existing liberties.'¹ Themselves far beyond the reach of religion to trammel or alarm, the republicans could be tolerant against a bigoted infidelity, and defend even middle-age usages against prosaic reformers. They sneered at the officious attempt of 'a priest named Chatel, who had 'taken upon him to introduce the French language into the 'Liturgy—a schism without meaning, without sense, because 'it deprived of all mystery, that is of all poetry, the prayer 'which rises from the depths of simple souls.'² They made game of the narrow-minded, sour, fretful, petty Voltairianism which took alarm at the idea of admitting priests to the Chamber; they protested sternly against the liberals for 'their 'famous principle of Atheism in the law—the equality of religions—the liberty of instruction,' 'the consecration of the grossest of quackeries;' and reminded them that if the 'state declares itself indifferent in religion, it abdicates; and that 'what in the state is taken away from the sovereignty of 'God, is added to the sovereignty of the executioner.'³ And this exposition of self-contradiction and want of consequence, so peculiarly powerful on a Frenchman's mind, was not confined to institutions, or parties, or measures. With their 'theory of personal attacks,' the republicans were not likely to neglect such a powerful weapon as personal inconsistency. Their memory was good. When the 'Society of the Rights of Man' was attacked in the chamber, its champions turned on the ministers:—

'The famous debate on this law, which was to end in a civil war, was opened on the 11th of March. There was not a heart but was filled with trouble, not a face but what wore the marks of the liveliest anxiety. It was well known that if such a law passed, it could only be met by the *Société des Droits de l'Homme* with open resistance; and therefore greater sensation than astonishment was excited in the Chamber when

¹ Louis Blanc, *Dix Ans*, c. xxxiii. vol. ii. 187. Eng. Tr.

² Louis Blanc, c. xviii. vol. i. 387. Eng. Tr.

³ Louis Blanc, *Dix Ans*, c. xviii. 'Liberté d'Enseignement, la Gestation d'Anarchie.' Vol. ii. p. 49.

M. de Ludre launched from the tribune these bold and terrible words—"The *Société des Droits de l'Homme* will begin no tumults; but were it not resolved to wait until the French people shall declare their sentiments, the number and courage of its members might perchance impel it at once to arms." Such was the declaration with which the debate opened, and *personal attacks were the order of the day*. Allusions were made to three individuals sitting on the ministerial bench, of whom one (M. de Broglie) had opened his house, during the Restoration, to the *Société des Amis de la Presse*; another (M. Guizot) had been the prime mover in the *Société Aide-toi le ciel t'aidera*; and the third (M. Barthe) had been an associate of the *Carbonari*. The allusion was understood by all present, and M. Pagès (de l'Arriège) overwhelmed ministers, especially M. Guizot, with his sarcasms on that point. The only answer the latter could make, was by explaining away the views and intentions of the *Société Aide-toi*, when he belonged to it—a pitiable begging of the question unworthy of him, and of which he was, doubtless, conscious, since his humbled pride sought refuge in passion. Pale, with head erect, body trembling with emotion, and extended arm, he hurled at the republican party insults for their defiance. Quick at making up for the weakness of his defence by the haughtiness of his attacks, he was great in his bravado and contempt. "Man vexes himself, God leads him," he exclaimed, quoting Bossuet; and, according to him, the paths of ministers are God's ways in France.—Vol. ii. pp. 231, 232.

It is not necessary to say that it justified this war of the pen and the tongue by its deeds. The 29th of Robespierre's 38 Articles of the 'Rights of Man' declares that, 'When government 'violates the rights of the people, insurrection is the most 'sacred of rights, and most indispensable of duties.'¹ The duty was not allowed to be forgotten. From time to time it was the 'theory of personal attacks,' in the shape of an infernal machine, or a pistol bullet—from time to time, the barricades were raised again in Paris. The provinces helped occasionally, or were turned to account: if the Lyons weavers rose in 1831 in a quarrel with their masters, yet, any how, they rose; and next time, care was taken that they should rise against the government also. And so, though they were beaten, it was always good practice; the tradition was not broken; and, on each occasion, the party gained a new talismanic name, or talismanic motto for future watchwords: the 'Cloître S. Méry,' and the 'Faubourg de Vaise,' became as stirring words as Austerlitz and Lodi; and the stern war-cry of the vanquished Lyons insurgents, '*Vivre en travaillant, ou mourir en combattant*,' has survived to lead others to victory.

But it was when an insurrection had failed, and its leaders were in prison or before their judges, that the spirit of unconquerable pugnacity rose highest. The tribunals—the Chamber of Peers especially—were the chosen fields of republican warfare. A trial had the interest of a fight for life; at the sight of the organs of law their blood boiled over, and they rose against

¹ Louis Blanc, ii. p. 182. Eng. Tr.

them with all the hatred and scorn which they felt for the system which those tribunals guarded. They felt too, and they made to tell, the advantages of the weaker side; they felt that they had sympathy on their side, admiration for their gallant audacity, an impressible audience. They made it an opportunity for inculcating republicanism; they did not defend themselves, but discussed first principles, and the judges answered them. It was as they wished; whether from the inevitable condition of things, or from the peculiarities of French courts, the trials were mere scenes of party collision of the bitterest kind. The historian of the rise of modern republicanism dwells with delight on such scenes, of which his pages are full.

‘ After a brief address from the President, M. Hardoin, who thought it right to recommend a calm demeanour to the actors in the judicial drama about to commence, the examination of the prisoners began. But it was easy to judge, from the deportment of the accused, *how much they reckoned on the ascendancy of their patriotism and their intrepidity. Far from thinking of defending themselves, they attacked, and were, by turns, sarcastic and vehement, ironical and impassioned. The trial lasted two days, and the excitement of the people increased continually.* . . .

‘ The trial gave rise to highly interesting scenes. In the sittings of the 7th of April, the President having reproached M. Pécheux d’Herbinville, one of the accused, with having had arms by him, and with having distributed them, “ Yes,” replied the prisoner, “ I have had arms, a great many arms, and I will tell you how I came by them.” Then, relating the part he had taken in the three days, he told how, followed by his comrades, he had disarmed posts, and sustained glorious conflicts; and how, though not wealthy, he had equipped national guards at his own cost. There still burned in the hearts of the people some of the fire kindled by the revolution of July; such recitals as this fanned the embers. The young man himself, as he concluded his brief defence, wore a face radiant with enthusiasm, and his eyes were filled with tears. . .

‘ M. Cavaignac next rose. Though endowed with the organization of an artist, which revealed itself in the original grace of his manners, the freshness of his writings, and a most sparkling conversation, Cavaignac took pleasure in studies of deep research, and had adopted an especially serious course of life. As son of the conventionist of the same name, he watched jealously over the honour of memories so cruelly calumniated during the Restoration and the Empire.

‘ “ My father,” he began, “ was one of those who, in the Convention, proclaimed the republic in the face of then victorious Europe. . . Study has confirmed this bent naturally given to my political ideas; and now that the opportunity at last presents itself to me this day to pronounce a word which so many others proscribe, I declare, without affectation and without fear, I am, in my heart and by conviction, a republican.”

‘ After this noble exordium, Cavaignac repudiated, with singular elevation of thought, all the reproaches addressed to the republican party. It was accused of conspiracy. An idle accusation. Ever since revolutions had been in vogue, conspiracies had counted for very little. The republican party was too sure of the future to lose patience, and refused to rely on the fortune of the popular cause. It was much better pleased to let monarchy conspire for it by a host of incurable blunders and iniquities. Why should the republican party be over-hasty? Could it fail to know

that a dissolving agency was so potently at work on all the means of government, that the latter would require to be wholly reconstructed? Did it not know that, tormented as the world was by new, immense wants, even a god would find it more difficult to govern than to reconstruct it? . . . He argued against monarchy considered in its action, not on France, but on the secondary powers. Thank heaven! France carried within her what enabled her to surmount the most fearful trials; but what was to become of the nations placed under her ægis, and which it was one of the necessary conditions of the monarchy to abandon? "The revolution," said M. Cavaignac, in concluding his address, "is the whole nation, with the exception of those who fatten upon the nation; it is our country fulfilling that mission of emancipation confided to it by the providence of peoples; it is all France which has done her duty towards them. As for us, messieurs, we have done our duty towards her, and she will find us ready at her call, whenever she shall have need of us; whatever she demands of us, she shall obtain." A burst of applause followed these last words. Nor was the impression less strong after the speech of M. Guinard, one of those young men of lofty stature and noble features, who combined the energetic virtues of the republican with the elegant manners of the high-born gentleman.—Vol. i. pp. 431—443.

Or take the following scene from the trial of the Lyons and Paris insurgents of 1834:—

'This fermentation of men's minds made it obvious that a vigorous resistance would be entered upon; and accordingly, the very next day, at the sitting of the 6th of May, it burst forth with a vehemence and unanimity, a concentration of purpose, which absolutely overwhelmed the judges. M. Godefroi Cavaignac having demanded to be heard against the decision of the previous evening, and his demand being refused, the whole body of the defendants arose with a spontaneous, simultaneous movement, and with arms upraised, and eyes darting fire, exclaimed, "Speak, Cavaignac, speak!" The municipal guards were ordered to check the tumult, but overwhelmed with sudden stupor, they advanced not a step. The cries redoubled. The President, who seemed quite confounded, sought alternately to conciliate and to bully the clamourers, but equally in vain. He then, after consulting with the Keeper of the Seals, and with the Vice-President, M. de Bastard, intimated to the Court that it was desirable to retire for the purpose of deliberation. The words had scarcely quitted his lips, when the Peers rushed towards the Council chamber, manifestly labouring under the strongest agitation. As the doors closed upon them, the recent uproar was succeeded by the most profound silence. Outside the troops were under arms. After four hours of solemn expectation, the spectators beheld the judges resume their seats. A decision against M. Cavaignac was read, and the municipal guard led away the defendants.

'Next day the tempest raged again, and with increased violence. An advocate, M. Crivelli, had begun a speech, having for its purpose the challenging of such Peers as had taken part in the indictments, when he was interrupted by the defendants themselves. His claim was perfectly valid, it being alike contrary to the formal rules of the code of criminal prosecution, and to the elementary principles of justice, that men who have preferred the charge, who have issued the indictment against a person, shall afterwards sit in judgment upon him. But it was in the highest degree important to the accused that the trial should not proceed as the matter then stood. They therefore sought by their outcries to stifle the nascent discussions, and it became necessary, in consequence, to remove them to the waiting-rooms below, while the Court drew up the decision by which M. Crivelli's demand was rejected. The defendants were then brought back,

and the decision just formed having been read to them, M. Cauchy, the Clerk of the Records, began to recite the indictments. No language can describe the various aspects exhibited at this moment by that assembly. As on the previous evening, all the defendants rose *en masse*, and with one voice, exclaimed, "Our advocates! our advocates!" The colonel of the municipal guard, M. Feisthamel, issued orders of a menacing character. The President essayed in vain to conceal the emotion which agitated him. The Crown officers, from their seats beneath, addressed to him words of exhortation, but all were lost in the tumult of the Peers—some standing up in a state of great excitement, were adding by their vociferations to the general clamour; others had thrown themselves back in their arm-chairs, as if panic-struck. The short-hand writers had laid down their pencils in despair, while from the galleries, the spectators, their bodies bent as much forward as possible, watched with eager and disquiet gaze the progress of this strange drama. All at once the Attorney-general rose to read a requisition; but at the same moment, M. Baune, on his part, rose in the name of the accused to read a protest. The two voices made themselves heard above the tumult, that of M. Martin (du Nord), sharp and piercing, though somewhat faltering from weariness; that of M. Baune, grave, deep, solemn, reverberating. We can only give an idea of this scene by placing in parallel columns, the requisition of the Attorney-general, and the protest of M. Baune, as they concurrently proceeded from the lips of the respective gentlemen:—

'M. BAUNE.

"The undersigned defendants, inhabitants of Lyons, Paris, St. Etienne, Arbois, Lunéville, Marseilles, Epinal, Grenoble,

"After the events of grave import which have taken place at the two first sittings in the case wherein they are concerned, hold it due to their own honour, and to the public welfare, to address to the Chamber of Peers the following declaration:—

"The Court has, by its decision of yesterday, violated the undoubted right of the subject to a free defence. (Loud cries of Hear, hear, hear, from the defendants' bench.)

"A supreme court armed with exorbitant powers, judging without control, proceeding without law, it deprives of the most sacred of securities men whom, as its political opponents, it has kept in prison fourteen months, and whom it now calls upon to come before it to defend their honour and their lives.

"Yesterday it went still further than ever, and contrary to the practice in all criminal courts, where speech is never forbidden until after the final termination of a case, it has pronounced a decision against the defendant Cavaignac, without allowing him, or any one for him, to say a word in his defence.

"Finally, M. le President has actually sought to begin the reading of the indictments before the identity of the de-

'M. MARTIN (DU NORD).

The King's Attorney-General in the Chamber of Peers.

"In pursuance of the decree dated the sixth of the present month, which orders that all necessary steps for assuring to justice its free course shall be taken in the event of any further disorders being committed by the defendants;—(Loud outcries from the defendants' bench, which grew more and more vociferous as the reading of the requisition proceeded. At times the voices of particular defendants predominated, and we shall give the more striking of their interpolations.)

"And whereas, in point of fact, instead of attending to our caution, certain of the defendants by violent manifestations, by a series of tumultuous clamour, evidently the result of a pre-arranged system, seek to render the regular progress of the trial impossible, so that it appears clear that the proceedings cannot go on in the presence of such defendants;" ("Cut off at our heads at once!")

"And whereas, if defendants were permitted with impunity, by any means they might adopt, to impede the progress of a case, the whole power of government would become vested in their hands, anarchy would usurp the place of justice; and tolerance accorded to such rebellion against the law, would constitute a denial of justice towards society at large, and towards those defendants

defendants had been established, and ere they had a single counsel in court.

"All these acts constitute judicial outrages, which are the natural antecedents to those administrative outrages at which they regard the Chamber of Peers to be aiming.

"Under these circumstances the undersigned declare that, in the absence of counsel to plead their cause, the forms even of justice are wanting, that the acts of the Chamber of Peers are no longer in their eyes any other than measures of brute force, whose only sanction is in the bayonets by which it has surrounded itself.

"In consequence, they refuse henceforth to take any share, by their presence, in this so-called trial (Hear, hear, hear,) where speech is forbidden both to the defendants and to their chosen advocates. Convinced that the only resource for freedom is unalterable firmness, they declare that they will not again present themselves before the Chamber of Peers, and that they make the Chamber personally responsible for any ill results that may attend this their determination." ("Hear, hear, hear, that is the determination of us all!")

In spite of the complaints made by Louis Blanc, of their want of discipline, and headstrong intractable temper, in their first efforts, there was forethought and generalship combined with this fiery enthusiasm. They organized their agitation from the first, and improved as time went on. There were secret societies and open societies, passing one into another and changing their form as a defeat or discovery, or the circumstances of the time, required. 'Rebellion,' says the historian of it, 'had in the bosom of the State its own Government, its body of functionaries, its geographical divisions, its army. A great disorder, doubtless,' he adds, 'but then, at least, an element of life was to be found. The Society of the Rights of Man was necessary, as it was a reaction against the enervating action of an oligarchy of tradespeople. Selfishness and fear were gaining ground: anarchy was the counterpoise¹.' They began by acting by themselves. In a few years they were strong enough and clever enough to propose and effect a union of forces with the 'constitutional opposition.' The move was an important one; they divided the liberals, part of whom, with Odillon Barrot, shrunk from the alliance, while they themselves joined the coalition with an open profession of hostility to the existing state of things: with them all was gain; for the liberals there

who, in the exercise of their rights, demand their trial." ("No, no, we protest against it!—all of us! all, all!")

"And whereas it is the manifest duty of the Court to prevent the recurrence of such scandalous proceedings, and to assure the full course of justice to the public, and to such of the defendants as demand a trial." ("We none of us demand it!")

"May it therefore please the Court, in pursuance of the discretionary power vested in it as indispensable to the carrying out its proceedings, to authorize M. le President to expel from the Chamber and have reconducted to prison, all such defendants as shall seek to create a disturbance,"—"We'll all go back to prison!" "so that, the clerk having it in charge to make a note of the proceedings, and communicate the same to such expelled defendants at the close of each sitting, the trial may proceed as well with reference to those defendants whose conduct has necessitated their expulsion, as with regard to those who are actually present." ("You may be our butchers—our judges you shall never be!")

¹ Louis Blanc, c. xxxiii

was but a doubtful alliance, purchased by a schism. Louis Blanc recounts the proceeding with a justifiable self-complacency:—

‘ Relying on these grounds, MM. Dupont, *avocat*, and Louis Blanc, took the first steps for forming an electoral committee in the very centre of the democratic party. Dupont de l’Eure promised his cooperation; Arago’s was obtained, and through him that of Laffitte; and, this being done, the members of the dynastic opposition were invited to join a committee, the first nucleus of which had just been formed by the democratic party.

‘ One of two results was foreseen; either the dynastic opposition would accept the proposal, and then the democrats would fight by its side—difference of opinion apart; or else it would refuse, and in that case the democrats were prepared to do without it, since they had on their side Arago, Laffitte, and Dupont de l’Eure; that is to say, three men the want of whom would be fatal to any opposition committee.

‘ The plan was well conceived, as the sequel proved. A meeting having been appointed in the offices of the *Nouvelle Minerve*, in the Marché des Jacobins, the two oppositions met there. The republic was represented there in the persons of some of its staunchest champions, among whom were MM. Dupont, Dornèz, Thomas, principal editor of the *National*, and Frédéric Degeorges, principal editor of the *Propagateur du Pas de Calais*. The discussion began under the presidency of M. Laffitte.

‘ The question was put to the meeting in the midst of extreme excitement; a strong majority declared in favour of the radicals; the most energetic members of the dynastic opposition joined the democratic party, the dissentients withdrew, and the following note appeared next day in the papers:—

‘ “ A CENTRAL COMMITTEE has been established in Paris for the purpose of attending to the elections. Its aim is to unite in one undivided system of action all shades of the national opposition, and to obtain an independent Chamber by their combined efforts.

‘ “ The Committee consists at present of MM. Dupont de l’Eure, Arago, Mauguin, Mathieu, Larabit, Laffitte, Ernest Girardin, Marshal Clauzel, Garnier Pagès, Cormenin, Salverte, and Thiers, members of the late Chamber; Chatelain, principal editor of the *Courrier Français*; Cauchois Lemaire, principal editor of the *Minerve*; Bert, principal editor of the *Commerce*; E. D. Durand, of the *Minerve*; Louis Blanc, principal editor of the *Bon Sens*; Frédéric Lacroix, principal editor of the *Monde*; Thomas, principal editor of the *National*; Dubose, principal editor of the *Journal du Peuple*; Goudchaux, banker; Viardot, *Homme de Lettres*; Dornèz, *Avocat*; Nepomucene Lemer cier, of the Académie Française; Rostan, *Professor in the Ecole de Medicine*; Felix Desportes, *Propriétaire*; Marie, *Avocat*; Ledru Rollin, *Avocat*; Dupont, *Avocat*; Sarrans, *Homme de Lettres*; A. Guilbert; David (d’Angers), *sculptor*.

‘ “ Honorary Secretaries—MM. Garnier Pagès, Cauchois Lemaire, and Mauguin.”

‘ The composition of this committee was almost wholly democratic, and beside it no other opposition committee could possibly exist. M. Chambolle, principal editor of the *Siècle*, detailed to the public, in a very discreet and temperate article, the reasons that had induced him to keep aloof. M. Odillon Barrot, chief of the dynastic opposition, published on his own part a note, in which he expressed his deep sorrow at the schism which had taken place in the constitutional party, but declared that he could not serve on a committee into which the republican party had entered with colours flying.

‘ Thus the control of the electioneering movement remained concentrated

in the hands of the radicals. It was the first time they made their way into the heart of public affairs resolutely and in one compact body; it was the first time they seemed to say, "We have no need of stirring up the tempest around us, in order to seize the helm."—Vol. ii. pp. 536—539.

The republican party, when it first started, was but the party of extreme opposition. It took up in the main, excusing or protesting against their disastrous consequences, the traditions of the former revolution, viewed as a whole, and maintained them against a monarchical constitution. But it was a purely traditionary party, the 'logicians of liberalism;'¹ it was distinguished by maxims and sentiments rather than by an idea; its originality was shown mainly in the details of its attack on all things established. Its type was Armand Carrel, the famous editor of the *National*, who 'on the 2nd January, 1832, pronounced for the republic.' Louis Blanc thus draws his picture:—

'There was about the whole person and manner of Armand Carrel a decidedly chivalrous air. His free, bold step, his brief emphatic action, his deportment, full of manly elegance, his taste for bodily exercises, and, furthermore, a certain ruggedness of temperament, made manifest in the strongly projecting lines of his face, and the energetic determination of his look, all this had much more of the soldier about it than of the writer. An officer under the Restoration, a conspirator at Béfort, in arms in Spain against the white flag, dragged at a later period before three councils of war, 1830 found him a journalist. But the soldier still lived in him. How many times have we seen him entering the court-yard of the Hôtel Colbert, on horseback, whip in hand, wearing as stern and martial a mien as ever did belted knight of old. Full of gentle kindness and winning ease when among his private friends, he appeared in public life domineering, despotic. As a writer, his style had less brilliancy than relief, less animation than nerve; but he handled with inimitable effect the weapon of scorn; he did not criticize his adversaries, he chastised them; and as he was always ready to risk the sacrifice of his life in affording satisfaction to any person who might take offence at what he wrote, he reigned supreme over the domain of polemics, disdainful, formidable, and respected. He was born to be the chief of a party; chief of a school he could never be. He was utterly deficient in that cool, immovable fanaticism, which springs from stubborn undeviating devotion to one particular class of studies, and creates innovators. Above all things a Voltairian, he seemed never to have conceived the notion of marking his place in history by the initiation of thought. . . Yet all violent systems were repugnant to him; the American principles greatly pleased him, in the homage they paid to individual liberty, and the dignity of human nature. He had long been a Girondin from sentiment; and most reluctantly had he bowed before the majesty of the revolutionary dictatorship, the terror, the glory, the despair, and the salvation of France. Though the empire had tempted his fancy with its surpassing glories, his mind revolted against the insolences of its organised force; and he experienced a sort of haughty enjoyment in throwing scorn upon the rough, and, in some cases, somewhat brutish soldiers of the court, whom in his energetic way he called "swash-bucklers." Unfortunately he had too profound a faith in the prodigies of discipline, though he himself had been much more conspirator than soldier. Can an insurgent people get the better of a regiment faithful to its standard? This is what

¹ Vide Louis Blanc, vol. i. 387, and vol. ii. 56, Eng. Tr.

Armand Carrel, even after the revolution of July, always refused to believe. On the other hand, the craving after action was ever at work within him, urging him on and on; he would eagerly have overturned every thing that was an obstacle to the exaltation of the destinies of his country, with which his own were closely interwoven by high and honourable ambition. The written war which he had declared against power, notwithstanding the real dangers which it involved, only served to console without satisfying his daring spirit, to beguile the uneasy yearnings of his heart. Often compelled to extinguish in his friends the fire that was consuming himself, he was by turns exalted and depressed in this internal struggle; checking the impulses of passion by the dictates of prudence, and then indignant at the very wisdom which imposed that restraint. While struggling between bright hopes and bitter fears, it was sometimes his fate, under the influence of the latter, to declare against movements which, perhaps, sanctioned and supported by him, would have succeeded. Yet when the battle against which he had raised his voice had been fought and lost, he embraced the cause of the vanquished, openly without limitation. Heroic inconsistency, the magnanimous weakness of lofty souls!—Vol. i. pp. 573—575.

But, in the midst of the republican party—a party comprising of course, infinite shades of opinion—and to which, in a sense, the whole population of France, as recent events have shown, may be said to have implicitly belonged, there soon appeared a nucleus of men who *had* an idea and a philosophy, whose object was definite and precise as well as novel—novel, that is, in the distinct way in which it was laid down and systematized. They, too, went back to the old revolution, but not to every part and phase of it, not to the constitutional period of '89, but to the wild scenes of '93. It was Robespierre who, with heroic self-devotion, accepted the anathema of the world so that he might realize ideas which were to become its salvation.

'There were two individuals in Robespierre—the philosopher and the tribune. As a philosopher he certainly had not been as bold as Jean Jacques Rousseau, Mably, or Fénélon; but as the tribune, he had called upon himself never-ending revenge. Superior in his devotedness to those warriors of ancient Rome, who dedicated themselves to the infernal deities, he had, with heroic aim and wild magnanimity, immolated his name to the execration of future ages; he had been of those who said, "Perish our memories, rather than the ideas which will be the salvation of the world;" and he had rendered himself responsible for chaos until the day when, wishing to hold back the revolution which was drowning itself in blood, he was himself dragged in, and sank. A conquered man, whose history was written by his conquerors, Robespierre had left behind him a memory which was accursed.'

These ideas it was their business to elaborate and unfold with the light of modern science; and in the comparative calm of modern days to develop the oracles of Robespierre and S. Just into a theory, a social system, a creed. A political revolution they wanted, of course; but as a step to something deeper. Their great quarrel was not with government, but with society.

¹ L. Blanc, *Dix Ans*, c. xxxiii.

The injustice and oppression of kings and ministers were crying, but still more crying those 'two great immoralities, riches and poverty,' and that 'invisible tyranny of *things*, of recognised 'arrangements and opinions, and usages, and divisions of men,' which was never surpassed in cruelty by any sensible, palpable 'tyranny, with human force.'¹ Philosophers, who had hitherto studied society, had erred, first, by accepting its phenomena as they stood as ultimate facts and unchangeable laws; and, secondly, by beginning at the wrong end, with the rich and the refined instead of the poor. Accustomed to think seriously only of the wants and welfare of those who could help themselves, they had never understood, never fairly considered the condition and the claims of those who could not. It was time for this to cease. It was not the rich who wanted to be made richer, or the comfortable more comfortable, but the poor who wanted, not merely to be fed, but to *command* food, and *command* comfort. The true and primary object, both of political science and of government, was to see not so much to the *production*, but to the *distribution*, of wealth; a principle which all the current doctrines, and all the acknowledged rights of society, deny. It had been asserted once only, in '93; the only hope of society was to assert it again. Political economy had provoked its reaction.

'The early republicans,' says Louis Blanc, 'had only touched, 'in their declaration of principles, on purely political and national 'questions: they had not as yet opened any of those which are 'indicated by that deep and formidable word, *le prolétariat*.' The various men and sects who soon after began to examine and decide upon these questions, became, in spite of their differences, their absurdities, and their failures, the most weighty element of the republican party. For they had the advantage of knowing what they were working for. Whether Charles Fourier, meditating in solitude, or Enfantin founding a religion, or Louis Blanc and Considérant journalising in the *Bon Sens* and the *Démocratie Pacifique*, they were men *with a view*—with a positive object, for which, and not merely from logic, or love of political forms, or hatred of abuses, they required a revolution. They touched the sorest evils; they mooted the deepest questions; they committed themselves with great apparent conviction and earnestness, at once to very broad principles and very detailed applications of them; they forced the social question on their own party, and with it the honour of its audacity, and the danger of its solution. And as they were the boldest, they were the most active in their speculations. They collected their materials, whether or not accurately, at least widely. English

¹ L. Blanc, *Organisation du Travail*, Preface.

travellers, in an out of the way part of France, might be surprised to find a French socialist,—not a student, an engineer, it might be, or a bagman, or a *enseigne de vaisseau*, deep in the history of colliery strikes and Manchester associations. Another feature in the language, at least, of this party was its religious cast. It is a feature which suggests very unpleasant thoughts, though it wore a Christian guise, sometimes more and sometimes less marked, and it would be the height of simplicity to mistake it for anything that has been hitherto known as Christianity. Heathenism had its faith, the natural man has his religious thought and aspirations. But, contrasted with the heartless and flippant scepticism of the day, this religious tone appeared to advantage. It, too, in this day of reactions, was a revolt against the traditionary supremacy of Voltaire. It was a new thing to hear French revolutionists, like Louis Blanc, sneering at the liberals for their scepticism, rebuking the law for its Atheism, and proclaiming religion as the necessary basis of a Constitution, ‘the religious sentiment,’ we should rather say, ‘the source of all poetry, of all force and grandeur.’¹ Still more novel was it when, in the mocking city of Paris, the Père Enfantin had the hardihood to invent, and divers of the ablest men of France the hardihood to exercise with all seriousness, a new worship, the very counterpart of ancient Gnosticism. Further, these new preachers of democracy rejected, with startling earnestness, the cant of the liberal schools about individual *rights*, and checks upon government. Careless of the seeming paradox, they maintained that the bane of the age was anarchy; its want was not constitutions, but government; their own mission, to re-establish an authority powerful enough to curb, and, if necessary, annihilate, individual rights and influences. Who shall protect and help the weak, except the state? And how shall it protect them, unless every thwarting power is overthrown before it? ‘It is, therefore, in the name of Liberty, and in her behalf, that we demand the restoration of the principle of authority. We want a strong government, because, with the system of inequality under which we still vegetate, there are helpless classes who need a social force to protect them . . . In a word, we invoke the idea of *power*, because the liberty of this day is a lie, and the liberty of the future must be a reality.’²

It was these men who, we conceive, were the life and strength of the republican party. They gained for themselves, and for their party, the credit of grappling with the great question of the day,—more real and tangible than abstract questions of govern-

¹ Louis Blanc, *Dix Ans*, c. xxxiii.

² Louis Blanc, ‘*Organisation du Travail*,’ p. 31.

ment, broader and more elevated than questions of administration abuses. '*L'organisation du travail*,' says its apostle, in 1845, 'these words, four or five years ago, were uttered to the winds: now they resound from one end of France to the other.' The boldness with which a principle asks for power, is one test of its substance; and there seemed reality and the consciousness of capacity, in the unguarded and peremptory way in which the extremest champions of liberty maintained, regardless of the charge of inconsistency, the necessity of a government not less strong than a despotism. And in full faith of the revolution close at hand, they called on their party to master the 'social question' which would then present itself for solution: the time was short enough for preparation, and there was none to be lost: the chance was not far off, and would be missed if they were not ready, '*on se trompe étrangement*," wrote Louis Blanc in 1845, '*si l'on croit que les révolutions s'improvisent. Les révolutions qui n'avortent pas, sont celles dont le but est précis, et a été défini d'avance.*'

Thus with France, apathetic and indifferent, there was a body of men considerable in point of number, and still more so in point of ability, whose set and declared purpose it was, when their time came, to overthrow the existing state of things: who day by day were working most powerfully on public opinion, and meanwhile, were watching the right moment to raise and slip the populace of Paris against the Government. It was not a conspiracy in the ordinary sense of the word: a revolution was simply an understood thing; it was to be of course, whenever it might be—as a checkmate at chess, as soon as it is possible. If the world was sceptical about it, it was because it is sceptical about most things which it does not yet see: but in spite of defeats and prosecutions—'Cloître S. Mery,' Barbès and Blanqui in prison, and Laws of September—the *National* was not sceptical.

'Laws of September' indeed, laws making prosecutions easier, and 'deportation' heavier, and which forbade to speak evil of the king or the monarchy, or to take the name of republican, and which set up the censureship—wore a weak spell by themselves to conjure down the storm. Republicans, indeed, of the Louis Blanc sort, advocates of strong government, are inconsiderate in taxing these laws with monstrous inconsistency, and raising their brows in admiration of the impudence which let a man call himself an atheist, but not a republican.¹ In one shape or another, whether as acknowledged laws, or as exceptional stretches of power, they will be wanted, and be in force for some time to come in France under all govern-

¹ 'Discuter Dieu restait un droit: discuter le roi devenait un crime.'

ments ; all governments will think, and think rightly, that they are instruments not to be despised, and which very few men really do despise. But instruments which cut will not heal ; and nothing but cutting is bad surgery. Louis Philippe and his ministers shot down insurrection, imprisoned conspirators, prosecuted unflinchingly men of strong language :—Lamennais both as a priest and as an unbeliever—Enfantin for his S. Simonian religion and morality—newspaper editors without end : they even seized Louis Blanc's pamphlet on the organization of labour. But though in the more showy parts of administration, in public works,¹ and the encouragement of art and literature, they spent much money and have left behind no inconsiderable results, it is hard to find traces of much attention to those domestic questions which the republicans were turning to such account—hard to find even a poor law or a factory law. At court and in the chambers we used to see an unceasing personal struggle between clever men, who represented little beyond themselves : the absorbing questions were questions of foreign politics, in which the national pride has finally been left hurt and unsatisfied,—the American question, the Right of Search question, the Syrian question, the Pritchard indemnity question ; and at last, with charges of corruption waxing louder and louder against them, the king and the prime ministers found time and inclination to dabble together in a snug family intrigue, and adequate occupation for their ambition in the manœuvres of a scheming dowager, and the cunning doings of a not very scrupulous broker.

The storm came without preparation. It was improbable—not like the course of history—too poetically just—that there should be a second ‘three days.’ Those who most suspected the back-stroke of 1830, looked for it in another shape—and certainly not now. There was nothing pressing to excite alarm. Louis Philippe was hated, but so he had been for a long time. There had been sixty-two Reform Banquets in the provinces ; but the ‘*Toast au Roi*,’ had descended into them as an opportune spirit of discord between *Opposition dynastique* and *Opposition pure*, and bickerings, hard names, and resignations of chairmen had followed. There had been some unpleasant exposures, some revolting crimes in the course of the year, some grumblings, and some declamation about national honour ; but were not these either accidental or perpetual ? Sharp distress there was none. Money crisis there was none. The ministry had lasted seven years, but it had a strong majority in the

¹ Lacave-Laplagne's answer to Garnier Pagès ; extract in *Times*, June 5.

Chambers. The opposition deputies came to Paris: the king met and branded them as the slaves of 'blind and hostile passions.' They would hold a 'monster banquet' in Paris: M. Duchâtel believing very naturally in 100,000 men and his cannons, told them finally that they should not. They protested, and submitted. To the last, all seemed firm as a rock: the sensitive race of stock-jobbers bought and sold in security—nay, in increasing security. The opposition threatened impeachment. M. Guizot met them in the Chamber, with his pale scornful look: the President handed him a paper containing this or some other of their proposals: he perused it, and 'laughed immoderately,' a memorable laugh, likely to become proverbial. Another hot anxious day—vacillation and troubling of spirit in the palace, confusion in the streets, Guizot again in the Tribune, commanding and haughty, with defiance and scorn telling the Chamber that he would 'do his duty:'—and then the end. In the night, some uncertain Republican—perhaps one Lagrange, a hero of the Lyons insurrection—thinking that the mob had been behaving itself too lightly, shot the officer, or the officer's horse, at Guizot's hotel—'*Cosa fatta capo ha.*' The volley was elicited, the victims made, the mob ceased their ill-timed jocose levity, and began to yell out vengeance and the Girondins' chorus. Next day, sudden and swift, in the course of a morning, the kingdom of the French passed away: in the evening it was the Republic.

Few Englishmen, we believe, can do justice to the phenomenon of thirty-five millions of men, living, the most part of them peaceably, and pursuing their various callings without serious interruption, for seventeen years and a half, under one form of government—and in the course of a week, as fast as telegraphs could beckon and mail-coaches gallop—and mainly *because* telegraphs beckoned and mails arrived—quietly resolving that they would be, and in fact were, under a totally different one. When the letters were delivered, they considered themselves citizens of a monarchy; when they had read them, they shrugged their shoulders, and were republicans. There was no objection made; no pause of surprise or suspense; far less any resistance. The transition was imperceptible and soft as from sleeping to waking, or from one dream to another. '*On ne se détache jamais sans douleur,*' said Pascal: the customary and familiar, with all its faults, is apt to levy a natural regret when finally parted with. But France had none for its July monarchy; it saw the established disappear with philosophic calmness, and gracefully and frankly, as it would to a new fashion, 'adhered' to the provisional.

No doubt, fear, the terror of the triumphant *bonnet-rouge*,

and sympathy with success, and absence of anything more hopeful, were powerful agents in proselytizing; no doubt, too, the Republic was the most genuine and most logical development of the political principles in vogue; for 'the Revolution' was accepted by all politicians as a starting-point, and M. Guizot, as well as M. Thiers or M. Lamartine, claimed to represent and carry on its ideas. And, as to that old-fashioned and rapidly-vanishing virtue of loyalty, the belief in a mission and an authority in governors in some sense divine, which associates their names and place in society more or less distinctly with a religious reverence, it certainly would be vain, in matter of fact, to look for it, and it seems to us unfair to expect what, after the events of the last half-century, would simply be unnatural. But was it a genuine love of a republic, a love long latent, deep, unacknowledged, but springing up spontaneous and strong at the sight of its object, which turned the thirty-five millions of France as in one day to the side of the Provisional Government? We cannot think so.

Republicanism has gained a victory, but its conquests are still to come. The explanation of its acceptance is to be found much more in political scepticism than in political faith. It came, as a successful theory, with the lustre of instant and unexpected triumph, before a society long familiar with it—accustomed to canvass without embarrassment many theories, and contemplate in turn the possible truth of all. Since the Revolution everything had been cut loose from prejudices and proscriptions; law, polity, religion, morality, rights, interests, ties;—each to stand on its own basis, and make out its case independently: and they had done so—each stating its claims, erecting its theories, pushing its consequences, without fear or reserve, before a keen, dialectical, pitiless intelligence, which spied all their weak places, but was candid withal, and did not refuse to acknowledge, and even abandon itself to, their attractions. Republicanism appeared with double charms when it issued forth into the world of action, and displayed itself as a reality. But it will do a great work indeed, if it can implant a creed—if it can permanently fascinate, as it has captivated; if, beyond a sentiment and an enthusiasm, it can create a loyalty. It will be strong and great if it does this. There is in every human statement of truth a flaw which makes it issue in falsehood, as in every human institution a plague-spot from which its corruption spreads: will Republicanism be able to turn away from itself or charm that unrespecting audacious eye, which no sacredness has ever yet abashed, which has pried into the secret and fault of every human belief, every human passion, which has not feared to look on any nakedness? The republican leaders

rejoiced at the rapidity and hardihood of intelligence which followed them to the depths and bottom of rights and duties, which comprehended and responded to their exposures of constitutional fictions, solemn farces of law, conventionalities of opinion, trammels of usage, impositions of selfishness;—are they not human also? Are their ‘formulas’ the vehicles of pure truth—invulnerable—dipped, even over the fatal spot, in the charmed waters?—never to fail, never to tire, never to wear out? Is this French cleverness at length to be satisfied and set at rest,—or will the world yet have to speak of it as a gift and dower as fatal to France as her beauty has been to Italy?

As to the Revolution itself of the 24th February there is not very much to say, and nothing new. The insurrection singularly resembles in its details and course that of July, except that what was premature then was ripe for accomplishment now, and Lamartine did easily and naturally what Lafayette dared not. And the republic which has grown out of it strikes us as belonging as yet to the class of phenomena which have been remarked upon as characteristic of the time, namely, *revivals*. Revival has been the rage; there have been good revivals and bad ones, wise ones and unwise; but though very fashionable, the world has not treated them, even in their most respectable form, with much reverence. They are, of course, a symptom of weakness and want of what is at once genuine and satisfying; and without careful watching they easily run off into forms which it is painful, and not edifying, to contemplate. Our liberal friends have made merry with mediæval revivals—not always in the best taste, nor always, it must be confessed, without reason;—they may now contemplate a Jacobin revival. The course of the Revolution suggests—it is certainly comparing great things to small—one of our contemporary ‘Punch’s’ imitations of designs of the ancient masters. We are speaking rigorously of the present. It is a more serious matter to play at Jacobins than to hold Eglington tournaments. But have we not had as yet, it is very satisfactory in some respects that it should be so, a Revolution ‘in rose-water?’ There has been a rigorous and accurate adherence to the rules and precedents of the elder artists as far as consistent with modern feelings. Read a history of the old Revolution, its demonstrations and ceremonial; its chafings and unquiet days; its leaders passing rapidly from point to point of their historic city, with few fiery words calming the multitudes or rousing them; its journals and editors unnumbered; its clamorous hawkers, and flights of bill-stickers; its vast swarming assemblages; its feasts of fraternity; its endless processions passing along from morning till evening; its thea-

trical symbolism; its plaster statues and cars of liberty, and fairy illuminations; its phrases and formulas; its costume and its antics; its trees of liberty; its zealous rubbing out of arms from coach pannels, and royal names from streets and monuments; its patriot deputations and patriot offerings; its clubs, and convention and constitution-making;—read all this, and you might fancy you were reading the ‘Times’ Correspondent, till you come to September massacres and the guillotine. There the modern change begins: humanity, gentleness, respectability, colour the reproduction; the enormous oath-takings are abolished; the political guillotine is abolished; the ‘adored’ of 1848 is neither Necker, nor Mirabeau, nor Robespierre, but the most chivalrous of the modern gentlemen, and the most imaginative and most religious of the modern poets, of France—a man who heard his double destiny as poet and statesman from the lips of the mysterious Princess and Prophetess of Lebanon—the all-accomplished Lamartine. For a ‘sniffing’ Abbé Sieyès to make the constitution, there is a solemn Lamennais; for a mocking Bishop Talleyrand, the most eloquent of modern preachers. Insurrection itself, National Guards and S. Antoine, meet and part more noisily, but as harmlessly, as chartists and police at Kennington Common: a mob could thrust out the National Assembly, and be thrust out itself without loss of life or limb; and fiery Barbès allows himself to be arrested in the very room which saw the fall of Robespierre, without finding it necessary to share Robespierre’s fate.

Of course, this ought to be so. We live in the middle of the nineteenth century. The warnings of the end of the eighteenth ought to be, and doubtless are, present to men’s minds. They walk in fear. Besides, there are not the same exasperations; no burning recollections of *Corrées* and *haute justice*; no emigrant aristocrats at Coblenz; no impotent, but vindictive court; no rebellious Clergy; no disappearance of money and corn; no banded league of kings; no minister Pitt. The Republic of 1848 is born amid the applause and congratulations of sympathizing Germany and complacent England. Never did a fallen throne and an exiled king attract less sympathy. Money is scarce, but in spite of bankruptcy prophesied every week, is still to be had. Aristocracy prudently holds its tongue. The Clergy, the highest and strictest, no longer ban the Republic; but press into the National Assembly, and bless trees of liberty. The army is obedient, and ready for work. The provinces adhere. The government finds none to dispute its commands. It ought to succeed: never had the Republic a fairer chance.

It is time for the Republic and its government ‘to march.’

For it, the old policy of '*Laisser passer*' is exploded for good. It promised—and this is its characteristic vaunt in contrast to all other governments, to be a moving, originating, interfering government; a government not afraid of responsibility, not afraid of the initiative, not afraid of realities, not afraid of ideas, afraid only of going to sleep. Custom, and the etiquette of the bureau should not trammel it: and doubtless it has broken through them. But now comes the tug. Can it do that high work which it has set itself? Will it shame the sluggishness and incapacity of other governments, by refusing no social question, by seeking out the difficulties which others ignore, by showing that a strong and central government, in the hands of true and brave men, may do as great and visible things, may change, cure, harmonize, with as signal and palpable success as a great general by spontaneous and forward action, not by mere control, organizes an army and wins victories, or as a great adventurer arranges a speculation, and opens a new line of commerce?

The Revolution will, on all hands, have utterly failed, unless this is its result; and it can hardly fail with impunity. The Republic is still young—too young, perhaps, to judge of, and it is still confident. But there are signs and symptoms which damp self-gratulation, and vex hope—signs and symptoms which do not diminish as the months wear on. We in England may think, though it may not so strike a Frenchman, that the whole movement has a preternatural rapidity about it which is not ominous of strength, and bears too prominently the mark of its birth-place, the newspaper offices. Conversions were too sudden;¹ sweeping decrees spoke with brief apothegmatic point, like leading articles; alterations were so hurried, and so showy: genuine and deep the change may be, but it is unlike what usually is so. But there are more unpleasant features; government is clogged. In spite of efforts hitherto not unsuccessful, there is the difficulty about money; the finance minister puts on a cheerful face, but the weight does not grow lighter. And now—now that the days of work are come, and success is old, and fervour is cooling, disunion—disunion among Frenchmen, which was to have taken flight in February last, is come back, and is making itself more and more an understood condition of the state. It was seemingly quelled in its first displays: querulous and impertinent in the *compagnies d'élite* of the National Guard, rebellious and ill-mannered in the violators of the National Assembly, treasonable and audacious in Blanqui and Barbés, it was then shamed down, expelled, or arrested.

¹ Among others, M. Thiers to Christianity.

But it has taken its seat, obstreperous, ill-tempered, and full of suspicion, in the National Assembly; it growls, and mocks, and jostles, with cursing and frowns, in the streets of Paris. Shopkeepers and workmen, alas! are not so soon made friends, though they have sung the Marseillaise together, and, perhaps, embraced. Cuning M. Thiers, frank republican as he has become, is not so easily persuaded of the generous doctrines of Lamartine; the great Dominican preacher finds that the Assembly is no place for him. Proposition follows on proposition, report on report, interpellation on interpellation; but something stops the free and onward flow of business. Perplexities and complications and perpetual changes interrupt it. A minister of justice quarrels with his attorney-general, and the attorney-general resigns; the lie is exchanged, then the minister resigns, and the officer returns. Members distrust the executive, and hold conventicles apart in the old Chamber of Deputies.² Intrigues, and the rumours of intrigues; uncertainties, ignorances, jealousies, plots and counterplots, reactions and conspiracies, agitate and sway, from day to day, the sensitive and ever-changing mind of Paris, in all streets, squares, and cafés. The bureaux of the Assembly, and the clubs, do some work; but whether they work together remains to be seen.

Paris, too, is not all France. What is really passing in the provinces? It is hard to say; for rarely do they find place in that daily portion of the history of France which the morning newspapers unroll for us. Nothing reaches us but incomplete notices, indicative of restlessness and discontent. We have heard of Limoges, with its provisional government; Lyons, with its anarchy not yet stopped; Brittany reverting to its old provincial ideas, and talking of a federate state;³ the cry for young Napoleon spreading—heard in northern Ardennes, and southern Gascony. It is true that continued disturbance inevitably follows a great convulsion. It was no doubt foreseen; it was allowed for. But are there the able men to face, master, and bring round to order and peace the elements of confusion which are so threatening?

They have as yet simply kept them down by main force; and to do this, they have had, in appearance at least, to deny rights which they claimed themselves with the sword's point, and to listen to their own fierce words directed against themselves by their old companions—companions in February, prisoners in May. The hard but common necessity of revolutions. Barbés must have arrested Lamartine, if Lamartine had not arrested Barbés: it is no question of consistency, but of strength. But, mean-

¹ *Times*, June 13.

² *Ibid.*

while, the Republic has to do as Louis Philippe did, and be called a persecutor; to turn against her benefactors, to imprison even her ex-minister Albert—and that so soon. It, too, has to make ‘Draconian’¹ laws. A law against ‘*atroupements*,’ gathering of citizens, even without arms, is absolutely necessary. The Republic, too, must have the streets cleared; the Republic must make 2,000 prisoners in one night, a *razzia* of the Boulevards; the Republic must call in the soldiers; the Republic must gag the clubs, if they go faster than itself; the Republic has to acknowledge that there is such a crime as sedition, and must punish, how we know not, its most generous-minded citizens, only for pure republicanism. Of course it must; who can blame it? for it, too, is made up of the strong and the weak; it, too, is afraid of opinion—it must seem to contradict its own first principles. It has to proscribe the innocent, because they *may be* dangerous; the unborn children of the Orleans race, and the *name* of the most glorious of Frenchmen; condemned by the malice of fate to give an example of what it had most severely censured, and to repeat to the letter those acts of the dynasty which its own writers had most delighted in as subjects for their irony—the bootless expedient of a jealousy which could only make itself odious. But, as M. Armand Marrast said, ‘*La Liberté vit de défiances*,’ this meant once, that the guillotine must be always at work, now it only means that the national guard must be always on duty; but this is a painful life, and she has many times before now got tired of it.

But there is one feature which does give a new importance to the Revolution—but for which indeed, the republicans would be merely beginning work afresh, in a feeble and unpromising fashion, with everything to do over again after fifty years wasted. This feature is the prominence it has given to the socialist doctrines.

We do not overrate their importance. We do not mean that socialism is the only, or the strongest cause of the Revolution, or that all the republican leaders are socialists—far from it; indeed, there are symptoms that socialism is becoming unfashionable: but the question has been raised for the first time in a public and formal manner; and the government of the 24th February not only pledged itself to meet it, but by its first steps committed itself to the socialist line—nor has the National Assembly, whatever may be its predominant feeling, recalled their measures.

Socialism, which in England we associate with the unfortunate Mr. Robert Owen, has in France made itself heard. It is no

¹ *Times*, June 10.

longer cramped and entangled in repulsive uncouthness or unintelligible jargon; it has risen into the region of letters, and been developed by some of the clearest and most striking writers of France, in language measured, exact, and refined, as well as impassioned; and it has now risen into the region of politics, and changed the extreme field of liberal battle from forms of government to the fundamental ideas of society. The evils which liberals have long descanted upon as arising from the tyranny of kings and bigotry of clergies, come, it seems, from a deeper source, from a social order which necessitates tyranny and bigotry—which sanctions a claim, baseless in reason, and terrible in its consequences, that a man may draw to himself exclusively, and subject to his single will, any amount of this world's good, far beyond what his personal strength could keep, his personal labour gain, his personal needs require; which, while it allows some of its members to do this, and erects it into a right—a right which depends on nothing but its own pleasure—has no help, and creates no rights, for those who have not enough—who may even be starving; artificial in the most extreme degree at one end, and leaving all to nature at the other; which has raised the most complex apparatus of law to guard for the rich man's son the accumulations for which he had never laboured; and which exempted him from labouring, while it has left the day labour of the workman, kept up from hour to hour, and prolonged from year to year, with its real toil, and real productions, to its minimum of reward, and uninsured even of this.

It is an old story, that 'it never was merry since gentlemen came up.' The peculiarity of socialism is, that it takes the shape of a philosophy, competing not among the poor and untaught, but among the educated, with the two most popular social doctrines of the day—the commercial philosophy of the economists, and the political philosophy of Locke and Montesquieu. It is a philosophy full grown and of due proportions; duly generalized, and duly illustrated; reposing on statistics, and animating novels; old enough, and discussed enough, to have room and range for separate schools and doctors, each with distinct 'definitions,' 'problems,' 'solutions,' 'formulae'; all clearly divided, and hotly at war—disciples of S. Simon combatting those of Fourier, and both of them criticizing and criticized by Louis Blanc. And outside of these sects is a crowd of writers, who, without adopting any formal doctrines, yet take for their first principle the necessity of an entire reconstitution of social orders.

The contrast is singular between the two philosophies. Both are systematic and comprehensive, and deal in universals. Each disposes of the will and actions and fortunes of men, as if

all were referrible to a 'human nature' as unvaried and inflexible as the nature of electricity, or the formulæ of algebra, in terms without exception absolute and peremptory. But then comes the difference. Political economy, in philosophizing on society, left out morality: Socialism calls it in to the solution of every question of trade and wealth. Both professing to be practical and real in the highest sense, the one talks of man as of a natural agent, the other will admit in the discussion nothing short of the highest laws of conscience. One takes self-interest as a primitive fact, working like gravitation or attraction, the basis of all that goes on between man and man: the other aims at its extinction, and contemplates the great world at large going on upon pure principles of love. One ignores in its sphere the idea of duty or self-denial: the other looks upon all that does not represent that idea as simply accidental and vicious. One speaks of questions of wages and production in mere terms of the market, which make us forget that they relate to creatures with will and conscience, and to whom they bring suffering or pleasure: the other invades with the idea of duty the limits within which self-interest thought itself privileged and secure, and gravely queries whether property is lawful, and how far the gains of mere capital are compatible with morality. One subordinates the real, living, feeling man who works, to the great results of speculations in which he performs such a fractional part:—'Who,' asks the other, 'in a social question, can put the *impersonal* services of the capitalist on the same footing with the *personal* services of the workmen?'¹ Competition is to one a natural law, therefore it is right; it involves greediness and selfishness, according to the other, therefore it is wrong: its evils are a mere bating of the sum of its good, according to one; a conclusive argument, according to the other, that there can be no good in it. One views with resignation, as a natural result of power, the rich capitalist ruining the poor one: to the other it is an intolerable abuse, that what has no basis in right should exist in fact: it *cannot* be helped, says the one, that the weaker should go to the wall; it *must* be helped, replies the other, therefore whatever is in the way must be overthrown. The greater the ability, the greater the claim for reward, is the rule of distributive justice in the one: No, says the other, only the greater debt of service;—the weak have claims, the able, duties;²

¹ Louis Blanc, '*Organisation du Travail*,' p. 160.

² Louis Blanc considers the fundamental error of S. Simonism to be, that it made *capacity a measure of rights and rewards*, instead simply of *duties*:—'Il y a deux choses dans l'homme: des besoins, et des facultés. Par les besoins, l'homme est passif, par les facultés, il est actif. Par les besoins, il appelle ses semblables à son secours; par les facultés, il se met au service de ses semblables. *Les besoins*

and the sensitive feelings of the awakened conscience are made the universally applicable law and formula of society.

In a word, the great commandment of charity adopts socialism as the scientific and practicable basis of civilization. This is its boast. It does not reject religion, like the old infidels; it but professes to complete Christianity: it takes up, not with less faith, but with more philosophy, what Christianity failed in. Christianity, it says, started from the right point, *the poor*; it took them, and not the rich, as the true essence of society, not, with modern economists, as an inconvenient accident; and it laid down the true law of society to be, not individual interest, but mutual self-devotion. Socialism accordingly echoes its highest principles. S. Simon repeated the apostolic canon, that if a man would not work, neither should he eat. Louis Blanc shot beyond him, and built his system on the principle, that the strong were to work, that the weak might eat; that nothing that a man has is his own, but all a trust for others. And so history, in their hands, proclaims self-sacrifice to be the only measure of greatness: fiction, but too questionable in its end, yet not less powerful in its art, paints touchingly, and not falsely, the contrast between Christian mercy and man's hardness, between the world's mockery at once of innocence and of penitence, and that Divine Love which blessed the little children and forgave the Magdalen. But though Christianity—so runs the Socialist doctrine—has done so much, it has not done all; we cannot be satisfied with any thing which does not directly tell on the masses: Christianity makes good men, but leaves society unjust and cruel; its individual charity heals single wounds, but cannot stop the fount of evil. It has failed—so say these apostles of a new Christianity—because its doctrines were not hopeful enough; because it wanted faith, it dared not trust man; and it has cloaked its failure by two fatal doctrines; it has thrown the *cause* of it upon a supposed incapability of perfection, a doctrine of original sin; and it has smoothed over the *effect* of it by preaching resignation, a doctrine of meritorious suffering,—by bringing in a supplement of future life to make up for the defects of the present; by com-

*'sont l'indication que Dieu donne à la société de ce qu'elle doit à l'individu. Lésé
'facultés sont l'indication que Dieu donne à l'individu de ce qu'il doit à la société.
'Done, il est dû davantage à celui qui a plus de besoin, et il est permis d'exiger
'davantage de celui qui a plus de facultés. Donc, d'après la loi divine écrite dans
'l'organisation de chaque homme, une intelligence plus grande suppose une action
'plus utile, mais non pas une rétribution plus considérable; et l'inégalité des apti-
'tudes ne saurait légitimement aboutir qu'à l'inégalité des devoirs. L'hierarchie
'par capacités est nécessaire et féconde: la rétribution par capacités est plus que
'funeste, elle est impie.'—Dix Ans, c. 25. And Organisation du Travail, p. 133.
'Beaucoup d'idées fausses sont à détruire . . . Ce n'est pas à l'inégalité des droits
'que l'inégalité des aptitudes doit aboutir, c'est à l'inégalité des devoirs.'*

forting Lazarus in the next world, when it could not comfort him here.

Such were the ideas with which the Republic was inaugurated. The Republic was to succeed the Church—to realise that the Church had only attempted—by education, and by a state all-powerful and all-wise, to do those impossibilities which the Church had only done in the way of specimen and exception; not, indeed, to deprive men of hope in another life, but to make them able to afford to dispense with the necessity of it.

Frenchmen easily believe in perfection—that what has taken shape so easily and completely, with such keen outline and neat finish, in their own ideas, will as easily be reproduced in the world. The age of gold has ever been one of their weaknesses. Frenchmen—and who but Frenchmen could have done so?—wrote ‘Numa Pompilius,’ and ‘Télémaque.’ So Socialism has been believed in: and now comes the trial of these long-meditated plans, the application of these mighty formulæ. They are simple, society very complicated: they ask for new conditions to start with. The hard, vast, impenetrable world remains as it is. It is hard to move; its reformers are more likely to break against it, than it is to yield. The Republic began with Socialism, but has grown cold, and does not seem disposed to go on with it: *bourgeois* national guards love their shops too well, obstinate country farmers are too fond of their land, and object to subordinating it to associations of artizans—very selfishly, it is said, and foolishly too; but probably they think that the gentlemen who so peremptorily, and with such clear logic, require of them the sacrifice of all interests, and the surrender of all power to themselves, ought to show clearer credentials for a mission scarcely less than Divine: if they can see through the others, possibly the others can see through them. Socialism as yet has not prospered: it has found it easier to overturn a throne, than to set an *atelier social* fairly at work. The hearts of the sanguine masses are beginning to fail: poor toil-worn multitudes, whose days had been passed in heaviness and hard work, multitudes not knowing their right hand from their left, had heard from eloquent lips, and, we are ready to believe, in some cases from earnest and feeling hearts, the big words of hope—heard and rejoiced that their hour was come—many, no doubt, that they should spoil their enemies—but many too, that a fair place in the world should be secured to them: neither are likely, least of the two the latter. Hard, it seems to some, such brief triumph and blank disappointment; harder if, in their blind following, they meet with the eternal laws across their path, and refusing this life as one of probation, they find it at least not one of refreshment.

However, foiled as they may be for the present, the Socialist chiefs, of whatever shade of opinion, and there are many, have not lost confidence. They know well that their antagonists are strong; besides the established political parties, with various 'pretenders,' and the redoubtable and abhorred Thiers to boot, there are the great interests of money and agriculture against them, a powerful literary opposition, and, still more formidable, a powerful shopkeeper opposition. The hour of their triumph is not close at hand, as they know: yet they are hopeful. It is singular to read the enthusiastic articles of their journals, written in the thick of the difficulties in which France is plunged: they revolt, as from a blasphemy, from the idea of comparing their 'France of '48,'—*bourgeois* and all—with England, 'degraded by an aristocracy, and swarming with famished workmen and prostitutes.' Frightful as is the failing of counsel, barren and meagre as seem the measures proposed to arrest immediate ruin, still they triumph; at least, the 'system of expedients' is giving way to the reign of ideas and of thought. They are not men to be turned from their hopes and purposes by anything but the absorbing enthusiasm of a great war.

And whatever becomes of Socialist theories in the shocks of war, or in the reaction which their arrogance and extravagance is sure to provoke, the prominence which they have assumed, and the partial adoption of their ideas by the Republic, are facts which cannot be dismissed as unimportant. This public recognition of them forms a distinct and a new step in the direction towards which all changes have long steadily looked—a step as real and as pregnant with consequences, as any political change of the last century in the rights and position of classes—consequences very various and very mixed, perhaps a long way off, but wide and lasting; a step in that 'progress' which it is the fashion, especially in France, to take for granted is towards perfection, but which at any rate, as a fact, is scarcely to be denied. Whether it means forfeiture of useful powers by those who have not used them well, or the gaining of them by their rightful claimants; whether it is the advance of justice and fellow-feeling, or of self-will and disobedience; whether the breaking up of baseless opinions, or the breaking away from traditions which connect us with truth; whether exchanging the venerable for the true, or the steady ways of wisdom for the lights of tempting theory; whether it is disturbing good which we did not, and could not, create for ourselves, or winning, in the due order of providence, the good which is given only to those who dare to seize it; whether the tendency of it is to combine, or to resolve—towards wise self-government or towards anarchy; whether we look on with hope or fear,—we

can scarcely doubt which way the current is flowing—faster now, and now slower—but ever one way, from high to low. New claims, which from time to time are made, are made for the many: new theories push even further the dominion of the many. In the actual world changes are slower, but there too the new rights which are at last acknowledged, are rights which are shared by many, not by few. Socialism, in respect of the rights of property and the rights of labour, has contrasted strongly and broadly the interest of the few and of the many, as constitutionalism did in respect of the rights of prerogative and the rights of citizenship. It is easy to take exceptions—easy to apologise with grave and real reason—easier still, when theorists are tempted to indulge in construction, to expose presumption, and overthrow ideal fabrics. Experience will distrust the contrast drawn, power can long afford to despise it; still, in one case as in the other, the general effect remains—an impression which legislatures must henceforth reckon with, and which society cannot help acknowledging. There is a difference, it is true, between the two cases: constitutionalism could always point to a real existing government, the model, on the whole, by which it illustrated its lessons: Socialism cannot boast of much in the world of realities. But, on the other hand, Socialism appeals to higher feelings, and more real necessities, and deals in more home truths: if its remedies are too impracticable and unnatural for success, its complaints are too weighty to be soon forgotten. It is true that its arrogant and meagre speculations offend self-interest deeply, and good sense still more deeply; but it must not be overlooked, that, visionary as are its hopes, and anti-Christian its design, its warnings coincide with those of the Bible.

They coincide, but not for the same ends. We cannot help thinking, in connexion with Socialism, of those ancient heresies, which loom so mysterious and various in the distance of years, hanging around rather than appearing to belong to the Church—revolts, certainly, against her, but much more against God's government of the world—which found their subjects not in theology, but in the disorders and perplexities of our present life, and served themselves at their good pleasure of Christian principles as they happened to fall in with a theory. Socialism is not unlike the living analogue, in our days, and with our questions, of Manicheism. Of this upturning of all old ideas, this bursting up, not merely of force but of thought, against the old orders of society, who can tell what is to come? The idea of a ludicrous and impotent conclusion to it does sometimes cross the mind; but the elements of storm are too numerous and potent—daring intellect and zeal, allied with the wild power, Titan-

like and blind, of the strong inexorable masses, and tempted by perplexity and distress, promise no such easy issues. This is the time of suspense. At home and abroad, there is holding back, and waiting. But who but feels that at any moment the holding back may cease—that at any moment, to conjure down domestic war, France, which claims the nations for her inheritance, which claims the right of shedding her blood to convert them to liberty, may dash down her armies into the fields of Europe, and challenge her primacy, ‘the Pontificate of the age of light.’ And how will the Church shape her course? What is she to do with the multitudes who throng round her, accepting her poetry but despising her creed; or with those not rare cases of noble-minded and serious men who in the confusion of the times have grown up by themselves, out of the fold of her children? If she dares not be exclusive, is not the reality and positiveness of her faith open to the subtle gradual sap of vague sentiment? And, benign as has been the greeting of the Republic, and ready the congratulations of many of the Clergy, notwithstanding the marks of mutual respect and good will which gave a new character to the Revolution of February,—the men of the barricades saluting the sacred symbol, and protecting the Clergy, the Clergy substituting the People for the King in the Church offices, the Archbishop offering his silver spoons as a patriotic gift,—is it so clear that old jealousies are disarmed, that the old instincts of mistrust and fear are weakened? And when the Socialists talk of *unity, religious* as well as social and political, what sort of unity do they look to?

She and we are in our Master’s hand. This is not the first time in history, nor are we the only men who have heard the appalling cry that unless justice be seen here, it never will be: others before our time have been perplexed, and have desponded too hastily. As it is certain that God’s providence does not sleep, it may be that under this tempest of the wrath of man the gradual and slow growth of good is going on, which, in spite of ever-new evils, we seem to discern even here. But whether this heralds the last storm, or whether,—as amid those overflowings of ungodliness which made our fathers afraid, much was working which God has turned to good for us, so now things may be growing up wherewith the indulgence of an over-ruling Providence shall bless our children,—we, at any rate, may take refuge in the thought, not new to us, or resorted to for the first time in perplexity, that ‘God’s government is a scheme imperfectly comprehended.’ In the faith involved in these solemn words we may keep ourselves collected in the dizzy and terrible scene of wreck and madness; we may be

content to depart hence without seeing the end, without seeing destruction repaired, or good completed—

‘ And rejoice to think God’s greatness
Flows around our incompleteness :
Round our restlessness, His rest.’

We had written so far, when the news arrived of the terrible events which began on the 24th. The change has come at last over the Revolution. *Bourgeois* and workmen, who fought by one another’s side in February,—who met in anger yet parted without bloodshed in May, have met once more, for defeat and carnage only to part them. It has been the relentless and unflinching battle of class against class, rich against poor. Bloodier days have seldom fallen on that doomed city of Paris. The scene will now change; power will now pass from one who, whatever else he may have been, was noble-minded and a lover of peace, into probably stronger hands. But who will appease the spirit of unforgiving vengeance which must haunt every neighbourhood? Recollections of mortal strife,—spots where men have been slaughtered, will be familiar in the crowded thoroughfares, and close to each man’s door; who is there to stand between the dead and the living, and charm down, on that reeking ground and in those polluted homes, the cry of blood?

NOTICES.

MR. MOUNT, Examining Chaplain to the *late* Bishop of Bath and Wells, has published 'A Guide to Candidates for Holy Orders,' (Rivingtons.) To have occupied such a position, while it invests a writer with claims on general attention, rather enlarges the need of rigid scrutiny into what in this sort of official character he publishes. Compendious summaries like the present, were it only because they will so often be used as crams—a misfortune inseparable from such undertakings—ought to be very good of their kind. If Tomline's Elements and Bishop Marsh's Lectures are the sole divinity which an idle or an incapable curate is likely even to try to master, the greater the responsibility of making such pemmican muscular as well as portable. Mr. Mount is a follower, or rather condenser, of the two prelates just mentioned: and without expressing an exaggerated estimate of even their labours, we are bound to say that Mr. Mount does not improve upon them. By way of originality, he ventures in a note (p. 43) upon a statement, of which we trust that he has missed the force:—'It is highly probable, that the Apostles and Evangelists were not wholly aware of our Lord's perfection.' The ordinary topics of 'authenticity and credibility,' are followed also, according to the card, by a discussion on 'inspiration,' which, like many others of the like purpose, ends rather at the bottom of the page than of the subject. 'Inspiration' is followed by a 'sketch of the Reformation;' while, after a 'contrast between the Churches of Rome and England,' we go back to a general sketch of 'Ecclesiastical history' in general. This specimen of the *lucidus ordo* is, however, exceeded by the preposterous matter of the book. It is so precisely the imbecile literature miscalled divinity of forty years ago, that Somersetshire must have been a theological 'Sleepy Hollow' for the last sixteen years. 'The Churches which separated themselves from the Roman communion, namely those of Germany, drew up Confessions of Faith,' and so on;—Protector Somerset and Martin Bucer are sonorously saluted as 'mighty standard-bearers of the faith,' p. 128;—the book of Common Prayer, and Sacraments and Offices, is called the Liturgy. And while these are only specimens of vague conventionalism which once did no harm, we must protest against the absolute untruth of the statement (p. 132) that the protestation of the Book of 1552 about kneeling at the Eucharist, was restored at the revision of 1661. The following passage is, as they say, *naïve*. 'The 20th Article declares, that the Church hath authority, &c. . . . 'This authority requires a compliance . . . from its members: but as no 'man is compelled to remain a member, he may exercise his private judgment in the investigation of its doctrines, and withdraw from its communion We allow, therefore, to others, the privilege which we 'claimed for ourselves in withdrawing from the Church of Rome,' p. 224.

Mr. Mount has not tried to reconcile this view with certain Canons, which, 'though *proprio vigore*,' as we are assured, p. 146, 'do not bind the laity,' do look very like a round anathematizing of those who take the privilege which Mr. Mount says that the Church so frankly 'allows' them.

Dr Wordsworth has published his Hulsean Lectures for 1847. They are on the 'Canon of Scripture,' (Rivingtons); and entirely fitted for an academic audience, they will enhance the author's reputation. We recognise with satisfaction some warning, sound alike and judicious, on what may be expected from the illegal practice of selling Bibles without the Apocrypha.

'The Gospel of S. Matthew Illustrated,' by Mr. James Ford, (Masters,) is a transcript from an interleaved New Testament, by a diligent and multifarious reader. Against a catena composed chiefly with a practical view, we have no right to object very strenuously the erratic range through which its compiler has expatiated: Emanuel Sa and Bishop Reynolds; Calvin and Cardinal Bellarmine; Matthew Henry and Tertullian; Dr. Dodd and Mr. Newman; S. Athanasius and Toplady—these names cannot present other than a grotesque combination—one, indeed, of which even the aspect may be seriously evil: doctrinal heterodoxy is incompatible with the only true edification. And, which is a literary fault, the references should have been given. To be told that a passage may be found in S. Chrysostom is little less than mockery.

A very useful set of Sermons for Holy Week, 'The Seven Sayings on the Cross,' (Masters,) has reached us from Mr. Alexander Watson; also a volume of 'Practical Sermons,' by Mr. Gresley, from the same publisher.—But by far the most important volume of recent Sermons is one by Dr. Mill. Five Sermons 'On the Nature of Christianity,' preached in 1846 before the University of Cambridge, (Masters.) Dr. Mill's depth and solidity recall the substantial dignity of our old divines, while he faithfully fulfils what seems to be his especial function, that of meeting the loose subjective speculations of the day. He is emphatically a writer for time: weight and calmness are his characteristics, while a keen appreciation of immediate points and details is in his case accompanied by a large and sweeping command of the whole battle-field of the Church. While we have many smart theological swordsmen, Dr. Mill is a general. His is, perhaps, preeminently the theological mind of our day. It is curious enough to find Archdeacon Hare—the lively representative of the school, if such it may be called, in every respect the opposite of Dr. Mill, not only in theology but in character—coming into collision with the present writer on the still vexed passages of Luther, the '*pecca fortiter*,' 'the *non potest etiam volens*, &c.' and the business of the Landgrave of Hesse. The Archdeacon, when running a-muck recently against everybody who would not worship Luther, took upon himself to lecture Dr. Mill: for which feat he has received in the present volume a lecture in return, Note A., which is almost as amusing to some like ourselves, as it ought to be impressive on the Archdeacon, who is reminded that 'among those who most agree with 'him, the best would not be sorry to see in him a somewhat different style 'of controversy; a greater reluctance to arrogate the province of moral

' judgment, and a more discriminating, as well as less profuse, employment ' of vituperative phrases,' p. 146.

While speaking of good Sermons, we are glad to announce a ' Second Volume, preached at Winchester College by Dr. Moberly,' (Rivingtons.) To be not solely academical, and yet with a grave cast of literature; to be not familiar, yet interesting; at once to suggest and imply doctrine, while at the same time it shall show discrimination of character,—if such be the requisites of a sermon delivered to well-born and well-taught school-boys, we are sure that the Head Master of Winchester has attained them.

Rickman's ' Attempt to discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England,' has received a new edition, so full and creditable, that its admirers can find little to desire in the way of care bestowed upon it. The functions of editor and publisher coincide, we believe, in Mr. J. H. Parker, to whom the expense bestowed upon this work, so creditable in its present form, has been, doubtless, a labour of love. In illustration we especially call attention to many of the admirable wood-cuts of details, which Mr. Parker's artists have brought nearly to perfection. In this particular, however, we regret inequalities: occasionally the letter-press is forced to accompany an old engraving, and it is the block, not the type, which gets illustrated. The shabby cut of Lichfield, (p. 184,) of a very *blasé* look, certainly makes its appearance only because, seven or eight years ago, it was got up for, and used up in, Mr. Isaac Williams' ' Cathedral: ' and we have dim suspicions of some others, which look as though they had travelled through the ' Archæological Journal,' and the ' Oxford Churches,' &c. One, a wiry scratchy steel plate, which first—it still and honestly carries its date of 1837—did duty in Ingram's ' Memorials ' representing the Divinity Schools thronged with ladies and field-officers, or deputy-lieutenants, is, on more accounts than one, disagreeably out of place. However, we can safely say that all that is new in illustration of the present edition, by far the largest part, is selected and executed with judgment, though the absence of scale is a serious practical drawback, which the present work, however, only shares with 'most of its compeers. With respect to Rickman's work, it were very ungrateful to speak in entire disparagement of what so many of us have learned so much from; and when we bear in mind that it first appeared, though in a very attenuated form, some thirty years ago, we may well award to it no inconsiderable share in the present revival. Still to perpetuate it without bold excisions, is rather like keeping up scaffolding to show the exact process by which the building was effected. *Ex. grat.* why retain the meagre and insufficient sketch of classical architecture at all? or, if it must remain, why not attempt, which Rickman never seems to have thought of, to connect it, through its historically ascertained debasements, with Romanesque? Again, why not at least illustrate Rickman's nomenclature by that of Professor Willis? Why define a rood-loft as ' a screen . . . on which *was* anciently placed certain images?' Why talk of sedilia as ' stone stalls, of which the uses have been much contested?' Why, now that mouldings are acknowledged to be the only scientific data upon which churches can be classed, draw them in impossible planes of section? or, which includes much more, why retain an unphilosophical

classification of which every one of the *membra dividenda* is, logically as well as technically, inapplicable:—‘Early English,’ which is neither early, nor distinctively English—‘Decorated,’ which has not necessarily a single ornament—and ‘Perpendicular,’ of which the most marked and ascertainable character is the prevalence of horizontal lines and panning? Because Rickman thought fit to make the basis of his classification one recognisable to ladies and *dilettanti*, viz. the heads of windows, and because this is very easy to remember, why retain it on such an account? It were quite as unscientific to class soils by the crops which they are artificially induced to bear, as to divide churches according to the existing windows, which, perhaps through five hundred years, happened to be the last insertions. Windows, throughout the whole of pointed architecture, had a tendency to approximate to beautiful anomalies and inconsistencies; they seem frequently introduced only for the sake of their tracery; *i. e.* they were too often treated rather as ends in themselves, than as component and subordinate members and adjuncts to an architectural thesis. Hence their inadequacy as terms of scientific division. That Rickman was an extensive and generally accurate observer, in very ignorant days, is very high praise; he furnished most useful materials to the formation of the science, but he by no means formed it. His own works, to which, fairly enough, he calls attention in a modest preface, as proofs of his knowledge, quite preclude him from ranking as a Bacon or a Cuvier. S. John’s College, Cambridge, combines in the same composition mouldings of dates separated by some centuries: and the Blind Asylum at Bristol must for ever settle his claims to understanding the true spirit of Ecclesiastical architecture. Still Rickman had very high merits for his day; but it is a day which we have outgrown. And, which in our eyes is a serious drawback from the usefulness of a work on such a subject as that of Christian churches, we wish that we could forget that the author of this volume, being a Quaker, never throughout its many pages lets fall a single hint of the relative holiness, or of the awful uses, of what he is writing or drawing about. For a Christian subject a Christian artist is needed.

‘A Letter to the Rev. Thomas Bowdler on the Fitness of Gothic Architecture for Modern Churches, by Mr. J. P. Harrison,’ (J. H. Parker,) comes with such an engaging incontestability that we are tempted to ask, *Quis dubitavit?* It is, in the year 1848, as superfluous for Mr. Harrison to press his point *now*, as it is to argue about Porson’s Preface or Dawes’ Canons. The fact is accomplished, and accomplished by the painstaking, difficult, misrepresented efforts of those whom it costs as little self-denial not to name, as it does to enter into the results of their labours. However, as the Prussians were not ordered back, though Waterloo was won, we are glad to find the present writer in full pursuit of a beaten foe. And what Mr. Harrison says is well and truly said; though we detect one or two sentences which want an *Cedipus*. ‘Mr. Dudley’s Gothic theory of the Grove, (p. 13, note¹,) may possibly mean, ‘Mr. Dudley’s Grove theory of the Gothic;’ but the clue to the following observation we are quite unable to seize:—‘Nothing that is really essential to Gothic is forbidden us: towers and spires are peculiarly our own: stained glass is in harmony with the feelings of a Puritan.’ (p. 28.)

Mr. Freeman of Chichester, has read before the Cambridge Architectural Society, a Paper on 'Proportion in Gothic Architecture,' which has been published by Deightons. It is designed to introduce to public notice a work by Mr. Griffith, in which he undertakes to prove, what, by the bye, has often been either asserted or conjectured, that the ancient architects constructed their churches on the basis of certain geometrical figures, and that by various combinations, chiefly of the triangle and circle, the position of piers, windows, &c. was determined. One of the most elaborate attempts to establish a theory of this sort, chiefly with an application to details, is to be found in a German work which Mr. Freeman does not appear to have met with, the 'Gothic A B C Book.' A larger induction of instances is required before we assent to the present view. Mr. Freeman's paper is a very graceful composition.

From the Secretary of the Bristol and West of England Architectural Society we have received the series of their Reports, by way of rebutting the imputation of deadness which, in our last Number, we very guardedly brought against it, and many of its compeers. From the Report of 1846, we extract the following sentence:—'It would be dishonest in your committee to disguise the fact, that the reason assigned for most of these [thirteen during the present year] defections has been the insufficiency or inactivity of the Society,' (p. 15,) which shows, any how, that what we whispered in London had been said pretty openly in Bristol. As to the accusing us of a tendency to centralization, we profess ourselves unable to understand the objection. Centralization may be a bad thing for the government of unions, or towns, or corporations, but we were speaking of a science, not of independent rights. The notion of independent and diverse developments of science conveys to us either no meaning, or a mischievous one. Science demands unity; and that each discovery and process of invention should be registered, acknowledged, and become common property. The science of churches may not be complete, but it has discovered something; there is already enough to argue upon. As to jealousy between older and younger societies, there ought to be none, except which shall do most work. What this science of Ecclesiology wants is an executive, and a strong one. Let it be done by conference, or any how; but it is quite useless to go over the same ground repeatedly, with a terminology unsettled, and with learners constantly questioning the very elements. Where there is no dogmatism, a shallow eclecticism will soon master the field.

'Walter Blake,' (Masters), is dull and insipid. Fiction is not the author's line: and he is really a clever, as well as amiable, person. To be in any way effective, this class of composition should show some knowledge of character, and should at least aim at something like incident.

A very impressive, and most practical work, 'Hints on Private Devotion,' (J. H. Parker,) has been published by Mr. C. Marriott. Its value consists not only in its tone, sober yet vivid, but in its working, living character. There is none of the vague sketchiness with which devotional books so often perplex, and even break up, religious longings; but it tells what to do—how, and when, and where.'

An engaging, even an affecting, series of Stanzas, has appeared from the

Bishop of Down and Connor: 'The Matin Bell; or the Church's Call to Daily Prayer,' (J. H. Parker.) Touchingly does the venerable author, in a dedication, commemorate 'the practice presented by his Alma Mater, the University of Oxford, under whose auspices, fifty years ago, he commenced his theological studies, and of whom he expresses his grateful and affectionate remembrance.'

The same esteemed prelate has printed, under the title of 'The Youthful Christian Soldier,' (Hodges and Smith,) a collection of addresses to persons presented for Confirmation: it includes some poetical pieces marked by the Bishop's warm and affectionate character.

In a 'Harmony of the Apocalypse,' (J. W. Parker,) Mr. W. H. Hoare gives a sort of connected paraphrase, framed out of other texts of Scripture, as the groundwork, leaving the actual text of the Book of Revelation as a marginal illustration, in small print: in other words, the Apocalypse is made to illustrate Mr. Hoare's conjectural interpretation of it, which is rather the reverse to what has been customary in Bible commentaries. The consequence is, that a pictorial arrangement, involving what Mr. Hoare calls 'Scenery,' 'Anthem,' 'Chorus,' and 'Semi-chorus,' and 'a Sabbatical Hymn of Triumph,' catches the eye in very large letters: while the Sacred Scripture itself comes in as an after thought and secondary affair. Besides this, the foot-notes present the ordinary comments of the prevailing Protestant interpreters, Moses Stuart, Woodhouse, Lowman, and Elliott, and that weakest of all weak writers, Bishop Newton. Mr. Hoare, in a few original appendices, occasionally takes a tone somewhat higher than those from whom he has compiled.

Under the modest title of 'Contributions towards an Harmony of the Gospels,' (Edinburgh, Lendrum,) will be found exactly what is promised, a useful collection of detached materials, which will always be consulted with profit by students of this subject.

Dr. Whewell has printed an edition of 'Butler's Three Sermons,' (J. W. Parker,) which is a pleasing proof of the study of this great author at Cambridge.

Mr. Nugee, of S. Paul's, Knightsbridge, has printed 'Instructions for Confirmation,' (J. W. Parker,) which are good and practical. The multiplication of such manuals is a good sign in itself: though, that so many are wanted, when so many and so good exist, shows a deficiency somewhere. By the bye, the vignettes in this little volume have appeared before in the Prayer-Book used by the Irvingites: and as one at p. 64 seems to refer to a rite and vestments only in use among these anomalous religionists, it is quite out of place in the present work.

Although for the present—thanks to the instant and timely warning rung by the Bishop of Exeter—the danger of a new Heresy Test smuggled into an act of parliament, setting up the XXXIX Articles above the Prayer-Book, has been averted, we must by no means think that the design is abandoned. Committees and corresponding secretaries in every county of England have been appointed to get up petitions and signatures in favour

of the measure: this we learn from the June Number of the 'Christian Observer.' As we shall have occasion before another session of parliament to recur to this important subject, we will here only enumerate the publications which have reached us on the subject. 1. 'An Appeal to the Laity,' &c. (Masters,) against the Test. 2. 'Defence of the XXXIX Articles'—we were not aware that they were attacked—(Hatchard,) by Mr. Goode, *pro*. 3. 'The XXXIX Articles no Test of Heresy,' (Masters,) by Mr. Trenow, *contra*; a very useful pamphlet. *Instar omnium*, of course, will be the Bishop of Exeter's, just delivered.

A vigorous pamphlet, written with the *perseveridum ingenium* of Wales, and vindicating much of the state of its education from the hasty and overstated reports of the recent commissioners, has been written under the title of 'Artegall,' (Longmans.) That Wales is a rough and rude country seems occasionally to have been forgotten in the scholastic requirements of the Government Commissioners. It is easy enough to construct reports on a foregone conclusion.

The Annual Report of the 'Oxford Architectural Society,' for 1847, is extremely full and interesting.

A school of allegory writers has grown up; prompted, perhaps, by the example of Mr. Adams' works. Mr. Monro is among the most popular: his pictures are indistinct and hazy, his style involved and suggestive, and he seems to adopt the fragmentary form of composition from a dislike of the, to him, tedious mechanism of a story: he produces, however, a quick succession of visions and scenes, and produces much oriental richness and colour. 'The Combatants,' (Masters,) by this writer, is deficient in unity, but it has the good points of Mr. Monro's allegories.—Mr. W. H. Ridley should not introduce Mr. and Mrs. Moody, and Dame Margaret, into the style of composition which he has selected. His 'Master and Servants,' (Edwards and Hughes,) is not fanciful enough for an allegory, which it claims to be, and is too exaggerated for a tale. There is a dreamy conventional No-man's land—

' In which it seemed always afternoon,'

whose atmosphere is languid and indistinct, where fact becomes mellowed and softened, and metaphor is enlarged and expanded through a golden mist of fancy: if this scenery is not present in this class of composition, allegory is but a poor frigid conceit. We think Mr. Ridley's forte is rather the practical than the poetical.

In our advertising columns will be found, many of them being reprinted from the valuable 'Magazine for the Young,' a very useful series—too numerous to specify in this place—of Children's Books, published by Messrs. Mozley, eminently suited, as we have found, for school prizes at this season. We can specify 'Marian Favell,' and 'The Friends;' also 'Lucy Parker,' in which is a scene of deep pathos, almost equal in this respect to 'Michael the Chorister.' 'London Pride,' too, is practical. There is no stilt and mere sermonizing in them; but they flow naturally and cheerfully, and betray a knowledge of character, and an insight into children's ways and thoughts.

The same publishers have sent us 'Conversations on the Church Service,' from which other than children might learn: it is suited for teachers and monitors, and for catechists of a higher order too.

'Hymns for Little Children,' (Masters,) and 'The Baron's Little Daughter,' (Masters,) we bracket, because they are by one author. The former collection has received Mr. Keble's *imprimatur*: it consists not so much of hymns, as of poems, on each clause of the Creed, the Commandments, and Lord's Prayer. 'The Baron's Little Daughter' contains verse as well as prose; the poetry is eminently successful, and of a freedom which shows that the full overflowing ballad metre quite suits religious subjects. We recommend this book without hesitation.

'Tales of Kirkbeck,' (Cleaver,) are mostly founded on the experience of a parish in the north of England. They have a real hearty look.

The present aspect of secular matters has engaged, as it ought to do, minds which view it under the highest relations. A 'Series of Anti-Revolutionary Tracts, by Sosthenes,' (Masters,) has attracted a considerable circulation. As far as the inculcation of good principles, in this particular form, may be hoped to tell, this collection will do good; rather, however, by the writer's forcible exposure of the follies of anarchy than by his constructive remedies.—A 'Prayer for the Times,' which was sent from Bath, and, 'Prayers suited for the present Crisis,' (Rivingtons,) arranged from the Prayer-book, ought to receive attention.

There is some useful practical matter in two publications by Mr. Dawes of King's Somborne: 'Hints on an improved System of National Education,' and 'Suggestive Hints on Secular Instruction,' (Groombridge). We do not altogether go with the writer: but he evidently writes from experience.

'A Plea for the Middle Classes,' (Masters) introduces a very praiseworthy and promising experiment, commenced by Mr. Woodard, at Shoreham. It deserves, what it is receiving, both attention and help.

Mr. Flower has put together what ought to supersede Enfield's miserable 'Speaker,' under the title of 'Reading Lessons,' (Masters). The collection of materials is varied, interesting, and sound.

'Holy Times and Scenes, by the Rev. S. Tute,' (Masters,) being the Second Series, suggests that we do not remember the First Series,—a matter which we may regret if it resembles the present little volume, marked as it is by rich feeling and a careful scholarly versification.

'Annerley, and other Poems, by Miss Drury,' (Pickering). The chief Poem is on a very poetical subject, nicely treated, somewhat in Crabbe's manner: one very suitable to the delineation of moral struggles. The shorter pieces show spirit.

'Speculum Episcopi,' (Edwards and Hughes.) This book will probably give considerable offence in some quarters; it is one which it is easy, and not unnatural, to raise a cry against: and yet it is not

a carping, ill-natured book ; it does not consist of railing at dignities ; it has nothing of the Marprelate, or Bastwick, school about it. It is simply a very earnest contrast between the ideal and, in some cases, what has been the actual of a single order of the ministry. It will be read, and ought to be read, and will do good in various ways : and all this we can afford to say, for as it is quite plain that many of the writer's auto-bishops are no heroes of ours, we are not called upon to endorse all his positions. Except in a story commenced at p. 255, we detect little exaggeration in it : and even this strange tale may be true ; for one which looks still more monstrous about ' the Bishop's lady, who is very anxious that the *Veni-Creator* should be sung at her husband's Ordinations ; but as she has no tune which exactly suits the words, she has made it a personal obligation with the candidates to elide a syllable in each alternate line in order to suit the seraphine at which she presides personally in the chapel, and plays the seven verses through with a turn at the end of each,' (p. 184,) we know to be literally correct.

Mr. Spencer's ' *Abridgment of Wall's History of Infant Baptism*,' (Rivingtons,) seems hardly called for, since, as we remember, Wall himself published a *Compendium* of his larger work in the shape of a Tract which still is, or was lately, on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. An author knows best how to abridge his own work ; and were not this Tract already in existence, we should not be satisfied with Mr. Spencer's *Abridgment*. Any one capable of using properly the patristic references and learning of Wall ought to have recourse to the original work : for merely popular use the present volume is useless. The nature of the patristic argument depends upon its fulness and exactness.

Another volume of the ' *The Juvenile Englishman's* ' (Why not the English Boy's ?) ' *Library*,' has appeared : ' *A History of Rome*, by Mr. S. Fox,' (Masters). Unlike Mrs. Hamilton Gray, Mr. Fox has not thought it worth while to be more critical than Livy ; but the work is useful and exact.

' *Via Dolorosa*,' (Longmans,) is an Anglican adaptation of the Roman Catholic Devotions of the Stations for the use of members of the English Church, by a Convert to Rome from Protestant Dissent ; the authoress of ' *From Oxford to Rome*.' Whether all this will lead to true union, or to a sentimental indifferentism, we withhold our apprehensions, while we can hardly venture upon anticipations.

' *The Artist's Married Life*, being that of Albert Dürer,' (Chapman,) is a Translation, from the German of Schefer, of a curious work ; for the benefit of ladies who have married supérior husbands, quite worth reading.

In ' *It is Written*,' by Professor Gaussen, (Bagster,) we should have been satisfied with a less literal rendering of the Teutonic title. It is a very distinct defence of the ' most plenary' view of inspiration, written in a spirited and religious tone—with considerable vigour and freedom of illustration.

An interesting little collection of ' *Historical Notices of Choristers*,' (Masters), reprinted from the ' *Ecclesiastie*'—by Mr. Millard of Magdalene—

is graceful in execution, while at the same time it calls attention to provisions once fully made, but now seldom executed, for the welfare of these, in every sense, ministers in holy things. It ought to be known that of the choristers of S. Paul's no care whatever is taken, while for those of Westminster, though a claim to education in the school is secured, very effectual discouragements are thrown in the way of the friends of the poor boys exercising it.

A curious and useful collection of 'Letters to Archbishop Sancroft from the Scottish Bishops and two Bishops of Sodor and Man,' (Lendrum,) have been edited by W. N. Clarke, D.C.L., from originals in the Bodleian. They are somewhat superfluously annotated. A letter from Bishop Lake, then of Sodor and Man, soliciting the Archbishop's interest to get promoted to Carlisle, furnishes another instance of the Primate's direct influence in Episcopal appointments. Some strange Letters of his successor, Bishop Levinz, are amusing. We may as well mention that the Mankish Bishops have no right to the title of Sodor: Sodor and Man has much the same force as king of England and France. Sodorensis is the title of the Scottish Bishop of the Isles, formerly a suffragan of the Norwegian Primate of Drontheim.

Professor Hussey has printed some sensible 'Remarks on some proposed Changes in the Public Examinations,' (J. H. Parker,) which will properly fall under notice in a review of the whole subject.

It is a very disagreeable fact that the modern school of writers upon unfulfilled prophecy always present a grotesque side. However serious the subject, it is natural to laugh at failure; and the really grave objection to this class of writers is, that they are utterly incapable of perceiving an absurdity. Mr. James Hatley Frere has been at work on this subject for thirty-five years, and it is only justice to him to state that he writes in a calm and mild way: but then he absolutely lacks the faculty of judgment. One whole region of his mind is a positive blank. He once ventured upon an interpretation which made Napoleon Buonaparte fulfil *all* the Apocalyptic vials: and certainly in this there was nothing ludicrous. The French Emperor was a shadow of Antichrist: but as the end of the last vial was to be followed immediately by the conversion of the world, this scheme fell. And here Mr. Frere ought to have taken warning. But no: the whole scheme is to be reconstructed. And singularly it is done. But may we ask Mr. Frere one question? The Apocalyptic vials surely are, to say the least, *ejusdem farinae*: they are all manifestations of wrath: anyhow they are judgments: they are plagues. That the 'national profession of infidelity in France might be one vial'—or 'the Reign of Terror' another, is quite conceivable: or that even 'the tyrannical reign of Napoleon the Great' may represent a third:—but if these are vials, how in the name of common sense, to a person of Mr. Frere's views, can the 'overthrow of the Papal Government in Rome, from 1796 to 1798,' be another vial; or, 'the army of occupation from 1815 to 1818,' be another? If Napoleon was a vial, the Allied Sovereigns could not be another:—Where is the common nature of the two events? Being exactly contradictories, if one is a

plague the other is a blessing. It is perfectly startling to find how people of religious minds can live through the same period, and view it under such totally different results. In Mr. Frere's amended scheme a certain period of twenty-three years was assigned for the 'labours of the Protestant British Church in preparation for the effusion of Vial 7.' This period commenced in 1823. And what conceivable events could be supposed to sum up these labours? 'The institution of the Prophetic Society, 1826; ditto ditto of Reformation Society, 1827; ditto ditto of Evangelical Alliance, 1846.' These insignificant clubs,—it is quite awful to allude to such profane trifling,—are 'represented by the flight of the three angels, Rev. xiv.' (p. 43.) This is only equalled by Mr. Cunninghame, who found the 'sailing of Bishop Alexander in the ship Devastation' exactly to fulfil some very serious prophecy. The present times are fearful enough—of that there can be no question: but we are seriously afraid that men's eyes will be blinded to the actual fearfulness of the times, as the eyes of the Jews were blinded by the multitude of seers during the siege, if such well-meant absurdities as Mr. Frere's are to be passed unrebuted.

'Specimens from Schiller and Uhland, by Mr. Swayne,' (Macpherson,) are versions of pieces, every one of which we believe has been translated, some at least twenty times before. If we had to draw out a class list of these competitors, we should place Mr. Swayne slightly above the line: nowhere near a brilliant Irish academic, Mr. Mangan, whose versions from the German we believe we have commended.

There is some fire in Mr. F. W. Mant's 'Reginald Vere,' (J. H. Parker.) In 'the fatal facility of ballad metre' he groups together scenes of the Great Rebellion. One of his chief characters, the Iago of the piece, is a concealed Jesuit, taken from one Heth, well-known to those acquainted with that somewhat questionable work, 'Foxes and Firebrands.' The variety of the metre is perplexing, but many detached scenes show spirit and feeling; the versification is easy, occasionally prosaic, and, like his prototype Scott, Mr. Mant sometimes loads his sentences with verbiage. The tale seems to lack unity; but if he would poetically prune and starve his Muse, the author would we think succeed in poetry, better than in theology.

Mr. Nind's translation of 'The Odes of Klopstock,' (Pickering,) agreeably surprised us. With a good deal of cumbrous stiff brocade-like diction, there is a rich woof of imagination in Klopstock; and he is uniformly religious.

'The Churches of Scarborough, Filey, and the neighbourhood,' by Mr. Poole, of Wilton, and Mr. Hugall, Architect, (Masters,) are a pleasing specimen of what an ecclesiastical *praxis* should be. To common observers, the churches described are rude and mutilated only; but it is in the study of these examples, the careful observance of anomalies, and the rigid technical enucleation of dates, that their scientific value depends. More may be learned from this sort of practice in architectural facts, than from more symmetrical and regular examples; just as daily work among many classes of disease educates the physician better than theoretical book-work. The wood-cuts seem accurate.

'Hymns for the Week and Hymns for the Seasons;' translated from the

Latin, (Cleaver.) Some of these Translations are very neat and vigorous : we would instance, pp. 37, 49, 65, 73.

The Rev. J. L. Ross has published a work 'On the Reciprocal Obligations of the Church and the Civil Power,' (Parker, Oxford,) which merits some consideration from those who are concerned in questions of Church and State. He insists at once on the duty and interest of the State, with respect to the maintenance of religion, and on that essential independence and fixedness of the Christian Church, which renders it impossible for it to act with a State which attempts to alter its principles or supersede its powers. The book must have been mainly written before the question of Premunire was mooted in the Hereford case, and shows a timely attention to a subject which was likely in no long time to assume an aspect of remarkable interest. The question of the endowment of other religious bodies besides the Church receives some consideration, especially with a view to the case of Maynooth. The duty of the State to promote the foundation of additional Sees is strongly urged, and many questions of importance are incidentally touched upon. The revival of Convocation has a chapter to itself. The admission of Jews into Parliament is considered in a Postscript. Upon a review of the possible forms of National Christianity, to one of which the author conceives that our present position may be referred, the monarchy being Christian, and standing in certain relations to the Church, the author holds that the admission of Jews to Parliament would not do away with the Christian character of our Constitution. He holds, however, that such a point ought not to be conceded without first establishing the principle, that those who are not Christians, or not Churchmen, should not vote in Church matters. Mr. Ross has made good use of Leslie's 'Regale and Pontificate,' and has brought forward many excellent passages from that work. Even thoughtful persons, well aware of the true nature of the Church, will find some difficulties and differences in their views; but it is a good sign that their attention is called that way, and help afforded toward forming right and reasonable opinions, by more than one writer professing to treat the subject systematically. In reading such books, we more or less extend our views, and test our own conclusions, by following the lines of thought marked out by others, and contemplating the cases they suppose, and the relations with which their minds are occupied. And in times like the present, when existing bulwarks are giving way, and new ones must be raised, and various parts of the old must be strengthened, it is most necessary to take a more or less general survey of the ground, and to note what elements appear to have any hold and solidity in the minds of others. The work must be done mainly by practical men, who have to execute, each in his own province, the Law of the Church, or to modify that of the State. But such men must look well around them, or they will be led by false theories to waste their strength in ineffectual protectionism, or in the building of baseless novelties.

Mr. R. C. Sewell's 'Sacropolitica,' (Bell, Fleet-street,) is a very earnest and interesting work, though of a less general range than the last named. His object is to define and limit the royal supremacy, which he strenuously advocates within certain boundaries, but as strenuously opposes wherever

it appears to transgress them. Henry the Eighth's Statute of Supremacy appears to him, as it well may appear, an infringement on the spiritual authority, and contradictory to our authorized definitions on the subject. He shows clearly, that the views held by Cranmer, and acted on at times by Bonner, were subversive of the essential rights and duties of the officers of the Church, and that they are different from those actually received by the Church of England, and embodied in her formularies. His references and quotations are of great value to any one who wishes to make himself master of the question, and the spirit of his work is that of sturdy English adherence to principle, without the usual narrowness of English constitutionalism.

Among Tracts and Sermons, we have to specify 'The Calvinistic Dogma of Irreversible Decrees demonstrated to be inconsistent,' &c. (Hatchards.) 'The Church's Holydays our only Safeguard against Desecration of the Lord's Day,' by Mr. Grapel, (Masters.) Mr. Trower's 'Address, &c. occasioned by a Letter of Archdeacon Hare, on the Management Clauses,' (Rivingtons,) very characteristic of all parties concerned. A Pamphlet, by Mr. White of New College, on the 'Importance of Founding a Bishopric in Borneo,' extracted from Grant's Bampton Lectures, (J. H. Parker.) 'Four Sermons preached at the Bishop of Oxford's Ordinations,' by his four Chaplains, (J. H. Parker.) A very valuable Sermon, by the Bishop of Brechin, 'Jesus our Worship,' (Lendrum.) 'The Three Witnesses on Earth,' by Mr. Abraham, of Eton, (Williams.) 'Two Sermons on the Re-opening of Wellesbourne Church,' embodying an interesting testimonial to the worth of Sir John Mordaunt, by Messrs. Richard Seymour and Furneaux, (Rivingtons.) 'True Loyalty,' by Mr. Eardly-Wilmot, (Hatchards.) And 'Two Discourses,' (Darling,) by a clever Dissenter, forming his own denomination, Mr. A. J. Scott, formerly of Woolwich.

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1848.

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- ART. I.—1. *Sketches of the History of Christian Art.* By LORD LINDSAY. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1847.
2. *Progression by Antagonism:—a Theory involving Considerations touching the present Condition, Duties, and Destiny of Great Britain.* By LORD LINDSAY. 8vo. London: 1846.
3. *Annals of the Artists of Spain.* By WILLIAM STIRLING, M.A. London: Ollivier. 1847.

WE feel that some apology is due, both to our readers and to the noble author himself, for our delay in noticing Lord Lindsay's contributions to the history of Christian Art. The peculiar interest attaching at this time to the subject, and the graceful way in which the accomplished writer has treated it, both invited and claimed an earlier attention. One reason at least for this neglect may be acknowledged. Open the sketches where we will, there meets the eye some ingenious and fascinating speculation, or sound criticism, or piquant anecdote, or eloquent description: but then, also, nearly every page contains a reference to a certain novel theory—a central principle—which, to the bewilderment of the reader, is made the ground of a number of assertions or deductions, that he is unwilling or unable to accept. Moreover, Lord Lindsay himself explicitly informs us, that 'without due apprehension of this central principle, no portion of his scheme can be rightly or fully comprehended.' So that it seemed almost unfair to enter upon any discussion of the 'History,' without previously mastering this 'Theory of Progression by Antagonism,' as set forth in the essay separately published under that title.

No easy task, however, awaits any one who shall determine to apply himself to the study of this essay. The theory, indeed, is briefly enough enunciated; but there is no attempt at a formal proof of the position. Instead of this, hosts of illustrations, taken from every quarter under heaven, are brought to bear with more or less applicability upon the assertion. The fruits of the omnivorous reading of a whole life appear to be condensed into the 110 pages of which this volume is made up: and we should think that the author had treasured up even the crudest and most random thoughts his mind had ever originated, and had

duly entered them under some head or other of this farrago. For any clear exposition, however, of the way by which antagonism can be said to produce progression, and for any detailed application of the principle to art, we look in vain: and the conviction gradually forces itself on the reader's mind, that the theory, whether right or wrong, is wholly inadequate to the office of providing a test for the classification or criticism of art. Still further examination will show that Lord Lindsay himself—though led away by an over fondness for generalization, and in particular for his own principle to the extent of having perpetually intruded it where it is wholly inapplicable,—yet forms his own opinion of artistic merit by humbler and sounder rules. In fact, the *History* would be infinitely the better for being pruned of all reference to the principle of progression.

Nevertheless, we think it may be useful to show that the theory itself is untenable; and this we shall attempt after first endeavouring to give prominence to one or two principles which, by ascertaining the true and legitimate aim of Christian art, seem able to furnish—what that theory fails to afford—a safe rule of judgment, as to the degree of excellence achieved by particular artists or schools. And first, let us call attention to the fact, that whereas before the fourteenth century art was never regarded in any other light than as being the exponent of religious feeling, the modern view of art is complete without any reference to religion whatever. There has grown up a thorough estrangement between the two. Once an artist never thought of taking any but a religious subject: now if a sacred subject is chosen, it is seldom—we had almost said never—for a better reason than because it best furnishes the painter with the opportunity for some particular display of his powers. Does the most charitable person pretend that Aaron and S. John Baptist were selected for a religious reason by a distinguished Royal Academician in the exhibition for the present year? Those are not sacred pictures, though they have sacred arguments.

Again, in Cennino's well-known precepts for a painter, his moral and religious qualities are made of far more moment than his artistic. In modern times, on the contrary, a suspicion of lax faith and morals, in spite of eminent examples to the contrary, clings popularly to the profession. Such facts speak volumes as to the general alienation of modern art from religion.

On the other hand, the Church, we must confess, is not much less to blame for having suffered art to be estranged from itself, and to fall into so general a degradation. In our own country, an incongenial element of Protestantism not only abdicated the control or direction of the arts, when struggling for freedom; it even repulsed them. And in the foreign Churches, a reviving

Paganism, fostering the naturalistic developments, matured the seeds of corruption, and still holds the arts in debasement and thralldom. Throughout the whole of Western Christendom the Christian Schools, in every branch, came to be thought antiquated and barbarous—suitable only for the darkness of the middle ages. It is not, we may observe, the ignorant Protestant alone who should smart under Dr. Maitland's scorn, or melt under Kenelm Digby's remonstrance, for calling the Middle Ages dark: the Renaissance still reigns supreme over continental Europe by virtue of the identical assertion.

But on whichever side the greater fault may lie, the fact of the jealousy between religion and art is certain. Yet, impossible as it may seem, there was a time when it might be said without exaggeration, that no art, except Christian art, existed: and, however little many may desire to grant it, it is from that stern and lofty Christian art that the degenerate painting of to-day is descended. This is admitted perforce by all historians, who always derive the modern arts from the catacombs—their sarcophagi and frescoes; and in music, though we may go back to the names of Lydian or Dorian modes, yet the Ambrosian and Gregorian tones are really the musical system upon which at the so-called revival these pseudo-classical titles were imposed.¹ It is an undoubted truth that the arts in the Middle Ages were really and exclusively Christian; there was no independent or secular succession. And thus even the sensualist school, represented by Etty among ourselves, is the corrupt descendant of the austere miniaturists and of the servile Byzantine copyists of the thirteenth century. A review of the course of any one art will enable us to see when the change began. The historian of painting, for example, has no choice but to chronicle the slow advances made for centuries from the rude beginnings of the earliest Christians, who could but use the wreck of classical art that was perishing around them, through the tardy but uniformly religious developments of Byzantium, till the time when Cimabue watched the labours of the Greek painters in the undercroft of S. Maria Novella. But then came a change. Sculpture had revived at Pisa, and now Painting, sick of hugging the shore, set her sails for a voyage of discovery.

Ἀσπασίως ἐς πᾶντον ἐπηρεφέας φύγε πέτρας
Νῆψ ἐμή—

and Giotto was the Columbus of a new world.²

¹ In music, the longest note in modern use is the semibreve, and the next the minim: the breve and maxim belong to the ancient church style, from which all the later schools are descended.

² Marchese, a living Italian writer on art, of whom more hereafter, thus describes his idea of the reason and the precise moment of the change. 'Scosso il giogo del feudalismo l'Italia assunse leggi e costumi propri, e fu grande e temuta, prima Niccola e poi Giotto arditamente infransero i tipi dei bizantini.'—*Memorie*, i. 212.

Henceforward the progress of painting was as rapid as the previous advance had been slow. Invention, nature, the antique, form, colour, back-ground, aerial distance,—were reclaimed or discovered. Where shall we pause to take breath and sing a pæan?—in the Campo Santo with Orcagna, or before the Sistine Judgment, or under the Antwerp Deposition? Unhappily, the opening buds of art contained the sure elements of decay. At the very beginning of the development we, for our part, must begin to qualify our admiration of it. The multitude of critics and connoisseurs, as is notorious, still regard the whole progress of the art as a continued series of emancipations from fetters, and victories over obstacles. It is impossible for us to share their congratulations. We too, indeed, hail with joy the gradual perfection of the mechanical appliances of the painter; we greet every newly-won grace, and welcome every success of mind over matter; but only because by means of these the ideal of truth and beauty, which it is the end of art to reveal to us, can be made more life-like and impressive. For we have learnt by experience, that the true aim of art may be forgotten in the perfection of the means; that form, or colour, or the like, may be unworthily followed for their own sakes, or even sinfully prostituted in the cause of evil. Hence it is not enough for us to be told that such a school or such an artist developed outline or perfected colour: the question remains, have they continued faithful to their true vocation? And if a survey of the progress of art shall prove that it was accompanied throughout by a gradual decline of the religious feeling that ought to have animated it, the conclusion must be, that from the first introduction of the new elements began an ever-widening separation between two great classes, as well of the critics and admirers as of the actual professors of art. Some schools and artists are religious—are Christian; and others not so: and each have their supporters. Rubens may be a beautiful colourist, but he is not a Christian artist: Fra Angelico, on the other hand, may be the chief of religious painters, and yet fail in his anatomy. Or again, Raffaele cannot change from his first manner to his second without a moral revolution: that was not a transition, but a fall.

What, then, is, or ought to be, the aim of a Christian artist—agreement, or non-agreement with which will fix the class to which each belongs? We should define it to be, to exercise his gifts and faculties for the greater glory of God through the instruction of man. It was emphatically so with the blessed painter of Fiesole, the chief of Christian artists, by the confession of all his biographers.¹ And the Count de Montalembert—in matters of

¹ Thus Fra V. Marchese, i. 286. 'Scopo di ogni suo dipinto era muovere ed

art, at least, a good authority—in his notice of M. Rio's delightful volume, has expressed the same idea in very similar words, where he says that one postulate is necessary in criticising art, namely, 'que toutes les œuvres de l'homme racheté par Dieu, doivent concourir à la gloire de son Sauveur et au salut de son âme;' whence follows the conclusion:—'que la peinture chrétienne est la plus belle de toutes, et qu'elle répudie tout ce qui, soit dans l'expression, soit dans l'inspiration, tient de près ou de loin au matérialisme, ou, en d'autres termes, au culte de la nature, qui règne dans l'art depuis les Medicis.'

The world-wide difference between such a theory of art and the commonly received views on the subject can be best seen by an example. Let us enter any gallery, or open any catalogue. Why are we bidden to fall into raptures with this voluptuous Titian, or to admire that struggling knot of naked figures by Rubens, or even the overstrained anatomy of yonder Michael Angelo? It is not enough, we reply, that these pictures may show prodigious ability in colouring, in foreshortening, or any other technicalities. We are ready to mete out a just praise for all such excellences. But a closer question remains:—How is my heart affected by this subject and its treatment? Does the artist instruct me, or move me to deeper faith and love? Or, in a lower class of works, does a Landseer open to my under-

instruire. Tutto ciò potesse condurre a questo termine egli non ometteva giam mai; e poneva in niun cale il remanente, quasi estraneo all' assunto divisamento.' And again,—'Vede il Mugellano non pochi artisti di quel secolo così piacersi, della natura, che dal ritrarla in fuori non aspirava a lode maggiore. Tutta gloria era nel meglio accostarsi a lei, e nel renderne più fedelmente alcuna bellezza; in breve, illudere i sensi quanto alla pittura è concesso. La qual cosa a Guido pareva non pure stolta ma rea; conciosiachè veniva a porre il mezzo in luogo del fine, e fare l'arte trastullo e diletto di gente oziosa. Egli tenea per fermo poter ella giovare assaissimo a quella età forse quanto la eloquenza e la filosofia, col porle innanzi grandi lezioni morali e religiose.'—*Memorie*, i. 233.

An epigram of Martial shows how high a view he could take of the aim of art, in opposition to mere imitation.

Hæc mihi quæ colitur violis pictura rosisque,
Quos referat vultus, Cæditiæ, rogas?
Talis erat Marcus mediis Antonius annis
Primus: in hoc juvenem se videt ore senex.
Ars ulinam mores, animumque effingere possit!
Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

X. 32.

On the other hand, Lucian, in his *Zeuxis*, gives the following anecdote of that famous painter. Having exposed to public view a picture with an unusual subject, he found that the spectators were interested so much in the novelty of the argument as quite to disregard the merits of the painting. 'Come now, Miccion,' he said to his pupil, 'pack up the picture, and take it away home. Οὔτοι γὰρ ἡμῶν τὸν πηλὸν τῆς τέχνης ἐπαινοῦσι, τῶν δ' ἐφ' ὅτῳ ἂν καλῶς ἔχει καὶ κατὰ τὴν τέχνην, οὐ πολλὸν ποιοῦνται λόγον, ἀλλὰ παρευδοκιμεῖ τὴν ἀκρίβειαν τῶν ἔργων ἢ τῆς ὑποθέσεως καινοτομία. Ὅ μὲν οὖν Ζεῦξίς οὕτως ὀργιλώτερον ἴσως.'

¹ Du Vandalisme et du Catholicisme dans l'Art, pp. 75, 76.

standing new and mysterious interpretations of animal instincts? Or, again, is any phase of the varied beauty in which this globe is clothed apprehended in some new way by a Claude or Copley Fielding, and the bright vision reflected to us by his pencil? In short, is the aim of this artist right, and his effort successful?

But the very possibility of art exerting a moral influence seems to require to be more insisted upon. In practice, this capacity of a good or an evil tendency is virtually denied to the fine arts, though recognised in connexion with poetry. Its rhythm reconciles no religious person to the foul iniquities of Don Juan: and who forgives Shelley his atheism for the sake of his language? Yet many a picture or statue, which should be destroyed out of true charity to its author, holds its place in our galleries, as if it could exercise no influence for evil.

In true earnest, religious persons ought, for their own sakes as well as for others, to do their best to establish the conviction that no work of art, by however great a master, ought to be tolerated if its tendency be immoral. That fashionable but shallow theory must be demolished, which allows that the fine arts affect the eye and the head, but ignores their influence on the heart. Surely, with the mass of mankind, they appeal through the senses to the heart exclusively. Let us examine this more carefully. How many a gazer of the groups usually to be seen round the Pietà by Francia, in our National Gallery, will be utterly unable to appreciate any one scientific merit or demerit in the picture, and yet be profoundly moved by the beautiful treatment of the subject! That mother's grief, those angels' wondering sorrow, the Sacred Body itself—all represented with the indescribable feeling of a true Christian artist—arrest every thoughtful mind, and draw tears from a penitent. 'Rude, hard, out of drawing,' says the dilettante meanwhile, turning away to admire the scandalous Correggio on one side.

Now let us, with an excess of charity, grant that the said critic prefers the latter picture to the former, not because the one terrifies his conscience, while the other allures him like an Armida, but because the Correggio better satisfies a practised eye and fastidious judgment of technicalities. To the majority of spectators, at least, the two paintings are equally masterly as to detail: while, as to their moral influence respectively, how enormous is the difference,—as wide as right from wrong! The objection is sometimes made here: Am I, then, expected to admire any devout Byzantine daub in preference to a Venus of Titian? The answer is easy. As a Christian work, Yes: as an artistic work, No. We neither ask you to deny the beautiful painting of the one, nor to affirm it untruly of the other. Allow us to use our test of the spirit of the painter, and the

test of mechanical excellence shall be conceded to you. If we came to terms, probably both the pictures would be burnt.

We freely admit that a Giottoesque painter would have no claim on our admiration, if his sole excellence consisted in the absence of naturalism, to the development of which he had been antecedent in point of time. Neither, on the other hand, ought Fra Bartolommeo to be undervalued, merely because his devout conceptions were embodied in a style imitative of the later Raffaellesque. The one may be high-minded in a degenerate time, the other below the standard of a better age. Each must be fairly judged. It will be noticed, however, that connoisseurs repeatedly prefer very inferior representatives of the naturalistic schools to the greatest Christian artists, even those in whom, according to their own canons, they ought to recognise many technical excellences. What is the reason of this unfairness, but that the religious lesson of the Christian artist is unwelcome? The reproof tells, and the moral teacher is punished with proscription.

Christian architecture again—to take another art—is easily seen to have a direct moral effect on the mind. It is but an often-told tale how, after entering a Pointed cathedral, the bird let loose—emblem since the time of the catacombs of the Christian soul—will first look up, then rustle its wings, expand them, and soon soar aloft in contemplation. Higher and higher it mounts exultingly. Those clustered shafts and arches ‘light as fire,’ are already below it: the deep triforiated caves shall scarcely tempt it; it will but hover a moment on poised wings dazzled by the rainbow hues of the pictured clerestory; nor will airy vault nor sculptured boss confine it. Higher and higher still it rises; for those pointed arches do but bear it upward towards the Infinite, in which alone their own converging lines seek their prolongation. So truly is it not the eye merely, but the heart through the eye, that is affected by Christian architecture.

With music also, the immaterial sister of architecture, it is the same. We are listening, in some such choir as that of Florence, to those unearthly tones which have been the unchanged voice of the Church for centuries on centuries. Mark how the steady chant goes on, ever rising in energy, ever growing intenser, till it culminates in the Gloria Patri. Or else feel how the sweet but stern notes of the Préface—ebbing and flowing in their passionless tide, till they are swallowed in the flooding billow of the Tersanctus—entrance their hearer and lift him above this world, catching him up into the third heaven! Who does not grant that the ear is but the opening to the soul?

Assuming, then, that the arts are thus found by experience to have a powerful moral influence, the preceding illustrations will help us in a further inquiry of the greatest importance. What is it that constitutes a great artist? Many a man, however morally qualified according to our definition, fails of being even moderately successful in his most laudable endeavours. If, as it would seem, the arts fulfil their highest function by instructing us, a true artist must be competent to impart instruction. He must have some high lesson to communicate. If he would raise us to a higher level he must habitually live in, or occasionally rise to, that purer elevation. He, at least, must be able to soar whither he invites us to follow. Nor, further, is it even sufficient for him to be endowed with those faculties which can pierce through the cloud and obtain visions of the Ideal: he must possess in addition the ability so to fix his visions on the canvas, or mould them in the marble, or embody them in his harmonies, as to communicate them to others. Nor then even, as is certain, will the true artist ever satisfy himself that his work when done is an adequate reflection of his 'Pisgah-glance' of the land of promise. Through the finite we look but as in a glass darkly at the infinite. The greatest work of art leaves behind, even in the mind of the spectator, a kind of want, an aspiration after something still higher. We look by means of it beyond it to something better. In music, however transporting its strains, there surely always lurks a persuasion that one has but heard an echo of certain nobler and heavenly harmonies. In architecture, the fairest material church images but feebly—and this is felt without dissatisfaction—the heavenly Jerusalem. While of sculpture Lord Lindsay has well remarked, though referring only to classic art: 'I cannot speak coldly of the Elgin marbles, of the Apollo, the Venus, the Dying Gladiator, the Niobe, the Diana of Gabii, the Psyche of Naples—which comes nearer the Christian ideal than aught else of Grecian growth. But none of these completely satisfy us. The highest element of truth and beauty, the spiritual, was beyond the soar of Phidias and Praxiteles: it is true, they felt a want—they yearned for it, and this yearning, stamped on their works, constitutes their undying charm.'—Vol. i. p. xv.

In the same way, then, as the exact sciences convey to us, immediately through the intellect, the perception of abstract truth and infinite wisdom, the arts, by the instrumentality of our bodily senses, enable us to apprehend some idea of the infinite attributes of goodness and beauty residing in the God-head. Man, though fallen, is ever yearning after the goodness which he has lost. *Homo naturaliter ad bonum tendit* is a posi-

tion of the schoolmen: and how much more must it be true of regenerate man! The function of Christian art is to aid and abet this tendency: Christian art is the expression of the most deep and forcible yearning after the true and the beautiful. But what is true is good; and also the good includes the beautiful—beauty having to do with the formal, while good is concerned with the final, cause. In other words, art, if it yearns after the good, is yearning after the Chief Good, namely God. From Him descends every good and every perfect gift. It is a divine gift that makes the artist: *poeta*—in its widest sense—*nascitur*. But the gift may lie inactive unless made use of; and this is the artist's own work. He must, as we saw, first seek that inspiration which his gifts will enable him afterwards to hand on to others. He must aim at the Chief Good, and that in the right way, viz. by his purity of heart. For none but the *puri corde* can enjoy in any degree the vision of God: as we know from those deep words, so sacred to the artist, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

Thus exalted, then, is our view of the office of an artist. He is one endowed with sacred gifts, and entrusted with a high mission. Does he fulfil his errand—does he win yet other talents? Those who answer satisfactorily to this test shall be our best, our Christian artists. The rest—whatever be their fame, whatever their achievements in other directions—will be those who have missed, or fallen from, higher aims, and have been unfaithful to their trust, or who have turned to small account great endowments, or have abused them to the injury of their fellows, and their own condemnation.

Returning now to Lord Lindsay's Essay, we repeat that we are left to gather for ourselves how the Theory of Progression by Antagonism is to be made the touchstone of perfection in the arts; how it in any way fulfils those necessary conditions of a criterion, which seem so satisfactorily complied with by the unpretending view we have just insisted upon. The statement of the theory is as follows: 'Progression produced by antagonism is a general law of the moral government of God, in time and eternity—in the Individual Man, in the Universal Man, and in other orders of responsible beings.' We will take the first division,—that of the Individual Man, for our examination. Here then, we are told, that Human Nature is to be analysed into (i) Sense, (ii) Mind or Intellect—(subdivided into Imagination and Reason), (iii) Spirit. Men that is, are either Sensual, Intellectual—with an ascendancy in some of imagination, in others of reason—or Spiritual. Perfection rests with the spiritual: and, more accurately, not with those spiritual, in whom spirit rules sense through imagination—the objective class, nor with those

in whom spirit rules sense through reason—the subjective class;—but with those in whom spirit rules sense through imagination and reason duly balanced. The resultant of the antagonism of the two is perfection:—‘an ideal,’ to quote our author’s own words, ‘exemplified solely in the human nature ‘of Jesus Christ, “perfect Man” as he was “perfect God.”’ At this point we are referred in a note to the ‘Chart of Human Nature,’ forming the frontispiece of the Essay; to which we must for a short time beg our readers’ attention. Here we find—nor much wonder, for Lord Lindsay is a Cantabrigian—a horizontal line AB , made to represent the Intellect, the pole A being Imagination, the pole B being Reason. A circle described from the centre A , with the radius AB , will be the World of Imagination: another circle, described from B , with the radius BA , will be the World of Reason. Now, by the aid of the First Proposition of Euclid, describe an equilateral triangle ABD on the given line AB :—such triangle shall represent Truth. Its apex D , the point in which the circles intersect, is the Ideal. Bisect the Intellect AB in the point C , and you find the Balance of Imagination and Reason. A vertical line drawn from C , bisecting the equilateral triangle of Truth, cutting the Ideal D , and infinitely produced, is the Standard of Truth. Upon this standard Lord Lindsay hangs Christianity, or the perfection of the individual man, and Constitutional Government, the perfection of the universal man. Every kind of error is regarded as a deviation, on the one side or other, from this right line of Truth: each particular truth being the exact mean between two antagonistic errors. To illustrate this we must ask our readers to add only two more lines to their mental diagram;—for we do not mean to carry them through the whole Chart of Human Nature. Produce, then, the sides AD , BD of the equilateral triangle to points N and O respectively: ADN , starting from the pole Imagination, will be the divergence of Intellect from Truth on the side of Imagination; while BDO will be the divergence on the side of Reason. On the former line we are to range ‘High Church’ and ‘Tories,’ antagonistic to the ‘Low Church’ and ‘Whigs’ of the latter: the mean, on the Standard of Truth, is the ideal of the Constitutional Government of Great Britain. Similarly the following divergences of Imagination—Monarchy, Catholicism, the Papacy, Idolatry, Aristocracy, Polytheism, Brahminism, and Despotism—are opposed respectively to the correlative aberrations of Reason, namely, Democracy, Protestantism, the Holy Roman Empire (!), Iconoclasm, Tyranny, Unitarianism, Magianism, and Anarchy. The means of all these pairs of conflicting errors are, significantly enough, not registered on the Standard of Truth: the progres-

sion by antagonism still continuing, we presume, and the accurate resultant not being yet obtained.¹

Now it is obvious that an element of truth is contained in this theory. In any controversy a dispassionate person will be apt to remark, that each side is partly right and partly wrong: and the tendency of opinion to extremes is notorious, while also we must admit, that occasionally truth, as for example the Catholic Faith itself, has been confirmed by the assaults of opposite errors. But so slight a foundation as this is wholly unequal to the weight of the theory that Lord Lindsay has raised on it.

All these particulars are sufficiently explained by the recollection, that truth is unalterable and eternal; whereas human nature is full of infirmity, our capacities finite, and our moral perceptions clouded and partial. The fundamental error of the theory under review is, that in effect truth is denied by it to be immutably fixed and independent. Lord Lindsay does not intend to deny this—for he somewhere expressly says so: but nevertheless this is undeniably the drift of his essay. We find him conceiving of truth merely as a balance between opposite principles, not as having any independent existence. A given opinion does not approximate to truth, in proportion as it contains a greater share of positive truth, but in proportion as it has made a more or less equitable compromise with some opposite opinion. Whereas surely truth ought to be considered as essentially complete and self-existent; not as depending in any way on the errors which oppose it. The Eddystone, self-supported on its rock, should be our image of truth; not the flagstaff which would fall but for the equal tension of its stays.² If truth is to be regarded as the compromise between opposite principles, it seems to follow also, that neither of the conflicting principles can be right or wrong in themselves:—they are both right, or else both wrong. Right and wrong, then, can no longer be predicated of any principle or opinion: each is only right or wrong according to its success or defeat in the eternal conflict with its

¹ The Chart is further laid out into Worlds of Intellect, Sense, and Spirit, with lines showing the divergence of Spirit from Truth on either side. Any one who studies it will be amused to find that by an error, scarcely to be excused as clerical, both lines are described as the divergence on the side of Reason. Was the author so puzzled at last as to forget which was the side of Reason and which of Imagination?

² In the most awful of subjects, Lord Lindsay has allowed himself thus to speculate. 'The true idea of the Godhead as proposed objectively to man, resides at the highest point to which the intellect of man can ascend subjectively—the point, namely, where the tendencies of the Imagination to Polytheism and of the Reason to Unitarianism intersect and correct each other,—in other words, in the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity, the fundamental dogma of revealed Religion.' (p. 64). Surely the great independent Truth of the Trinity in Unity is certainly revealed, without reference to or connexion with any other belief or opinion whatever. And it is distinctly wrong to imagine that Polytheism corrected by Unitarianism approaches to the Catholic doctrine of the Godhead.

rival. For example, iconoclasm is not right; for it is a divergence from truth on the side of reason: nor, again, is idolatry right, for it is a divergence on the side of imagination. It follows, that neither can be wrong, or else the other would be right, which is forbidden by the premisses. Again, Protestantism is wrong, and Catholicism wrong also; and yet neither can be wrong—being antagonistic principles—lest the other should be right. Every opinion and principle, viewed abstractedly, becomes thus neutral and indifferent. We are in possession of no absolute truth whatever, as to any question; the truth will not result until the opposing principles have come into conflict, and into adjustment. Hence a tendency one way is no worse than a tendency the opposite way. An inclination to Catholicism is not a whit more nor less erroneous than one to Protestantism. Perhaps, forsooth, Henri de Larochejacquelin, having preferred a very extreme view to a *via media*, is to be balanced by the brewer Santerre, if we would form a just idea of the truth in that notable antagonism.

We are not doing the theory injustice when we assert that it thus miserably confounds the ideas of right and wrong, by denying that any thing is right or wrong save in its equality with, or superiority to, its antagonistic principle. Lord Lindsay expressly lays it down ‘that Imagination and Reason being ‘alike from God, and their equal development and perfection ‘prerequisite to perfection, Truth must lie at the point of intersection or compromise.’ (Progression by Antagonism, p. 17). But all principles and opinions that admit of a definite expression are set down as *divergences* from truth, on one side or the other, and are therefore erroneous, because not coincident with truth: and yet, we fear we must add, are equally necessary and good, as coming alike from God, and being respectively extremities of that right line which forms the base of the equilateral triangle of the particular truth.

In opposition to all this we assert, that there is in every case a truth, though it may often not be perfectly recognizable by us—perhaps from our own fault,—to which or from which any given opinion or principle approximates or recedes, according to the preponderance therein of truth or error. A good principle, carried to extremes, cannot, we believe, lose its goodness. It may become harmful, and may need to be moderated; not, however, by an antagonistic principle, *which would then be evil*, but by some collateral principle equally good. Our finite capacities cannot explain, for instance, how Almighty God can be at the same time perfectly just and perfectly merciful. The qualities seem to us, not indeed antagonistic, but scarcely reconcilable in their full exercise. We know, however, that God is both

all-merciful and all-just: and, in like manner, we aim at keeping in ourselves a proportion (*ἀναλογία*) of virtues, as of faith.

The word *antagonism*, in short, is wrong in Lord Lindsay's theory, from the idea of hostility being *necessarily* conveyed by its use. It is merely a truism that collateral principles must temper and moderate each other. But Lord Lindsay has changed this necessity of moderation into an internecine war between inimical extremes. Remove this error, and we can again understand that personal heroism (for example) may result from courage, tempered by gentleness and caution, but not, counteracted by cowardice, which is its real antagonist. This error has been confirmed by the geometrical conditions of the chart. We are never satisfied with any such mapping out of human nature: conscience seems to us entirely beyond the power of the rigid laws of geometry to represent. In the present case, a line deflecting never so little from the truth, diverges more and more widely for ever. The possible return of the penitent to the right course cannot be even indicated. Again, every form of religion or government that has ever actually existed, when shown on this chart, instead of tending towards truth with whatever obliquity, is shown as emanating direct from the truth-centre, and flying off into extremity of error. This is, in no sense, true of the general origin and tendency of such forms. And again, how is progression expressed at all in this scheme? If progression were to be represented by a diagram, it would have been far better to exhibit a Standard of Truth, and near it a distorted line of progression, tediously mounting in inconstant proximity, now widely diverging on one side, now darting in reaction to the other, at one time stationary, or again even tending backwards; like the course of a mariner navigating towards a fixed point, amidst contending winds, and tides, and currents.

Such, then, is this theory; unfounded and erroneous, and incapable, moreover, we think, of practical application to any subject. Yet the author propounds it as not only a guide in matters of art, but as a panacea for all the social, moral, and political evils of our time. Writing in the summer of 1846, Lord Lindsay explains his reasons for publishing 'Progression by Antagonism,' with an enthusiasm so earnest, as to forbid the smile that would otherwise have been excited.

'The following pages comprise my impressions relative to the present position, duties, and destiny of Great Britain, as the heir of past, and trustee of future civilization. I offer them, of course, solely as a Theory, although conviction of its truth, and the necessary conciseness of statement, may have given me the appearance of a dogmatism which I would most earnestly disclaim. I know well that for my own sake it might be prudent to delay the publication; there must be many inaccuracies, and

I may find much to modify hereafter : but believing, as I do, that the principle is sound, and the general outline correct, having tested it in many ways, and especially in long and minute researches into the history of Christian Art, wherein I have found a safe and sure guide, affording a principle of classification and a standard of criticism, for which I have elsewhere sought in vain,—hearing, moreover, the cry that rises upon all sides, the yearning, agonising cry, from the youthful, ingenuous, truth-seeking hearts of England for a key to the enigma of our times, and feeling through my own experience that the Theory in question solves that enigma; and believing, finally, that it contains an acorn of truth, which, dropped within the vase of our present shallow and bounded philosophy, must necessarily burst it in its expansion, and, falling on the rich virgin soil beneath, shoot up again towards heaven, a stately tree, of Life no less than Knowledge,—I cannot hesitate; I feel that now or never is the time to set it forth, and any blame or misapprehension that may temporarily attach to myself is of little consequence in comparison.’—*Progression by Antagonism*, p. v.

We must confess ourselves quite unable to conceive how the religionist, or the statesman, or even the artist, can derive a practical rule of conduct from this theory, even supposing it established. So far from helping or inspiring any one to any kind of excellence or heroism, the effect of such a belief would surely be to tie down all alike to a nicely-balanced mediocrity. A man must suspect and check every impulse of genius, every ardent thought and aim, every overpowering conviction of a religious truth. This may be a safe rule for a sound judgment, but is surely a bad recipe for making great men in any department. A brief note, nearly at the end of the Essay, (p. 108,) notices this objection, and gives the author’s most unconvincing answer to it. ‘It has been urged to me, in opposition to the ‘principle involved in the preceding theory, that it is calculated ‘for a rule of judgment rather than of action; that its tendency ‘would be to neutralize energy, by rendering each person ‘doubtful of his own views, and desirous of modifying them ‘by those of the opposite party. I do not apprehend this. ‘Each person must judge for himself where progress ends and ‘decadence begins: but, that determined, his duty, whether ‘with the sword, the tongue, or the pen, is clear.’ We must say, these words seem to us to convey no answer at all, and we therefore conclude that Lord Lindsay himself cannot defend his theory from an objection which goes so far as altogether to annihilate it as a practical guide, and to reduce it merely to a principle by which to judge retrospectively of what is past. And this conclusion would have released us in any case from the necessity of examining the remainder of this Essay, or rather, this congeries of illustrations, in which the author plunges into a brilliant chaos of ideas about the aggrandisement of Russia; the Jesuits; the regeneration of society ‘in the spirit of the ‘earlier, ecclesiastical, imaginative, classic or Hindoo, as opposed

‘to the later, civil, reasoning, Teutonic or Medo-Persian epoch of Christian Europe;’ ‘Buddhistical manifestations;’ the politics of the whole world; English nonconformity; ‘the serpentine wisdom and pot-bellied philosophy of Macchiavelli and Jeremy Bentham;’ the ‘national man,’ &c. &c.—all of which are to be set right, or explained, or put down, as the case may require, by ‘the central principle,’ which finally is ‘capable of serving as a compass to England in piloting the ark of humanity through the stormy sea, the struggle and the conflict of the days about to be.’ Whatever progression by antagonism may do, it will not accomplish this. We gladly leave the Essay, which, in sober truth, is best likened to what would be the result of an imposed necessity in a bad dream,—of classifying by an untrue and inapplicable principle every thing we had ever heard or thought or dreamt of—and turn to inquire if the theory can be in any way truly or usefully applied to art.

The exposition of the theory of progression by antagonism as applied to art, is contained in a brief fragment, introductory to the History, entitled ‘the Ideal and the Character and Dignity of Christian Art.’ Here we find it stated, that spirit, sense, and intellect, (the elements of the latter being imagination and reason,) which make up human nature, have been at variance since the Fall. We must now quote Lord Lindsay, because we are quite unable to understand the next steps of his argument; perhaps some of our readers may be more successful.

‘Nevertheless the moral sense, although comparatively deadened, still survives, witnessing to what is pure, holy and fitting; and the struggle between Imagination and Reason (marvellously overruled) still reveals to the calm intelligence the vision of Truth immortal in the heavens—of Truth in the abstract or universal, inclusive both of particular truth and of that beauty which, being antithetically opposed to it, is falsely deemed its enemy; in a word, of the Ideal, that point of union between God and man, earth and heaven, which, crushed and crippled as our nature is, we can recognize and strive after, but not attain to. Nevertheless, it is in thus striving that we fulfil our duty and work out our salvation. So long as we keep the Ideal in view, we rise—from Sense to Intellect, from Intellect to Spirit. But the moment we look away from it we begin to lose ground—and sink from Spirit to Intellect, from Intellect to Sense; with this difference that whereas we ascended slowly and with difficulty, yet bearing with us everything worth retention that we had culled in the regions we had left behind—the breezes of a purer and yet purer atmosphere ever fanning our brow—so we sink more rapidly, our backs once turned to the light, and the gross vapours from below overpowering us more and more with their stupifying influence.

‘This is an universal law of humanity, exemplified in every walk of life, and by the personal experience, more or less, of every individual.’—*History of Christian Art*, vol. i. pp. xi. xii.

We feel disposed to quarrel with nearly every word and assertion of this misty passage; but we pass on because it is, after

all, not important, and our readers will themselves have detected its fallacies. The pith of the sentence is meant to be, that the struggle between imagination and reason secures the progression of the individual man. It is the same with man in the aggregate. 'Man is, in the strictest sense of the word, a progressive being, and, with many periods of inaction and retrogression, has still held, upon the whole, a steady course towards the great end of his existence—the re-union and re-harmonizing of the three elements of his being, dislocated by the Fall, in the service of his God.'—Vol. i. p. xii. For instance, since the Flood, the race of Ham first of all exhibited a distinct development of Sense. The Greeks, the line of Japhet, afterwards developed the Intellect, both in reason and imagination. 'While, lastly, the race of Shem, the Jews, and the nations of Christendom, their *locum tenentes* as the Spiritual Israel, have, by God's blessing, been elevated in Spirit to as near and intimate communion with Deity as is possible in this stage of being.'—Vol. i. p. xiii.

Next art is made exactly to correspond with these periods of development. The architecture of Egypt expresses the ideal of Sense: the sculpture of Greece 'is the voice of Intellect and Thought:' the painting of Christendom 'is that immortal Spirit, conversing with its God.' Hence man being now spiritual, Christian art has a vast superiority over classic art, in all three departments. 'Here, then, lies our vantage—not in our merit, not our genius, but in that we are Christians.' The following sentence, *O si sic omnia*, is not less true than beautifully expressed. 'It is not, in a word, symmetry of form or beauty of colouring, apart or conjoined; that is required of us and that constitutes our prerogative, but the conception by the artist and expression to the spectator of the highest and holiest spiritual truths and emotions.'—Vol. i. p. xv.

Again, Lord Lindsay has our warmest sympathy where he speaks of an artist's 'aspirations after the Ideal' as 'glimpses of that truth and beauty which the soul seeks after, and of which the prototype exists but in heaven. The Ideal,' he continues, 'is to us as a bright particular star which we fancy we shall grasp if we reach the top of the mountain, and so we still toil on, and still upwards for ever; love, if it be true love, supplying the motive to persist, even though the higher we ascend the more distant it appears, the more hopeless our pursuit.' Would that our author had contented himself with always writing thus, with giving us the advantage of a practised and elegant judgment in matters of art, without introducing a theory which is not only false and objectionable, but wholly incapable of practical application to the subject; for the fragmentary chapter now under our notice does not attempt to elucidate

the theory any further than our brief abstract of it has shown. This will be thought incredible, but it is the fact. The task of working out the theory is wholly declined, and the concluding paragraph is merely an illustrative analogical application of the theory, too good a specimen of Lord Lindsay's mysticism to be omitted—but so objectionable that the apologetic words with which he both introduces it and dismisses it cannot screen it from the charge of extreme, though seemingly unintentional profanity.

'Meanwhile we may at least observe, with the deepest reverence, that the three Arts, considered in a Christian sense, as a manifestation of the Supreme Being through the intellect of man, his image, present a sort of earthly shadow of the ineffable and mysterious Trinity in Unity, in its relations with the material universe,—Architecture symbolizing the Father, known to us chiefly by the harmony and proportion of what we term his attributes; Sculpture the Son, the Incarnate Form or Outline (so to speak) of the invisible and infinite; Painting the Holy Spirit, the smile of God illumining creation; while the three arts are one in essence, co-equal and congenial, as manifested by the inseparable connexion and concord observable throughout the whole history of their development, and by the greatest artists in every age of Christendom having almost invariably excelled in all three alike. There is no impiety, I trust, in vindicating this analogy.'—Vol. i. p. xvi.

In the absence of any more immediate assistance from the author in applying the theory to art, we must endeavour to gather his principle, as well as we can, from the copious classification of schools and artists, which precedes his historical sketches. This having been constructed, we presume, on the principle in question, we may perhaps arrive at the principle by a process of analysis. But, do what we will, we can find no theory of Progression by Antagonism: we find successive and parallel and diverse developments, but in no case does progress seem to result from a direct conflict. The different lines developed from an original germ in each. Does the oak grow by antagonism? The many rills that form some mighty stream, do not increase the flood by antagonism, but by aggregation. But let us examine the classification.

The early ages of the Christian Church are regarded here as a period of preparation, during which Roman and Byzantine art progressed from their rude beginnings to what they respectively were at the time of 'the self-assertion of the Teutonic over the 'classic element of modern Europe,' *i. e.* the beginning of the thirteenth century. From that epoch—marked by the settlement of the Lombards in Italy—there are counted five periods of progression or development. Period the first, terminating with the restoration of classical learning and the reign of Cosmo de' Medici, is the age of Architecture. Period the second, lasting only half a century, closes with the expulsion of the Medici:

this is the age of Sculpture. The Council of Trent, another half-century onwards, concludes the third period, or that of Painting. The fourth period, that of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting together, lasts—we must not forget Lord Lindsay's own way of expressing it—'from the Council of Trent and the 'first regeneration of Catholic Christianity to the French 'Revolution.' But this phraseology is nothing compared with the last period: which is to extend 'from the French Revolution 'and the second regeneration of Catholic Christianity (!)—to a 'period as yet undetermined.'

The question immediately occurs—Why is the first period the age of architecture? the second of sculpture, and the third of painting? We have utterly failed to find any reason whatever, except that, as we saw above, another branch of Lord Lindsay's theory (in which, however, we see nothing of *antagonism*) had already named the age of Ham that of architecture; that of Japhet, sculpture; and that of Shem, painting; in this order. Let us, then, wonderingly, accept this explanation. It surely follows, however, that period the first must be the age of the development of Sense? By no means. Lord Lindsay is at pains to inform us that this period is distinguished by the 'development of the Christian element, *Spirit*.'¹ In truth, there is no colour of reason for this most arbitrary classification. It stares the reader in the face, all through the volumes, in obtrusive capitals; but fortunately may be wholly ignored without injury to the really valuable portions of the text.

The catalogue of schools and artists itself—with the exception of these meaningless heads of classification—cannot be too highly praised. It is the most elaborate and accurate we have ever seen; and, if re-cast in a common-sense chronological order, would be most useful to all persons who take any intelligent interest in art. The lists are constructed on the subordinate principle of *non ubi nascitur sed ubi pascitur*,—of influence rather than of locality,—and we think this a most judicious choice. Happily, even with their present distribution, the catalogues may be easily consulted, the schools of architecture, sculpture, and painting being arranged in this order under each period. We should mention, that the three volumes now under review only deal with the first of the five periods of Christian art.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we now turn to the history itself. This part, whatever objections we may have occasionally to raise, is beautifully written, and very ably executed: the

¹ Similarly in a note (vol. iii. p. 129) we read 'The profession of painter'—speaking of Orcagna—'seems to have been the highest in honour during this first period of Spirit, of which painting is the legitimate child and exponent.' And yet this first period is elsewhere headed 'Architecture.'

theory of progression may be uniformly ignored without injury to the narrative.

The arts, are, of course, derived, in these sketches, from the catacombs, from which Lord Lindsay describes them as ‘emerging’ after the conversion of Constantine. The remarkable *fact* of the catacombs was, perhaps, never more vividly expressed than in the following passage :

‘Rome, as you are aware, is undermined in every direction by subterraneous excavations, forming a maze of unknown extent and labyrinthine intricacy, formed during the early ages in the process of quarrying tufo, and hallowed to the imagination of the Christian world by their having become the refuge and abode of the primitive Church during the ages of persecution. To our classic associations, indeed, Rome was still, under Trajan and the Antonines, the city of the Cæsars, the metropolis of Pagan idolatry : in the pages of her poets and historians we still linger among the triumphs of the Capitol, the shows of the Coliseum—or, if we read of a Christian being dragged before the tribunal, or exposed to the beasts, we think of him as one of a scattered community, few in number, spiritless in action, and politically insignificant. But all this while there was living beneath the visible an invisible Rome, a population unheeded, unreckoned, thought of vaguely, vaguely spoken of, and with the familiarity and indifference that men feel who live on a volcano—yet a population strong-hearted, of quick impulses, nerved alike to suffer or to die, and in numbers, resolution, and physical force sufficient to have hurled their oppressors from the throne of the world, had they not deemed it their duty to kiss the rod, to love their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to submit, for their Redeemer’s sake, to the “powers that be.” Here, in these “dens and caves of the earth” they lived; here they died—a “spectacle” in their lifetime “to men and angels,” and in their death a “triumph” to mankind—a triumph of which the echoes still float around the walls of Rome and over the desolate Campagna, while those that once thrilled the Capitol are silenced, and the walls that returned them have long since crumbled into dust.’—Vol. i. p. 4.

After the thirteenth century, the catacombs fell into oblivion, and were almost entirely forgotten, till (as Lord Lindsay words it) ‘the great Catholic revival, in the sixteenth century, ‘posterior to the Council of Trent, when the policy of Sixtus V. ‘and the enthusiasm of the learned Bosio brought them once ‘more to notice.’

The painting and sculpture of the fourth century were, without question, so far derived from the catacombs, as that the very same styles which had been used, during the ages of persecution, in those safe retreats, were, after the public recognition of Christianity, exercised openly in the decoration of the now tolerated and rapidly rising Christian churches. But we cannot allow that the early Roman architecture, in the same sense, ‘emerged’ from the catacombs; for the simple reason, that there was no architecture at all in the catacombs. To speak as Lord Lindsay does, of the first architecture being sepulchral, and again of the ‘dome’ being ‘so marked a feature’ of this subterranean architecture, is quite erroneous. The galleries of the

catacombs were merely rudely excavated passages; the cells, nothing more than irregular scoopings of the tufo in places where, for whatever reason, more height was required: there was no detail, no formal style. Church architecture, therefore, owes nothing to the catacombs, except, perhaps, what is called the confessionalary arrangement, or the construction of a crypt, or shrine, below the altar. The basilica, or hall of justice, was chosen as the model of the first churches; and the style in which they were built was simply the debased Roman of the time. Lord Lindsay's forte, however, is not architecture, although a considerable part of these volumes is occupied with the subject; and his whole account of the Christian Basilicas is tame and without originality, though avoiding any striking inaccuracy. His eye is not observant of architectural details;—the description of the interior of S. Clemente, for example, is a bare enumeration of its parts and furniture, without a single vivid touch. But take the historical and artistic aspect of a famous building, and our author is at once in his element. Thus, how bright his picture of the exterior of S. Lorenzo beyond the walls!

‘Yet the beauty of S. Clemente is internal only; outwardly, it is little better than a barn. This is not the case with S. Lorenzo, which is as perfect a picture of a basilica externally, as S. Clemente is internally. Viewing it from a little distance, the whole pile, in its grey reverential dignity; the row of stones, indicating the atrium, with an ancient cross in the centre; the portico, overshadowing faded frescoes; the shelving roof; the body-wall bulging out and lapping over like an Egyptian temple; the detached Lombard steeple, with the magic of sun and shadow, and the background of the Campagna, bounded by the blue mountains of Tivoli, together with the stillness, the repose, interrupted by the chirp of the grasshopper, and the distant intermitted song of the *contadino*,—it forms, altogether, such a scene as painters love to sketch, and poets to repeople with the shadows of past ages; and I open a wide heaven for either fraternity to fly their fancy in, when I add that it was there the ill-fated Peter de Courtenay was crowned Emperor of the East.’—Vol. i. p. 25.

Again, the description of S. Zenone, in Verona (i. p. 28), can convey, we think, no impression to the reader's mind. It is not sufficiently detailed and accurate to enable him actually to construct the building in his mind; nor, again, is the *coup d'œil* brought before us in some of those few magic touches by which genius does in a moment what the plodding particularity of a meaner draughtsman cannot effect in an hour. Nor is the account of Verona Cathedral more successful, though enlivened by a comparison which, if it were in fact at all peculiarly applicable to that church, would be sufficiently striking: ‘The ‘Duomo, too, at Verona, of the ninth century, *with its giant-like procession of columns*, is singularly beautiful and impressive.’ Not even the singularity of S. Miniato of Florence can elicit a

good description of its interior. But our author regains his elasticity outside the door; and, in sooth, the terrace of S. Miniato might well tempt even the dullest archæologist to forget the church-door open behind him, in contemplation of one of the loveliest scenes that the earth can show.

‘But these are trifles, comparatively, and I shall be content to rank as a false prophet if you do not return again and again to S. Miniato, or at least to the platform half-way up the hill, near the church of S. Francesco; there is nothing on earth lovelier than the view that will thence greet you, whether, sitting on the broken wall, you gaze up at that graceful façade, and at the steeple, which Michael Angelo, out of love for its exceeding beauty, defended by mattresses against the balls his own patriotic artillery provoked against it, or downwards on the vale of the Arno and its bounding hills, dotted with white villas, and on fair Florence beneath, with her dome and her towers, seen between the cypresses.’—Vol. i. p. 29.

Passing onwards, we have to express our dissent from Lord Lindsay’s derivation of the Roman baptisteries from Byzantium. This is chronologically wrong, as S. Costanza and the Lateran Baptistery would show, both founded by Constantine, at least contemporaneously with the first rise of the Byzantine style. The only reason for the assertion is that baptisteries are roofed domically, and that the dome is the distinguishing characteristic of the architecture of Byzantium; but it should have been remembered that the Roman architects in Constantine’s time had the Pantheon before their eyes, besides the domes of the Baths of Diocletian, of which one is now the church of S. Bernardo, to say nothing of those quasi-domes of the catacombs to which Lord Lindsay had just before given such undue importance.

Much more interesting is the account of the sculpture and painting of the catacombs, to which we may now proceed:—

‘I have already described the subterraneous chambers, or sepulchral cells, their lateral recesses for sarcophagi, and the domes which crowned them; I proceed very briefly to enumerate the cycle of compositions usually represented on these domes and sarcophagi, and which, though far inferior in interest to those of the Byzantines, must not be passed over unnoticed, as they formed the models of Roman sculpture and painting for many centuries. Considered as works of art, it must be confessed, they are but poor productions—the meagreness of invention only equalled by the feebleness of execution—perpetually reminding one, it is true, of the works of classic sculpture, especially the bas-reliefs of Trajan’s column, the great school of design during the third and fourth centuries, but inferior, generally speaking, to the worst specimens of contemporary heathen art. There is little to wonder at in this, when we remember the oppressed condition of the Christians at the time, and, I am afraid I must add, the poverty of imagination which uniformly characterised Rome, even in her palmy period.’—Vol. i. p. 39.

Chief among the compositions mentioned in this extract is the well-known and most beautiful one of the Good Shepherd, which

Tertullian (quoted by Lord Lindsay) twice speaks of as the usual ornament of the sacramental chalice in his time, and which, as we know from Prynne, was engraven on the chalice used by our own Laud and Andrewes.¹ The mention of this gives an instance of the excess to which favourite theories may be carried. It is an usual and very commendable practice of our author to trace upwards the descent of any composition in art to its original inventor. He applies this to the subject of the Pastor Bonus, which he says, 'I am sorry to add, is not of Roman, but Greek origin, and was adapted from a statue of Mercury carrying a goat, at Tanagra, mentioned by Pausanias.' (i. 41). We do not believe this at all. Our blessed Lord used the figure of the Good Shepherd because it appealed immediately to universal experience. A shepherd had a certain recognised natural way of carrying a sick or wearied sheep—we have seen a sheep so carried in London streets many times;—and the Good Shepherd, if represented at all, would necessarily be so represented, not in imitation of the statue of Mercury, but for exactly the same reason as the Mercury had been already so sculptured.

After giving a catalogue of the usual subjects found in this early period of art, Lord Lindsay continues, in a long but very important passage, to explain what must have struck almost every one as a great peculiarity in primitive art.

'Nothing, probably, will surprise you at first sight more, on reading this list, than the paucity of subjects selected from the history of our Saviour, and the exclusion of almost every one of those most interesting scenes which marked his sojourn upon earth, and have been the cherished theme of Christian art in every later age: the Annunciation, for instance; the Flight into Egypt, his Baptism, Transfiguration, Agony in the Garden, Crucifixion, Resurrection, Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Spirit. And this surprise will increase when, on becoming familiar with the originals in the Vatican and elsewhere, you find that, with the exception of the Good Shepherd and the Saviour standing on the Mount of Paradise, the subjects from the Old Testament are repeated at least ten times more frequently than those selected from the New.

'This peculiarity, whether it arose from reverence or fear, or want of skill, constitutes the most marked feature in the early Christian art of Rome, and distinguishes it in a very striking manner from that of Byzantium. While the Greeks seem to recognise no medium between absolute symbolism and direct representation, Rome seems to have adopted from the first, and steadily adhered to, a system of typical parallelism, of veiling the great incidents of redemption, and the sufferings, faith, and hopes of the Church, under the parallel and typical events of the patriarchal and Jewish dispensation, admitting no direct representations from Gospel history, but such as illustrate the kingly office of the Saviour, and the miracles by which he prefigured the illumination of the spirit and the resurrection of the body. Thus, reviewing and classifying the series just enumerated, we have, after the Fall into sin, the Offering of Cain and Abel, contrasting natural and revealed religion; Moses receiving the Law, which was to be as a school-

¹ See 'Canterbury's Doom,' p. 122.

master, to bring us unto Christ; Pilate washing his hands; Abraham's Sacrifice; Jonah swallowed and disgorged by the whale; and the Translation of Elijah, typifying respectively the innocence, death, resurrection, and ascension of our Saviour; Christ healing the blind man, signifying the illumination of the heart; Noah welcoming the dove with the olive branch, emblematising reconciliation and peace through baptism, of which the Deluge was a type, as the ark was of the Church; the Passage of the Red Sea, figurative of the like initiatory transition from the spiritual Egypt to the camp of the Church Militant, pilgrimising to Canaan; Moses striking water from the rock, significative of spiritual blessings derived to the Church through Christ; Moses pointing to the pots of manna, as shadowing Him who spoke of Himself as "bread from heaven," and who gives us spiritual food, his body broken for our sins, in the Eucharist; Christ turning water into wine, allusive, apparently, to the corresponding element of the Lord's Supper; Jonah's repose under the gourd, and his sorrow after it had withered; Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria; the Cure of the daughter of the Canaanitish woman, and that of her diseased with the issue of blood, all prefiguring the conversion of the Gentiles; the Three Children in the furnace, and Daniel in the den of lions, representing the faithful in affliction, and in their deliverance a type of the resurrection; the Resurrection of Lazarus, of all the New Testament subjects the most frequently depicted, still more directly typifying the same blessed prospect; and, to conclude, the Adoration of the Magi, and our Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the latter foreshadowing his ultimate entry as the King of Glory into the New Jerusalem, the former the consummation of this world's history, when all monarchs shall have become his vassals, "and all nations shall call him blessed." Such, and by no strained interpretation, is the creed of the catacombs.

'Yet it is not the doctrinal, so much as the practical lesson that should interest us in these early records of Christian feeling; it is the illustration they afford of the spirit of the primitive Christians under suffering, of their faith, their hope, their charity—"men" of whom it may be truly said, "the world was not worthy." Amid "mockings and scourging, bonds and imprisonment, destitute, afflicted, tormented, tempted, slain with the sword, stoned, sawn asunder," not a thought of bitterness or revenge has expressed itself in sculpture or painting during three centuries, not a single instance has been recorded of the tortures and martyrdoms which have furnished such endless food for the pencil in later ages. Even the sufferings of Christ are alluded to merely by the cross, borne lightly in his hand, as a sceptre of power rather than a rod of affliction; the agony, the crown of thorns, the nails, the spear, seem all forgotten in the fulness of joy brought by his resurrection. This is the theme, Christ's resurrection, and that of the Church in his person, on which, in their peculiar language, the artists of the catacombs seem never weary of expatiating. Death swallowed up in victory, and the victor crowned with the amaranth wreath of immortality, is the vision ever before their eyes, with a vividness of anticipation which we, who have been born to this belief, can but feebly realise.'—Vol. i. p. 47.

We may not dismiss the section devoted to Roman art without introducing, and that in Lord Lindsay's own words, a remarkable, and, we think, a probable, view respecting the extraordinary longevity and wide diffusion of the primitive Roman type of painting.

'But we must look far beyond the walls of the Eternal City, if we would trace the painting of classic Rome to its complete extinction. There seems

reason to believe that it maintained its ground long, and in almost unmixed purity, in all the provinces which owned the supremacy of Rome, west, at least, of Greece, provinces which it had originally overspread as the waters of the Deluge covered the earth, and where, like them, ages passed away ere it was entirely dried up. We find, at least, a peculiar style of painting, distinct from the Byzantine, pale in colour, and in that respect not unlike the paintings of Pompeii and the catacombs, and even the still earlier works of Etruria, prevailing over the whole of Lombardy, and even in Germany, France, and England, from the earliest ascertainable epoch till the introduction and ascendancy of the Byzantine and Giottesque influence in the South, and of the Byzantine and Cologne influence in the North; while in England, in spite of a decided improvement in sculpture, and frequent communication with the reviving schools of painting, it seems to have been perpetuated at least till the close of the fifteenth century. Whether this primitive style was originally imparted to the several native populations by the Roman conquerors, or whether, like the architecture of Constantine, it was carried with them by the missionaries of Christian Rome into every country which they spiritually colonized, may admit of dispute; both may be true, though I think the latter the more probable supposition.'

The Second Letter, upon Byzantine Art, is remarkable as vindicating for Constantinople a much greater influence over modern Europe than is usually conceded. We do not mean to dispute the claim. It is a fact rather in support, than in disproof of it, that the majority of writers on art, chiefly Italians, evince a constant wish to underrate the share of Byzantium in developing it. The arguments will come under our notice presently: we will here only quote Lord Lindsay's position: 'The Byzantines, in fact, maintained a pre-eminence, unchallenged and unchangeable, in the three sister arts, till the Lombards took architecture into their hands in the seventh and following centuries, and the Tuscans, headed by Niccola Pisano and Giotto, took the lead in sculpture and painting in the thirteenth.'

The Byzantine architecture is undeniably a Christian style, much more so, indeed, than the contemporary Basilican style of the elder capital. This was seen by Hope, with his usual penetration: he pointed out, that from the absence of temples, &c., in the new seat of empire, 'the architects of Constantinople were immediately enabled to accomplish their wish of giving to the architecture of Christianity a form wholly different from that of Paganism.' ('Hist. Essay,' p. 109; quoted by Lord Lindsay, i. 62.) This style, moreover, has not only extended more widely than any other in the world, but it has enjoyed a greater vitality. At this day every style in use is a revival except the Byzantine. Not only the Basilican, when attempted, as at Munich, and the modern Romanesque or Pointed buildings of our own country, are revivals: the very styles which they are beginning to supplant belong emphatically to the Renaissance. But Byzantine architecture, like Greek painting and carving,

has flourished uninterruptedly for fifteen hundred years; has stretched from Siberia to Bengal, and still lives in a Russian, as well as a Saracenic, variety. We do not mean, however, to follow out this subject, especially as Lord Lindsay is very brief in this part of his work, dismissing the general description of the style and its chief specimens in Western Europe in a very summary and unsatisfactory way, though redeemed by a beautiful description of the desolate island of Torcello, which we have some difficulty in refraining from quoting. Some very happy remarks on the dome, as a characteristic of this architecture, ought, however, in justice to be given.

‘It is only in the East, moreover, that the external effect of the dome, and its influence on the imagination, at once so elevating and so soothing, can be fully appreciated; it is always and everywhere beautiful and appropriate, whether crowning the Santon’s tomb, as it glitters in lowliness amid its grove of cypresses, or swelling into air, a vast hemispheric globe, over the populous stillness of some ancient city, suggesting ideas of perfection, durability, and repose, on which the mind might brood for ages. Martin must have felt this strongly in designing his Vision of the Celestial City for the “Pilgrim’s Progress.”’

‘The dome, in short, is the true offspring, the peculiar expression, of the contemplative East; and the nations of the West will be found, I think, to have adopted or rejected it nearly in the proportion in which the contemplative or active, the imaginative or reasoning, the classic or the Teutonic element has predominated in their character.’—Vol. i. p. 69.

Whatever influence the Byzantine architecture may have had on the Latin Pointed, it is undoubtedly proved by Lord Lindsay that the painting of the middle ages owes nearly all its types of design and its traditional compositions to Greek art. Greek mosaicists, and bronze-founders, and carvers in ivory, were constantly, as contemporary records, as well as their remaining works, testify, employed in the West. And these artists left behind them not only the general benefits of their examples, but succeeded in substituting for the ‘*via media* of Typical Parallelism,’ as Lord Lindsay calls it, heretofore used by Roman artists, their own more peculiar principles of the extremes of ‘absolute symbolism and direct dramatic representation.’ The Council of Constantinople, in 692, had interfered in order to forbid mere symbolism, and by consequence to encourage direct representation. It decreed the substitution of our Lord’s human figure for the symbolical lamb, heretofore represented as the victim of the cross. In other words, it originated the crucifix. Its more remote effect was to confine symbolism to architecture and to enfranchise the other arts. Henceforward the direct representation of incidents in the Christian history was the rule of painting and sculpture. The Byzantine painters were not unequal to the new demand, and Lord Lindsay thus states the results of the decree of the Council:—

‘Accordingly, we find, within a century after the Council in question, a cycle of compositions, distinct and well defined, seldom or never deviated from, and stamped, as it were, with the seal of the Greek Church, current everywhere throughout its bounds, a series of extreme beauty, feeling, and simplicity, and susceptible, in almost each individual instance, of a refinement and perfection which must have beamed before the mind’s eye of the original composer, although the debased mechanical skill of the age debarred him from realising the vision. Of these compositions I must now attempt to give you a precise idea, since, after exercising the apprenticeship and maturer powers of Niccola Pisano, Cimabue, and Giotto, they were finally reissued by those masters, more or less modified and improved, and were constantly reiterated in the following centuries, till each and all of them had taken their places finally and for ever amidst the productions of the golden age of art, as perfected by the genius of the Peruginos, Raphaels, and Michael Angelos, to whom the merit, not merely of execution, but of their original invention, is usually but erroneously attributed.’—Vol. i. p. 72.

That Greek art should have invented the many beautiful compositions so familiar to our contemplation, ought to entitle it to our greatest respect, while it will increase our wonder that such a school could possibly have been petrified into that servile stagnation of an universal copyism which now oppresses it. This is a question deserving much closer inquiry than it has yet received: the present historian does not even open the investigation. The traditional compositions, enumerated by Lord Lindsay, are divided into personal ‘representations of the ‘dramatis personæ of Christianity, divine and human, in contemplation and repose,’ and historical or dramatic. The discussion of these various subjects is altogether most interesting and instructive, and Lord Lindsay’s opinions and conclusions deserve, we think, entire acceptance, with a few exceptions, which we shall notice in their course.

Few questions are more interesting than that relating to the alleged likeness of our blessed Lord. It is stated, that in the catacombs our Lord was always drawn as very youthful, representing, in Lord Lindsay’s view, the Genius of Christianity. But in the fourth century, Eusebius, Bishop of Cesarea, sent to Constantia, the sister of Constantine, that traditional portrait so familiar to our contemplation. From that time no other type has been used by any artists of reverent disposition. Lord Lindsay well remarks, ‘It is therefore indisputably to the Greek Church that we owe that most expressive type, which, if not the actual likeness of the Redeemer, comes nearer our dreams of what that likeness may have been; nearer the ideal of incarnate deity than Christian humility could have hoped to soar. Were this head of Christ the solitary tradition bequeathed to us by Byzantium, she would have the highest of all claims on our reverence and gratitude.’ We side with our author against MM. Raoul-Rochette and Didron, who believe that this

portrait is derived from the Gnostics. There can be nothing unreasonable in supposing that the first Christians preserved religiously the recollection of our Lord's actual form. Without going the length of believing the legend of S. Veronica, we cannot but think that it is more probable than not, that the real likeness, at least in type, was handed down. A very interesting engraving of this head, from a medal, is given in Dr. Walsh's *Essay on Coins*; who quotes, also, a commentary much to our purpose on that passage of *Ælius Lampridius*, where he relates that Alexander Severus kept the representation of Christ together with those of Apollonius, Orpheus, and others;—‘*At vero Paganos imaginem Christi aliquando conservasse, discipulos neglexisse, horret animus omnino cogitare, multo minus credere.*’ The coexistence of this beautiful Byzantine type with the belief held by a faction among the Greeks, that our Lord's appearance was mean and abject, is sufficiently remarkable; and we regret that Lord Lindsay, though he alludes to the latter subject further on (i. 91), has not dwelt more on this point. He there refers to M. Didron, who supposes that the artists who represented our Lord with a beard, wished to express His ‘suffering or human character,’ while the absence of the beard denoted a preference to contemplate ‘the triumphant or divine.’ We entirely dissent from this. Actual examples do not seem to favour it at all; and we should be very unwilling to grant that the earlier Christians ever regarded our Lord in any other than the true light of being ‘God and man, one Christ.’

Such of our readers as are not familiar with it, will thank us, we think, for concluding this discussion with quoting the spurious epistle of Lentulus to Tiberius, describing our Lord's personal appearance and demeanour, in exact accordance with the early Byzantine type.

‘There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a Prophet of truth, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear; his hair, the colour of a filbert full ripe, to his ears, whence downwards it is more orient of colour, somewhat curling or waving about his shoulders; in the midst of his head is a seam, or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth exactly formed; his beard thick, the colour of his hair, not of any great length, but forked; his look innocent; his eyes grey, clear, and quick; in reproving, awful; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well shaped. None have ever seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man, for his beauty, surpassing the children of men.’—Vol. i. p. 77.

The next point we shall notice is a theory started (i. 83.) in

explanation of the favourite 'Conversaziones' of Italian Art. Lord Lindsay considers these to be the legitimate development of that ancient kind of Byzantine composition, invented originally for the decoration of an apse, in which there is a central figure with others standing in rigid order right and left round the dome. The next step to this, was such a design as the mosaic outside of S. Maria in Trastevere, where the Blessed Virgin and Child are attended by ten virgins, five on each side, all in a continuous plane of decoration along the façade. The Umbrian School then lastly placed the central figure on a throne beneath a canopy, and grouped the attendants in varied attitudes on each side. This view may be historically correct; but we are disposed to think that the conversazione should be explained as the necessary form which a contemplative, as opposed to dramatic, picture must take, when treated in the spirit of older art. It is the great want of religious meditation among ourselves, that makes so many minds unable to comprehend the conversazione by Francia, in the National Gallery, or the Madonna del Trono of Perugino, in the Vatican, and others of the same kind. They are not content to recognise in such a picture the sublime fact of the incarnation—represented to them in the most comprehensive form, and in the way authorized by the Council of Ephesus and practised by the Catholic Church ever since—as the chief object of their contemplation, subsidiary to which are shown some of the followers of the Incarnate, chosen to illustrate some principle, or in obedience to particular devotion. We hear the senseless criticism—How could such a scene exist? How can the Infant Saviour be seated on the knees of his glorified Mother? and why S. Paul in particular, or why S. Sebastian? Simply, because this is a contemplative and not a dramatic picture. If you prefer a narrative picture of the Nativity, for example, in which the Incarnate God shall be shown in a manger, and his Mother in rags—you are quite welcome; and we will join you in a certain admiration if the picture be a religious work. But permit us, in our turn, to meditate, if we prefer it, before a conventional, rather than a naturalistic, design. The conventional design may seem to you stiff and exaggerated; but not more so, for a certainty, than the naturalistic one seems to us inadequate and unworthy.

In accordance with his theory of the longevity of Byzantine compositions, Lord Lindsay finds in the Sistine Judgment a development of the ancient traditional design, although admitting that its 'feeling is changed, *in toto*, from repose to action.' Surely this again is an over-refinement, as before in the Pastor Bonus. There is a kind of necessity for exhibiting such a subject as this, in one obvious way—a way originally suggested by

our Lord's own description of that awful day in the Gospels. However, we must repeat our general agreement with Lord Lindsay's view of the traditional compositions of the Greek Church, and gladly quote his last words about them:—

‘They are the channel through which the spirit of the Christian art of Greece passed into that of Italy and Europe,—they are the basement on which the pyramid of modern art is built, and the sand must be cleared away before we can discern and appreciate its correct propositions. Once fixed in the memory, we shall have little difficulty in estimating the progressive development of composition in Christian Europe. Each great school has, in fact, its distinct series of traditional compositions, a few original, but the greater number inherited and improved by its immediate founder; each series, therefore, is inseparably linked with those that precede and follow it, and thus the continuity of art is preserved unbroken from the first rising of that crescent star over Byzantium, which culminated at the birth of Raphael, to disappear, alas! if not set for ever, in the clouds and tempest that ushered in the last three centuries.’—Vol. i. p. 98.

A somewhat important error made by Lord Lindsay in this part of his work, on the subject of the cruciferous nimbus, deserves correction. He first speaks of the ‘three tufts or rays’ of glory, emblematical of the Trinity, which surround our ‘Saviour’s head’ (i. p. 103, note). This is a mistake: the rays have no reference to the Holy Trinity, but are three arms out of the four (the fourth being hidden by the head), which make the nimbus cruciferous, and so distinguish the second person of the Trinity. Lord Lindsay, having made the above erroneous premiss, proceeds to theorize that these three rays are a corruption of the **P**, the monogram of our Lord’s name, which is actually found, as he very rightly observes, on the nimbus of the Agnus Dei in a tomb at Ravenna. Next he supposes that the loop of the P was omitted, and that the result was five radii; which again were diminished to three, in order to symbolize the Trinity. The true theory is, that the circular nimbus had a cross superimposed when assigned to our Blessed Lord: and, generally speaking, not more than three limbs of this cross can be visible. Instances with more than four rays are exceptional, and must probably have been meant to display a radiating glory without any special symbolical meaning. This error, perhaps, would have scarcely deserved notice had it not been made the ground of a more erroneous deduction, (vol. ii. p. 10,) to the effect that ‘the Catherine-wheel window,’ in Lombard architecture, ‘signified the Unity, as concentrated in Christ,’—(what does this mean?)—‘the Light of the Church, from whose Greek monogram its shape was probably adopted.’ Mr. Gally-Knight, we remember, quotes a contemporaneous inscription from a round window in S. Zenone, Verona, where the architect Briolotus is praised for having made a ‘*fortunæ rota*’ in the church:

which shows how very untrue is Lord Lindsay's suggested symbolism.

The remainder of Lord Lindsay's first volume is devoted to a defence of Byzantine art at the time of its lowest decadence, the end of the tenth century, and an interesting account of its *réhabilitation* under the Comneni in the twelfth century. He very properly and triumphantly, in pursuance of the first object, sets such beautiful works as the Bamberg ivory book-covers, now preserved at Munich, and the bronze gates of S. Paolo fuori delle mura—alas! no longer in existence—against the very inferior doors of Pisa and S. Zenone at Verona, and the Pala d'Oro, Ciborium, and the earlier mosaics of S. Mark's. The Comnenian revival Lord Lindsay attributes—not, as is the usual belief, to the competition of artists at Venice—but to the 'recent settlement and intermixture of the Varangians' at Constantinople, in accordance with a subsidiary theory by which he attributes every development to the mixture of Teutonic blood with an antagonistic race. Manuel Panselinos, the founder of the Greek school still existing in Mount Athos, is considered to be the exponent of this Comnenian revival. Its effects are also to be seen in many of the Roman and Venetian mosaics. The following passage is a favourable specimen of Lord Lindsay's descriptive powers, and gives a higher idea than is commonly taken of the high aims and success of the Byzantine art of this epoch.

'In the first of the three circles, the second subject, the partition of light from darkness, will strike you; an angel, with his hands raised, separates from each other two globes, the one of fiery red, with a central spot of white heat, the other black, but rays of light issuing from both—while our Saviour stands by, commanding. The idea of forcible separation reminds one of the composition of Raphael, in which the Deity is represented effecting it by personal exertion—but the Byzantine has the advantage in true sublimity.'—Vol. i. p. 125.

Few parts of the book, indeed, exceed this section in interest. We marked a happy description of the want of forethought often shown by the old artists in distributing their subject over a limited space. Speaking of the mosaics of the porch of S. Mark's—'They represent the history of the Bible from the 'Creation till the gathering of manna and striking of the rock 'in Horeb—an unworthy conclusion, but the artless artists 'seem to have worked on, from arch to arch, from cupola to 'cupola, without a thought of the policy of economising their 'space.'—Vol. i. p. 124.

Not less true is an interesting observation made further on, in criticism of an early mosaic. 'Singularity enough, the *deer* 'seems to have the gift of inducing grace in the rudest ages of 'art; here, as in the Syriac gospels, and in the tombs of

'Egypt, it is represented with a certain elegance.'—Vol. i. p. 127.

The importance of this Comnenian revival as an introduction to the Italian development of art, can scarcely be overrated. Lord Lindsay has admirably summed up this branch of his subject.

'I will only add, that the Byzantine painters established schools in all the principal towns of Italy, and that in repeated instances their Italian scholars rose to an eminence entitling them to distinct classification as precursors of Giotto,—that such, more especially, was the reputation of the Byzantine mosaicists settled at Venice in the middle of the thirteenth century, that their assistance was courted by a special mission from Florence,—that through the influence of the Byzantine revival, a school of native mosaicists arose in Italy, which produced great men and able artists,—that mosaic, however, was found insufficient for the expanding ideas of the people, and gradually died out, superseded by the superior facilities of painting,—that the schools of painting, founded by the Greeks in Italy, lingered on long after Giotto, strong in the affection of the populace—more especially at Venice, always orientally disposed, and where a manufactory of Madonnas and paintings in the ancient style has been kept up till recent times—not merely for the Greek residents, but for Italian natives of the state,—that the revival, meanwhile, in the East gradually declined under the depressing influence of the Latin conquest in 1206, and that of the Turks in 1453,—and that art has now for nearly four centuries been stationary in Greece, treading, for the most part, painfully and fearfully in the "old paths" of tradition, although artists of no slight merit have occasionally risen, to show that genius cannot become wholly extinct in Greece.

'You are not likely as yet to visit the East, but perhaps the most curious gallery existing of genuine Byzantine paintings is the church of Mount Sinai, where pictures of great antiquity alternate with others produced but yesterday in Greece and Russia. Meanwhile, a visit to the church of S. Giovanni de' Greci, belonging to the Greeks at Venice, will amply satisfy any curiosity you may feel as to the ordinary character of art among the existing descendants of Apelles.

'In conclusion :—Casting an eye over the terrestrial globe, the painting of Byzantium may be described as coextensive with her Church, though not with her architecture, the Mahometans, in adopting the latter, having repudiated the former. Still, her ancient compositions have enjoyed a publicity and a vogue unparalleled by the art of any other people. They have spread indeed beyond the limits of her ecclesiastical dominion. The heathen temples of Nubia, consecrated as churches in the early ages, and which might still serve as such were any Christians left to worship in them, are covered with her frescoes, and they are found fresh and of yesterday's execution in the remotest districts of Abyssinia—the very same style, the very same compositions, that, in an opposite direction, are daily reiterated on the banks of the Don and the Neva.—But it was in Italy, the heir of the younger as of the elder Greece, that her spirit was destined to receive, in painting as in architecture, that due development which imperfect mechanical powers denied to her own efforts. The aged and decrepit forms, the skeleton of Byzantine art, were necessarily to be flung away, but the purer spirit underwent no change—or rather did pass through a metamorphosis of a most ennobling character. It is not here that I wish to discriminate the different characters of the Italian schools, but I may observe that, while the historical compositions of Byzantium were adopted, in outline only, by the dramatic Florentines, to be modified,

filled up, and re-inspired from their own original resources of thought and association, her peculiar personal subjects, and her general tendency to symbolism and mystic contemplation, found a congenial home among the more enthusiastic Sienese and Umbrians, who seem ever to have felt warmer sympathy, and recognized a more immediate relationship, with the East, than their compatriots of the Val d'Arno.'—Vol. i. p. 140.

The introductory portion of Lord Lindsay's history has detained us thus long, not merely from its intense interest, but from its comparative conciseness. The second and third volumes of the work, which are devoted exclusively to the consideration of the first of the five periods distinguished by the classification before noticed, will not demand a proportionate space for examination. The whole is divided into eight letters, of which the first treats of Architecture, the second of early Sculpture and some Italico-Byzantine revivals, the third of Niccola Pisano and his influence on all the Arts, the four next of various schools of Painting, and the last of the transalpine development of the Arts.

Supported by Sismondi, Lord Lindsay dates from the settlement of the Lombards in 568, and the Iconoclast rupture, the regeneration of Europe, and consequently of western art; of which new life he sees the earliest expression in the Lombard architecture. To this, therefore, he first addresses himself. His theory is, that it is a new architecture, a studied combination of some Byzantine elements—such as orientation, the dome and the cruciform plan—with the Basilican principles of an elongated nave, lateral aisles, and a crypt. The Byzantine share preponderates, a fact which is accounted for by the considerations that Byzantium was the head-quarters of the contemplative or symbolical mind in art; and that architecture, unable to afford specific representation, can express none but abstract ideas, and can only express them through symbolism. This Lombard architecture, we read, 'like the Roman and Byzantine styles, sprang at once to full development in all its essential points, as may be seen in its earliest monument, the venerable Church of S. Michele at Padua,'—*lege* Pavia,—'which existed as a sanctuary as early as 661.' From this, however, we dissent. We shall never believe that S. Michele is of that immense antiquity, nor does Mr. Gally-Knight, to whom Lord Lindsay refers, at all prove the assertion. Unulfus may have taken sanctuary there from King Grimoaldus in the seventh century without our being any nearer the proof that the existing fabric was then standing; but this assertion failing, the instantaneous development of the style is not proved. Our own belief is, that a more correct nomenclature for this variety would be Lombard Romanesque; the generic name denoting that it is, in architectural principles, the debased successor of the debased Roman

style. An erroneous view seems to be implied by claiming for this style the character of a 'new architecture,' (vol. ii. p. 8,) as if it differed generically from the Roman.

Early Lombard, according to Lord Lindsay, gave way to the Late or Florid Lombard about the year 1000. In 1063 Buschetto commenced the Duomo of Pisa, and, in Lord Lindsay's view, opened another new era. 'From his master-mind,' he says, 'the plan would seem to have sprung forth at once, complete, clear, and beautiful, like wisdom from the brain of Jupiter.' But this is scarcely correct: the plan, and chief architectural peculiarities of the Pisan Duomo are all to be found in a less developed state in S. Paolo, the older cathedral. Buschetto was truly a great man: what he did was to make excellent use of the newly-acquired wealth of his republic, and to hasten the growth of Romanesque in its Pisan variety; but he scarcely was what Lord Lindsay would make him, the founder of a Florid Lombard style. All the varieties of Romanesque in the north of Europe Lord Lindsay classes under *Early Lombard*; which he would scarcely have done had he remembered the Aposteln-kirche at Cologne. But throughout his work we have to regret, that he has not limited his observations to Italy, the country evidently of his affections and almost exclusive research. We repeat, that that seems to us a much more satisfactory nomenclature which takes the common-sense view of considering the *whole* early church architecture of western Europe, as either Basilican or Romanesque. Every country in Europe must have built houses and churches, no matter how badly or degenerately; and the style used must have been some corruption or imitation of the ancient Roman architecture. Romanesque, then, not unaptly expresses the generic nature of such buildings: it suits the basilicas of Pavia and Cologne, the Anglo-Saxon churches of our own land, and those Irish marvels of Dr. Petrie. Every element that modified, improved, exalted the local architecture, can be conveniently expressed by specific adjuncts, such as Lombard, Pisan, Rhenish, or Norman.

Still less satisfactory than the above sketch of the so-called Lombard architecture is the account which follows, of the Gothic. The main difference in arrangement and distribution between the two styles, Lord Lindsay conceives to be the substitution of a deep chancel for the apse. But he evidently confounds the sanctuary with the *chorus cantorum*, and forgets that the chancel of a Pointed church includes the *chorus* and the tribune of the more ancient plan. And, further, the change between the mere Basilican plan and that which comprehends a distinct chancel took place long before the invention of Pointed: S. Mark's at Venice, and S. Gereon's at Cologne, are

examples. The introduction of the Pointed arch is described, in Lord Lindsay's language, as marking 'the moment when the Teutonic or Medo-Persian took the lead over the Classic or Sanscrit element, in the intellect of Europe.' The effects, however, are brilliantly described in the following passage:—

'Hence the unlimited power of vaulting; hence the increased height of the roof; hence the lightness and reed-like elasticity of the pier, shooting up into the arch, and so uninterruptedly to the roof, like the flight of an arrow, gradually losing its first impulse, but soaring still when lost to the eye; hence the enlargement of space for light, and the idea of tempering its glare by painted glass; hence the unnumbered beauties, internal and external, of groining, pendant, mullion-window, flying buttress, pinnacle and spire; hence, in short, the life and animation, the vigour and freshness, the exulting consciousness of power, the nature-like luxuriance of tracery and ornament, that pervade the whole pile, and rouse the heart like the roar of a cataract swelling on the breeze amid the shades and sunshine of a forest. And yet all this is the mere surface shadow of a deeper meaning; it was in Gothic architecture that Christian symbolism reached its consummation, or rather took up and re-expressed the faith and expectations of the Church in a different and more spiritualized point of view. That which in Lombard architecture is confined to the general outline, extends in Gothic to the minutest details; like each several fact in the Bible or in the book of Nature, every window, every corbel, every cusp, has its mystery; it would require a volume to point out each minute particular; and in a thousand instances individual fancy must interpret what individual fancy first enigmatized. But the upward spring, the vertical tendency, is the key to the whole; whether, as in the pyramids and obelisks of Egypt, it imply the natural yearning of the human heart to the "blest abodes" of an uncovenanted futurity,—or faith, better assured, in the resurrection of the Redeemer and of the Church in his person,—or the joyful anticipation of that continual up-springing approximation towards the Fount of Wisdom, the Divine Vision, which we are warranted to look forward to as the bliss of Eternity.'—Vol. ii. p. 21.

A very small space is devoted in the volumes before us to the history of Italian Pointed;—the author declining all notice of the Northern Pointed, with an excuse which scarcely shrouds the real reason, (to which we have already referred,) that his own experience is chiefly Cisalpine. But this is a defect: for if—as some misty expressions in this part of the work denote, and as the classification manifestly implies, if it implies anything at all—Pointed architecture was not only the herald but the protector and patron of the revival of Painting and Sculpture, it deserved a more careful inquiry, and ought to have been viewed in its more pure developments. But here, as elsewhere, a reader, who should be seeking to form a theory for himself, will find extreme inconsistency in Lord Lindsay's views. For instance, at one time the Pointed element is a Teutonic one, and 'coupled with the first stirrings of reason' (vol. ii. p. 26); soon afterwards the Cinque Cento is the voice of 'the anti-papal reasoning spirit.' Again, according to Lord Lindsay's general

theory, the Papacy is always antagonistic to reason, and favourable to the Lombard or contemplative architecture; whence it ought—as indeed it did in matter of fact—adopt the Renaissance: and yet this Renaissance is styled ‘anti-papal,’ (p. 26,) and ‘anti-Christian,’ (p. 39,) and a development of reason. The volumes, indeed, are full of similar minute inconsistencies.

One more question remains to be noticed in this architectural chapter. Lord Lindsay declares his conviction that Mr. Pugin’s theory of the unfitness of the plan and style of our ancient churches for the reformed ritual is a just one, and continues:—

‘But what is the alternative?—the Meeting-house? By no means. The Church of England is neither Catholic nor Protestant;—she does not, with the Catholics, exalt Imagination and repudiate Reason, nor with the Protestants exalt Reason and repudiate Imagination, but includes them both, harmoniously opposed, within her constitution, so as to preserve the balance of truth, and point out the true “Via Media” between superstition on the one hand, and scepticism on the other, thus approximating (in degree) to the ideal of human nature,—Christ Incarnate, of whom the Church is the body, and ought to be the likeness and the image. This, then, is the problem: England wants a new architecture, expressive of the epoch of her Anglican faith and of the human mind as balanced in her development, as heir of the past and trustee for the future;—a modification, it may be, of the Gothic, but not otherwise so than as the Gothic was a modification of the Lombard, the Lombard of the Byzantine and Roman, the Byzantine and Roman of the Classic Greek, the Classic Greek of the Egyptian. We have a right to expect this from the importance of the epoch, and I see no reason why the man to create it, the Buschetto of the nineteenth century, may not be among us at this moment, although we know it not.’—Vol. ii. p. 30. Note.

Upon this passage we have to say, first, that the Church of England retains a choir-service as well as an altar-service, and therefore requires, and can—and in many places where decency in Divine Service is attended to, does—make use of, and as a fact even throughout the last three hundred years has made use of, the proper places for those distinct services; viz. a choir and a sanctuary. Moreover, the Prayer-book not only implies by the construction of its offices, but prescribes in its rubric, that proper arrangement of a chancel and sanctuary, which is the rule in more than nine-tenths of our aggregate of churches. This is the answer to Mr. Pugin. Lord Lindsay means something different; viz. a new external style of architecture. We shall begin, perhaps, to desiderate this when we accept his definition of the Church of England,—and not till then.

The Italic-Byzantine revivals which occurred between the Lombard settlement and the times of Niccola Pisano, afford our author matter for an extremely interesting chapter on a subject but little known. Benedetto degli Antelami, of Parma, a youth in the year 1178, was a sculptor of distinguished merit, whose very name, probably, is new to the majority of our readers. In

connexion with him we find one of those interesting anecdotes so frequent in the history of Italian Art:—‘So warm was the ‘enthusiasm excited by these sculptures’ of Benedetto in the baptistery of Parma, ‘that Fra Salimbene, one of the old ‘chroniclers of Parma, mentions that his father, debarred by ‘extreme old age and decrepitude from evincing his patriotism ‘in any other method, sat daily from morning to night in front ‘of the baptistery, while in the course of erection, in order to ‘prevent idle children from injuring them.’—Vol. ii. p. 52.

The Comnenian revival, which we have already introduced to our readers, gave birth to the Italian mosaicists who flourished just before, and contemporaneously with, Cimabue. We do not think that Lord Lindsay gives sufficient importance either to them or to the miniaturists as to their influence upon design. It must be remembered that, although the development of painting, in the restricted modern sense of the word, began with Cimabue and Giotto, yet the miniaturists especially were in advance of this movement as to mere design. Indeed the improvement must have been gradually going on for some time. Guido of Siena, Giunta of Pisa, and Ugolino of the former city, were not mere copyists, but improving artists: although Cimabue of Florence has the exclusive credit of the first development, because he had more genius, more boldness, and more opportunity. Our author refuses to acknowledge him, however, as the father of the Florentine school, an honour reserved for Giotto. To ourselves, this period of art is like the history of Rome before Niebuhr touched it; we could read for ever Vasari’s stories of Charles of Anjou entering the painter’s studio with all Florence behind him, and of the procession of the picture to the church, and the naming the quarter where the artist dwelt, for very triumph, the Borgo Allegri: and we scarcely go with our author in drawing so marked a line between Cimabue and his great pupil. Not that, after all, it amounts to much: for Lord Lindsay has a most hearty admiration for the elder artist, and dwells, with a fondness in which we warmly sympathize, on his ‘most fair presence’ and everything else concerning him: only he classes him among the transitional painters, and not in the real school of Florence. We cannot help describing his portrait as it exists in the Spaniards’ chapel in the cloisters of S. Maria Novella in the fresco of Simon di Memmo. He is ‘tall, thin, and erect in ‘person, with much of the look of a gentleman and of an old ‘soldier, who has been the handsome, the gay, the admired, in ‘his younger days. A commentator on Dante, contemporary ‘with Giotto, describes him as noble in character, but haughty ‘and proud, and one who, if a fault was hinted at in any of his

‘works, or if he discovered a blemish in it himself, would cast it aside at the instant, however deeply interested in it.’

A very interesting and curious account of Buffalmacco, the practical joker of the Decameron, which follows the history of Cimabue, brings under our notice a contemporary Florentine school which had no connexion with that of Giotto, but maintained the Greek character, contemplative and not dramatic, while adapting the new improvements made by their rivals in colouring and design. This Lord Lindsay calls the Semi-Byzantine school; and he traces from it not only Orcagna, but the Blessed Angelico himself, who certainly retain a religious and meditative feeling akin to the Sienese rather than the Giottesque succession. This is also the place in which a former ingenious theory again rises to the surface. The ancient Roman school, of which Lord Lindsay finds traces in the north of Lombardy, underwent a revival in Cremona in the middle of the fourteenth century, under Polidoro Casella. At a still later date this independent succession was to contribute Guariento to the Giotteschi, and to give birth to Squarcione, ‘the father of the classic school of Lombardy.’

Those who have seen Overbeck’s ‘Religion glorified by the Fine Arts,’ in the Staedel Museum, will not easily forget his fine figure of Nicolas of Pisa engaged in lecturing a group of pupils on a bas-relief of Phædrus and Hippolyta on the broken Greek sarcophagus, and calling on them to admire and to resolve to imitate the antique. By universal consent, that great artist, equally sculptor and architect, did more than any other man to lay the foundations of the future triumphs of Italian art. Lord Lindsay almost ventures to compare him with Dante and Shakspeare as to actual genius. What he did was to copy nature and the ideal of grace and beauty, instead of mere prescribed rules and technicalities;—always, however, in a subdued and religious spirit. With him, we arrive at a period which, being more generally known, and that with sufficient fairness of judgment, does not require from us so lengthened an examination as the earlier portion of the work. Lord Lindsay tells the current history with unusual ability and in animated language: nor can we conceive an hour more agreeably spent than in following his accounts of Giovanni and Andrea of Pisa, the ark of S. Dominic at Bologna, and the many exquisite pulpits, shrines, and tombs, which the Pisan school scattered over Italy. In particular, nothing but want of space could justify our omission of the whole description of Orcagna’s shrine in the Orsanmichele at Florence, and our hurrying over the Sienese and Neapolitan schools of Christian sculpture. The First Period of Art, according to the classification now before

us, does not embrace, it will be remembered, Ghiberti and Donatello: those artists will stand at the head of the sculpture of the Second Period, if the author ever favours the world with a continuation of his work.

The Fourth Letter is devoted to Giotto and the Giotteschi: and here again, for the same reason, we may not linger. The life of the great painter is given us, with a judicious description and criticism of his chief works. Among these, the frescoes in the chapel of the Arena at Padua claim particular notice: and we do not think that any mere description by the pen can surpass the present in conveying a vivid idea of their most remarkable productions. Lord Lindsay delights in graphic scenes. Speaking of this little sanctuary of art, he exclaims,—‘It is not difficult, gazing on these silent but eloquent walls, to repeople them with the group once, as we know—five hundred years ago—assembled within them; Giotto, intent upon his work, his wife Ciuta admiring his progress, and Dante, with abstracted eye, alternately conversing with his friend, and watching the gambols of the children playing on the grass before the door.’ The summary of the life and merits of Giotto is too long for quotation: we refer to it chiefly to disclaim any sympathy with the exaggerated and scarcely reverent expressions occasionally allowed in it, especially where Lord Lindsay’s unfortunate theory is suffered to intrude; a qualification which seems necessary where we have generally to speak in terms of such high commendation.

The history of the Giotteschi embraces both those painters who were proselytes from pre-existent schools, and Giotto’s immediate disciples. This part offers but little for criticism. It is enriched, however, with many most interesting anecdotes, of which we shall extract two or three for the pleasure of our readers. The first describes how Messer Simone of Naples, who had enjoyed a considerable reputation there till Giotto’s arrival in 1327, became a follower of the great Florentine:—

‘He fell ill in consequence, but was too humble-minded to complain, doing ample justice to Giotto’s merit, though at the same time self-love whispered that his own rendered him not absolutely unworthy of notice. He determined therefore to make Giotto himself his judge, and placed some of his pictures in such a position as to attract his eye: the experiment succeeded; Giotto praised them highly, and recommended him to King Robert, who employed him in S. Chiara; he soon regained his spirits and his credit, and flourished for several years afterwards, abandoning his original style and imitating that of Giotto, which he transmitted to his son Francesco, and the latter to a crowd of artists whose works, scattered through Naples, display less genius and originality than those of any other branch of the Giotteschi.’—Vol. ii. p. 270.

Antonio Veneziano is one of those artists whose lot it has

been to be always undervalued;—one chief reason of which, probably, may be the absence of anything distinctive in his name. He is the painter of the three lower frescoes of the life of S. Ranier in the Campo Santo of Pisa; and deserves most honourable mention. The singular fact is recorded of him, that, ‘spell-bound by the perusal of Dioscorides, he abandoned painting, and, applying himself to the study of herbs and medicine, became as good a physician as he had been a painter.’ Starnina and Uccello were pupils of this distinguished artist.

The former of these, born at Florence in 1354, has left some works on the roof of the Castellani chapel in Santa Croce. The following anecdote from Vasari, and the curious confirmation to it adduced by Lord Lindsay from Ford’s Handbook to Spain, are delightful:—

‘These frescoes gave so much satisfaction that certain Spaniards, then visiting Florence, carried him to Spain, and obtained him employment from their king; he was glad to go, a rugged and quarrelsome temper having involved him in so many feuds that his life was no longer safe. But after passing several years in Spain,¹ he returned to Florence another man, the pink of courtesy and politeness, and his former enemies were so conciliated by this change of deportment that they became his firmest and most attached friends.’—Vol. ii. p. 299.

The pure-hearted but unfortunate Cennino, dying in prison for debt in the ‘Stinche,’ at Florence, has deservedly claimed the most discriminating sympathy of our author. There is scarcely a page here that we would not willingly transcribe, so fascinating are the histories of the earlier artists: but we cannot afford space even for Lord Lindsay’s own successful search in Arezzo after the last work of Spinello, so well known in connexion with the anecdote of his death.

In Lorenzo, the pupil of Spinello, painting had its Lucilius, so far as rapidity of execution went. *In hora saepe ducentos, Ut magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno.* ‘Io fo un Santo e vengo,’—Let me draw just one more Saint,—‘was his reply to ‘a companion who summoned him to dinner, and the phrase ‘became proverbial. And all this while Cennino starved.’—Vol. ii. p. 321.

The ancient Roman school, lingering in the north of Italy, comes again into notice when Lord Lindsay traces the effect of the Giottesque movement in that quarter. This part of his work affords an excellent specimen of his critical ability. He considers Guariento a representative of that early school, and

¹ “The walls of a Gothic cloister of the cathedral of Toledo, erected in 1389, were painted in fresco in the style of Giotto, with subjects which are described by Ortiz (ch. 52), who particularly specifies groups of heretics burning . . . These extraordinary and almost unique specimens of art in the fourteenth century were all effaced in 1775 by the barbarian chapter.”—*Ford’s Handbook for Spain*, p. 848.—Possibly these may have been by Starnina.’

Giusto of Padua—probably his pupil—he describes as one of the same succession who had embraced the new developments, through the line of Taddeo Gaddi. To him he inclines to attribute all the Giottesque works in Padua: and we see no reason to withhold credence from his arguments. From a Veronese branch of the same school, represented by Giacomo da Verona, or rather—to continue in Lord Lindsay's words—‘out of the elder pale-colouring Roman school which it had superseded, arose the celebrated Squarcione, who, smitten by the love of the antique, and settling at Padua, became the father of the great classic school of Melozzo and Mantegna, which supplanted that of Giotto throughout Lombardy nearly at the same moment that the Giotteschi in Tuscany yielded to a similar influence in Masolino, Masaccio, and Uccello.’

The Fifth Letter, beginning the third volume, prepares the student by the history of the contemplative school of Siena for the Semi-Byzantine school of Florence, which forms the subject-matter of the Sixth Letter, and which, embracing Orcagna and Fra Angelico, will probably be the favourite portion of the whole work to our own readers. Mino and Duccio were the rival patriarchs of the Siennese succession: the latter seems to have exhibited in their most engaging forms the earnestness and devotion for which his native state and the painters of his school were distinguished. Simon di Memmo, a successor of Mino, is the chief ornament of Siena. His works are described by our author in great detail; and full praise is assigned to those remarkable frescoes—never forgotten by those who have seen them—with which he adorned the chapter-house of S. Maria Novella, in the heart of emulous Florence.

At the risk of doing the greatest injustice to a multitude of Siennese artists, our limits warn us to pass hurriedly on to

¹ Ugolino of Siena, a peculiarly religious artist, painted the famous Madonna enshrined in Orcagna's tabernacle in the Orsanmichele, at Florence. He also painted a large altar-piece for Santa Croce, the removal of which in the time of Vasari, and its preservation in the dormitory, are commemorated by Dellavalle. Afterwards, it appears, ‘according to a MS. statement by the Cav. T. Puccini, cited by Masselli, the recent annotator of Vasari, it was sold to an Englishman, “per pochi scudi,” at the beginning of the present century.’ (Vol. ii. p. 69, note.) Lord Lindsay has been unable to trace it further; but had he seen Dr. Waagen's ‘Works of Art and Artists in England,’ he would have found the following interesting passage in the account of the late Mr. Ottley's collection:—‘To my great joy I found here the larger portion of the panels of the picture by UGOLINO DA SIENA, which, according to Vasari, he painted for the high altar in the church of S. Croce, at Florence. This master, who died in 1339, appears here as a very important connecting link between the more severe Byzantine style of Duccio, and the soft and more pleasing manner of Simon Memmi (properly Simon Martini). According to the fashion of the fourteenth century, this altar consisted of a number of single panels, which were at once separated and combined by a frame of Gothic architecture. Of the

Domenico—‘a youth of most amiable, modest, and courteous disposition,’—for whom Lord Lindsay, successfully we think, vindicates the claim to the authorship of the large triptych in S. Dominic at Cortona, universally ascribed, on the authority of Vasari, to the B. Angelico himself. We confess ourselves delighted with the conclusion which thus appropriates a picture unworthy—as any one who has carefully examined it will agree—of Angelico, but highly creditable to any inferior artist: we had ourselves arrived at the conclusion that this was not a genuine work before becoming acquainted with Lord Lindsay’s arguments, and in opposition to the opinions of Marchese and the Count Montalembert.¹

Let us make what amends we may to the school of Siena, by quoting the greater part of its historian’s summary of its characteristics.

‘Reviewing the ground we have travelled over, the minds with whom we have held communion in their distinctive characteristics, and the general qualities common to the whole school, I think I may describe it as emphatically feminine, in contrast to the more daring, hardy, masculine race of the Giotteschi,—feminine, that is to say, in all the grace, dignity, and holiness of the epithet. The majesty of Mino, the rich imagination, graceful composition, and gentle yet vigorous touch of Duccio; the fancy, feeling, and thought of Simon di Memmo; the delicacy and purity, the love for Nature animate and inanimate, and the patriotic aspirations of Pietro and Ambrogio; the holy fervour of Taddeo; the sympathy with

principal series, the centre panel of which represented the Virgin and Child, the six others so many saints, all in half figures, five panels are still entire. Of the Virgin only a fragment remains, the beauty of which excites much regret for the loss of the remainder. Above this was an equally numerous series, each with two half figures of saints, three [five] of which still remain. The whole terminated in seven points, in the shape of Gothic gables, each adorned with the half figure of a saint. Of these I saw four. The seven divisions of the Predella, corresponding with the seven principal pictures, are still in existence, and contain important events in the life of Christ, from the Last Supper to the Resurrection, which are distinguished by the beauty and expression of the attitudes. In the male saints, the antique Byzantine style prevails; the heads are of an oblong shape, the eyes well formed and well opened; the noses long, and curved at the tip; the mouth of a delicate and decided shape; the bodies are stretched, the arms thin, the fingers long and bony; the folds of the admirably cast drapery very sharp. In the angels, as well as in the figures in the predella, on the contrary, the forms are fuller, the movements freer and more dramatic, and nearer to the manner and style of Simon Martini. Nor are they painted with the clammy dark cement of the Byzantines, but in the fluid, clearer distemper of Giotto, with yolk of egg and parchment glue, and a previous layer of verditer. The background is throughout gold. Below the centre division of the predella there is a piece joined on, on which is inscribed, in Gothic capitals, conformably to the statement of Dellavalle, “*Ugolino de Senis me pinxit.*”—Vol. ii. pp. 121, 123.

This picture was sold in three lots at Mr. Warner Ottley’s sale, on July 30, 1847; and six small fragments are at present in the possession of the Rev. J. Fuller Russell, of Enfield.

¹ Marchese, ‘Memorie.’—Vol. i. p. 346. Montalembert, ‘Tableau Chronologique,’ in his ‘Du Vandalisme,’ &c. p. 140.

common life of his nephew Domenico ; the tenderness of Giovanni di Paolo ; the sweetness of Sano ; the more common-place and homely, yet genuine merits of the two Matteos ; and, above all, the enthusiastic devotion and piety peculiar to the whole succession—justify the praise. All their sympathies and distastes support this distinction ; their fondness for brooding over their own sweet fancies in the home of their hearts, in preference to venturing forth into the world of action and disquiet, of cyclic or dramatic composition ; their proneness to veil those very fancies in allegory and symbolism, and to pour the swelling but vague emotion from which they spring into the channel of the traditional compositions ; the drooping bend of the neck in their Madonnas, so humble and so meek, and the caressing intercourse between the mother and the son, in which the humanity and the Deity are brought temporarily into abeyance ; their comparative inferiority in design ; their richer and more varied colouring ; their more spiritual and idealized expression ; their love for children, for flowers, for birds, for animals, for everything sweet, and pure, and fresh in creation ; and, lastly, the very concentration of the school, its limited reputation, as compared with the cosmopolism and far-spread fame of the Giotteschi, and its inability to change with the times, or to survive the extinction of faith and liberty,—all witness to it alike. And when we remember what the daughters of Siena were,—when we think of the heroism shown, not merely in the palmy days of Monte-Aperto, but long after her star had declined to the horizon,—during the siege, in the dying hour of the republic,—when they arrayed themselves in companies, under Livia Fausta, Fausta Piccolomini, and Laodamia Forteguerra, and contributed their quota to the defence, sharing every privation, and extorting from the French marshal, Montluc, the emphatic declaration that he would rather defend Siena with her women than Rome with her men, such as the men of Rome then were,—any objection to the epithet as one of weakness, timidity, or insufficiency, must necessarily vanish.

‘ No school of art, perhaps, reflects national character so vividly as that of Siena, and certainly none of the nations of Italy, if judged by its school, would descend so favourably to posterity. Reverence for religion, piety at once ardent and habitual, would thus characterize her through the whole period of her greatness. In nothing is this more remarkable than in the language of her decrees in reference to public works of art, as contrasted with those of Florence ; the latter magnificent and haughty, from an exalted sense of political greatness, the former sensitively alive doubtless to the honour of the republic, but referring all things in the first instance, humbly and reverently, to the glory of God.

‘ Correspondent to this is her solicitude for the personal character and respectability of her artists, and her liberality towards those she found deserving of her favour. In a remarkable decree, as late as 1438, respecting the election of an architect of the Duomo after the death of Giacomo della Quercia, it is provided on the one hand, that neither a usurer, gamester, contractor for illicit gain, or indulger in nameless vice, nor any one even suspected of such delinquencies, shall be eligible to the office ; on the other, that the master on whom the choice may fall, shall, like his predecessors, be knighted by the State, to enhance his personal credit and the dignity of the office, and be pensioned for life,—the annuity, in case of his death in the service of the republic, to be continued to his widow so long as she remain single, or till she enter any religious order.’

Orcagna, whom we have already noticed as sculptor and architect, reappears at this point as a painter, and the predecessor of Fra Angelico in the religious succession of Florence. We must reluctantly dismiss him with the short testimony, that

scarcely any amount of praise, moral or artistic, could be undeservedly assigned to him. But no apology will be required for dwelling more at length on the remarkable history of the chief of Christian artists, Brother John the Angelic, of Fiesole: and the most interesting details furnished by Father Vincent Marchese, a Dominican of the same convent of S. Marco in Florence, in a work¹ which Lord Lindsay regrets that he did not see till almost too late to profit by it, and to which frequent reference has already been made in this article, will assist us in our task.

Guido, for this was his baptismal name, was born in 1387, at Vicchio, in the province of Mugello, near Florence, and not far from Vespignano, the birthplace of Giotto. It is uncertain who was his first instructor in art, but it is clear that he had begun his studies, probably (as was then usual) in miniature painting for the illustration of service-books, before he entered the cloister, which was at about the twentieth year of his age. At the time of his profession he assumed the name of John, and a brother—older than himself according to most authorities, but younger according to Marchese—following his example, became known in religion as Benedetto. The Blessed Giovanni di Dominici, a monk of S. Maria Novella, had founded about this time, on the slope of the rock of Fiesole, a reformed convent of the Brothers Preachers. One of his first converts was Antonine, afterwards a saint and archbishop of Florence. In 1407, Guido of Mugello and his brother presented themselves, were accepted, and sent, like S. Antonine, for their noviciate to Cortona, where Dominic had set up another convent of the reform. In 1408, after their full profession, they returned to Fiesole, and from this residence the beatified painter has gained his usual surname.—But a day of trial soon approached. The Latin Church was now torn by the schism of the anti-popes, and Florence, till 1409, had been in communion with Gregory XII. Both he and his rival, Benedict XIII., were deposed in that year by the council of Pisa, and Alexander V. was raised to the chair of S. Peter. The Florentine republic, and the General of the Dominicans, transferred their allegiance to Alexander; and the religious of Fiesole, after undergoing with firmness both persecution and persuasion, fled by night to Foligno, which still remained faithful to Gregory. Settled in the Dominican convent of this little city, Fra Giovanni betook himself to painting: ‘which was for him,’ remarks Marchese, ‘as Montalembert and ‘Rio have well said, his ordinary prayer, and one of his ways ‘of lifting up his mind and heart to God. Dante has been said

¹ ‘*Memorie dei più insigni Pittori Scultori e Architetti Domenicani.*’ Firenze, 1845.

‘to have married to verse, in the Paradiso, the doctrine of S. Thomas Aquinas: I will add that Angelico has embodied in ‘colours the thoughts of both.’¹ After four years the plague raged in Foligno, and carried off the prior and many of the brethren: the remainder appear to have moved to Cortona, and thence in 1418, Alexander V. being dead, and also the general of their order, they were again allowed to revisit their beloved Fiesole. Here, also, Fra Angelico betook him again to his art: ‘for,’ says his Italian biographer, ‘wherever he was he would ‘scatter with full hands the flowers of art; those flowers which ‘he seemed to have gathered in Paradise. Some he scattered ‘on the Umbrian and Tuscan mountains, on the banks of the ‘Arno and the Tiber: but for the beloved hill of Fiesole were ‘reserved the most lovely and fragrant that ever dropped from ‘his hands. And right it was, that where first he had made of ‘himself a sacrifice unto God, there one should admire the most ‘beautiful fruits of his genius and piety; and had history been ‘mute in recounting his virtues, one might easily have divined ‘them from the sight of these his pictures; viz. his low thoughts ‘of himself, his most burning charity, his contempt of earthly ‘goods, and, in fine, the tears and the sighs of that soul ‘enamoured of heaven.’—*Marchese*, vol. i. p. 257.

In this residence he painted that exquisite series of thirty-five subjects from the life of our Blessed Lord, which is happily now becoming widely known among us by means of M. Nocchi’s outlines. Some of them are engraved also in the ‘Galleria dell’ ‘I. e R. Accademia delle Belle Arti di Firenze,’ with descriptive and judicious letter-press by various writers.

The Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, preserved in the Uffizi Gallery, is described better by Father Marchese than by Lord Lindsay. ‘In the upper part, a most shining ray of gold ‘issues from a centre like a sun, and forms the ground of the ‘picture: in the midst is the Blessed Virgin, seated at the right ‘hand of her Son. Instead of being habited in white, as his ‘Virgins *Incoronate* usually are, she has a mantle of azure ‘studded with minute golden stars; her hands sweetly crossed ‘on her breast; her face and person somewhat bent in the ‘attitude of affection mingled with reverence. The Divine

¹ A living poet has gracefully introduced the character of the Angelico in some verses on Florence.

‘Thou hast them all for teachers; he is there,
The limner cowed, who never moved his hand
Till he had steeped his inmost soul in prayer:
Him thou art bound to in a special band,
For he was born, and fed his heart, as thou,
On storied Fiesole’s fair-folded brow.’

Memorials of Many Lands, by R. Monckton Milnes, p. 144.

‘ Word, like his mother, has an azure mantle, and a tunic the colour of the rose: He is not strictly crowning Mary, but is placing a sparkling gem in her coronet;—a thought supremely mystical, whose significance the devout painter has reserved to himself. A band of angels, the loveliest possible, form an encircling crown, some playing on all kinds of instruments, some, nearer the throne, joining hands in the dance. Two, lower down, prostrate in adoration, cense with thuribles: two others draw a heavenly melody from their harps. There beams from the countenances and movements of all a grace, an ecstasy, a marvellous love, that the words of Dante recur at once to one’s thought:

“ Ed a quel mezzo con le penne sparte
Vidi più di mille angeli festanti,
Ciascun distinto di fulgore e d’arte.
Vidi quivi a lor giuochi ed a lor canti
Ridere una bellezza, che letizia
Era negli occhi a tutti gli altri santi.”—*Parad.* xxxi.

‘ At the lower part of the picture, in most fair order, are disposed, right and left, a vast multitude of saints, who seem, indeed, according to the expression of the Allighieri, to rejoice in that sight, and in those heavenly sounds.’¹—Vol. i. p. 270.

‘ Words,’ says Lord Lindsay, speaking of this picture, and that other of the Last Judgment, so eloquently described by Montalembert, (*‘Du Vandalisme et du Catholicisme dans l’Art,’* p. 251,) ‘ really fail me in speaking of these remarkable productions; they are so unlike anything else; and the emotions which inspired them, and which they re-excite in the spectator, are so peculiar and inexpressible by language, that it would be folly to attempt their utterance.’

In 1436, some of the Dominicans of Fiesole, and among them, Fra Angelico, moved to Florence, where Cosmo de’ Medici gave them the Convent of S. Marco. Upon the walls of the corridors and cells of this house remain what are probably the best of all the works of our painter. At Rome, and Orvieto, where he painted towards the close of his life, his works were also in fresco,—a style to which he seems to have given the preference as his age advanced. ‘ Per questa via,’ says Marchese, with some truth and some spite, ‘ le opere sue ultime ebbero sorte migliore; perciocchè come non poterono essere involate dagli oltremontani, così rimasero nel tempio santo di Dio a pascere della lor vista la pietà dei fedeli; nè ebbero a vergognare della prossimità di oscene dipinture, come spesso è avvenuto a quelle in tavola nelle pubbliche gallerie.’

¹ The writer goes on to complain of this divine picture being hung in the gallery over a naked nymph of Allori.

No one, we think, will grudge the space required for the description (borrowed generally from the less known and more reverent author) of one or two of his most famous pictures. Unlike his contemporaries, Fra Angelico never represented, in a crucifixion, our Saviour as already dead, or distorted, or painfully emaciated; but as still living, shedding blood from His wounds, and with such an expression of serenity and love on the Divine countenance, that all may see He suffered by choice and from compassion: 'a thought which invites and draws the beholder, with vast efficacy, to a sense of compunction.' And again; instead of crowding the scene of the crucifixion with ruffians and mockers, he was wont to show a background of quiet and lovely country, and to group a few holy personages round the cross. 'Had he wished to please the Medici, and the patrons of the antique and the nude, his heart would never have consented. The subject was too sacred, too dear to the painter. Before taking his brush, he used to throw himself at the foot of the crucifix, just like S. Thomas Aquinas before raising his pen. There prostrate, he prayed and meditated on the subject he was about to paint. Tears would gush plentifully from his eyes, his heart palpitate, his mind be lifted up above the world: then he took his pencil and began; and, having finished, he never thought it lawful to retouch his work, believing that his thoughts had been inspired, to add to, or take from which, would have been an irreverence.'

The subjects of the frescoes in S. Marco are forty in number. M. de Montalembert had said they were from the legend of the Blessed Virgin, for which he is rebuked by the Dominican, who declares that they are from the life of our Lord himself, some few scenes being borrowed from the former, 'which necessarily unite the life of the Mother and that of the Son.'—(See *Marchese*, vol. i. p. 293.) It is curious to see the hasty and scarcely ingenuous assertion of the ultramontane Frenchman corrected, for mere truth's sake, by the recluse. This is necessary to be insisted on, for there is a great desire among many of our own communion to disparage, or institute comparisons about, such a subject, for instance, as the Annunciation; as if that event were more nearly connected with the life of the Blessed Virgin than with that of our incarnate Lord.

How willingly would we offer our readers a description of the whole series! But we must select a few. In the Institution of the Holy Eucharist, the apostles are seated, and our Saviour, holding the chalice in His left hand, gives the wafer with His right. Their expression is a mixed one of 'exceeding

¹ We learn that the same is recorded of the Spanish artist Macip, Vicente Joanes.—*Stirling*, i. 17.

‘wonder, the tenderest devotion, and impatient desire to taste that heavenly food.’ In the Mockery by Herod, the soul of the painter could scarcely bear to represent our Lord’s humanity under such circumstances of scorn and ignominy: ‘so that he studied to make appear in some way, under the humble mortal guise, His Divinity. Hence he has placed Him on a throne in an attitude of extreme majesty, His eyes bandaged, but still flashing through the veil, severe and *almost* threatening.’ But the mockers are absent: the Virgin-Mother and S. Dominic are alone present in contemplation. Again, ‘The Crucifixion he painted in more cells than one: and in that tenanted by the author of the present memoirs he has drawn, with a most devout fancy, our Lord mounting the cross, spontaneously offering Himself to death, and at the foot His mother swooning in the arms of the Magdalene.’—Vol. i. p. 299.

But the crowning one of the series, the Coronation of the Virgin, claims a longer notice. ‘Her sweetness and purity,’ says Lord Lindsay, and without any exaggeration, ‘are beyond the sphere of criticism;—they sink into the heart and dwell there in the dim but holy light of memory, in association with looks and thoughts too sacred for sunshine, and too deep for tears.’ (Vol. i. p. 185). Marchese, after still stronger expressions of despair as to success in describing it, thus attempts the task. ‘On a white cloud, all iridescent with quivering hues, is the Virgin, dressed in white. Her arms are joined on her breast, her countenance animated with a heavenly smile, and her figure bent as she leans forwards to her Son; *e stava tutta umile in tanta gloria.*’ The Divine Word, to whom she had given birth, is seated by her side, and makes a sign of crowning her. Not that he is disposing with his hands that golden diadem:—he scarcely touches it with his finger-tips, as if he were bidding it fly to encircle his mother’s head. A sublime thought, which recalls to the mind the *fiat* of creation. His raiment is also white, which, shown over the whiteness of the cloud, shaded only by a faint tint of chiaroscuro, looks, I say not light, but actually unsubstantial. And if Angelico in the management of drapery is always perfect, here he is even wonderful. Below are three Saints on one side, and an equal number on the other; who, supported in like manner on a white cloud, in an ecstasy of love are contemplating that glory. Herein he has followed the song of Dante, disposing these six figures in a semi-circle, as though they were one of those “garlands” of blessed spirits who continually sing and dance

¹ Petrarch.

‘around the throne of God. They are S. Paul, S. Thomas Aquinas, S. Benedict, S. Dominic, S. Francis, and S. Peter Martyr. All alike are lifting their eyes and hands upwards; and from their faces shines a joy, a bliss, that in beholding them one seems lifted up into their company. This subject is pourtrayed in tints so delicate and transparent, with such sweetness of pencil, that instead of a picture, it looks like a heavenly vision: and so perchance it appeared in truth to the devout artist as he coloured it.’—*Marchese*, vol. iii. p. 301.

A Deposition from the Cross, and a Last Judgment, both in the Accademia at Florence, are, with the last-described fresco, his greatest works. For an account of both we must refer to the interesting volumes which we have laid under such heavy contribution, promising any who shall take our advice, that they will have no cause to regret making acquaintance with Father V. Marchese’s history of the distinguished artists of his order.

Pope Nicholas V., while plain Tomaso Calendrino, being employed at Florence by Cosmo de’ Medici to arrange and catalogue a library, had recognised the merit of Fra Angelico. When raised to the pontificate in 1447, he summoned him to Rome,¹ and a small chapel in the Vatican, covered internally with the history of the two deacon-saints, S. Stephen and S. Laurence, remains one of the most precious treasures in the papal city. Hundreds of visitors of the Vatican fail to see—and happily, if they are incapable of appreciating it—this little chapel: M. de Montalembert mentions that its very existence had fallen into such oblivion, that the keys were lost, and ‘le savant Bottari’ had to enter it by climbing through the window.

At this time must have occurred the incident told by Vasari and Alberti, of the simple-hearted friar refusing meat at the invitation, or rather command, of the pontiff, because he had not had the licence of his immediate superior. This anecdote we will not yield, though we fear the story of his declining the archbishopric of Florence must be abandoned. Father Marchese, however, gives us a pretext for believing half of it, by showing a probability that Eugenius IV. had consulted the guileless monk about his convent brethren when the see fell vacant, and, guided by his advice, had fixed his choice on his old friend S. Antonine. During the sojourn at Rome, he executed also works at Orvieto, where he received the honourable title of *Maestro dei Maestri*. In spite of Lord Lindsay’s opposite conclusion, we doubt whether he ever re-visited Tuscany. He deceased at Rome, March 18, 1455, in the sixty-eighth year of

¹ Fra Angelico may perhaps have visited Rome during the closing period of the pontificate of Eugenius IV.—See *Marchese*, vol. i. p. 322, and *Rio*, p. 197.

his age, and is buried in the Dominican church of S. Maria sopra Minerva.

Here we must leave the biographer, and should turn to Lord Lindsay for a sounder criticism of the style of this beatified artist but for two sufficient reasons. First, that we give our readers credit for preferring to decline altogether criticism of what is perhaps so much beyond it,¹ and also because Lord Lindsay, though more than usually elaborate in the attempt, is remarkably unsatisfactory. His own peculiar theory has to be propitiated here by too many sacrifices: and still all his efforts fail to adjust to the equipoise of antagonistic forces the merit of a painter, whose excellence is the result of unbounded devotion and love towards God and man. Lord Lindsay's heart, wiser than his judgment, bids him love the Angelico, who was ever in extremes. The consequence of this conflict is, that the critical summary of Fra Angelico is more than commonly unintelligible, and is altogether a very unworthy termination to the graceful and hearty history of his artistic life. One sentence shall suffice: 'Creeds, therefore, are 'at issue; and no exclusive partisan, either Catholic or Protestant, in the absolute sense of the terms, can fairly appreciate Fra Angelico.' The truth is, that by no Protestant, in any sense but such as may apply to our own pages, can the blessed Angelico be really understood.

We turn, in preference, to the Count de Montalembert, for a brief eulogium of the character of the Beato.

'Tout catholique doit éprouver un ineffable bonheur en con-

¹ The rapturous terms in which his admirers speak of Fra Angelico, seem exaggerated to those, even partizans of the religious school of art, who have had no opportunity of seeing any of his best works; and many, we know, who visited with the highest expectations the exhibition of the British Institution in the present year, came back much disappointed with the two specimens reported to be by that painter in that collection. To such we may say, that an *undoubted* Angelico, such, for example, as the Paradise in the Louvre, would (we stake our reputation upon it) surpass their very highest anticipations. There are, even in the Accademia at Florence, some pictures assigned to Fra Angelico, which are feeble and unsatisfactory: they may, or may not, be genuine. Of the two this year exhibited in London, the large one, the Assumption, in the possession of Mr. W. Fuller Maitland, may be, we think, rightly assigned; but it is a very inferior specimen, thin and meagre in colouring and design, and with little of Fra Angelico's peculiar beauty. The other small one, 'Salome dancing before Herod,' in the possession of Mr. Rogers, is, we have no hesitation in declaring, not genuine. There is no trace of Fra Angelico's manner in it, except the *tournure* of Salome. It is probably some daub of a copy. We cannot help saying, as we have mentioned the British Institution exhibition of 1848, that the Directors have deserved very well of the public for offering these specimens of the early Italian religious schools. The Holy Family, by Ghirlandajo, belonging to the Rev. J. Sandford, the fragments of fresco by Giotto, and the Madonna by Van Eyck, in particular have afforded a great treat to the visitors. In that most interesting picture of Lord Pembroke's, King Richard II. and his Patron Saints, painted in 1377, may be seen a confirmation of Lord Lindsay's theory, mentioned above, of the longevity of the early Roman type in the English school.

‘templant ces œuvres merveilleuses où Dieu a permis que la perfection de l’expression vint répondre à la sainteté de l’intention, et qui sont, on peut le dire hardiment, le *nec plus ultra* de l’art chrétien. Ce qui le prouve mieux que tout, c’est le sentiment de piété, de componction, qui saisit tout d’abord à la vue d’un des tableaux du *Beato*; on reconnaît la religion, avec toute sa force, qui nous parle sous la voile de la plus pure beauté.’—*Du Vandalisme et du Catholicisme dans l’Art*, p. 97.

The Blessed Angelico of Fiesole, as our readers will have seen, presents the very ideal of the Christian painter, which we ventured to desiderate in the beginning of this article. The glory of God, and the instruction of his fellow-men, were the ends he never ceased to pursue. He felt that all his gifts were from above; and his every work was begun and finished under an abiding sense of humility and responsibility. The result is, that he stands at the head of Christian artists. We do not mean to say that he might not have made yet further progress towards (at least mechanical) perfection; nor dare we say it is impossible for any one, equally gifted, equally pure hearted, not only to rival but excel him. Rather, we would put him forward as the brightest example the world has yet seen of a Christian artist. Fra Angelico, we would say to each aspirant, is chief among painters, because the holiest. Go thou and do likewise. He is chief of Christian artists; but by no means the only Christian artist. There are numbers in every branch of art, whose profession was, as with him, ‘a kind of prayer.’ Orcagna, in all three arts,—Francesco Francia, or Perugino, or Carpaccio, or Luini in painting,—Della Robbia, in his earthenware,—Verrocchio, or Fra Guglielmo, with his chisel,—Blessed James of Ulm, in stained glass,—occur at once to the mind.¹ We will conclude our more detailed notice of Lord Lindsay’s volumes with an account of a less-known artist of this sacred company,—

¹ Two very interesting works, by Sir Edmund Head and Mr. Stirling, published since this article was written, introduce us to the nearly unknown ground of Spanish Art. They show satisfactorily that the Spanish schools retained a religious impress long after the Church in other countries had lost its empire over art. They are remarkable, therefore, for the absence of much that is offensive and depraved in the Italian development; but at the same time, it may be doubted if the influence of the Spanish clergy has not been excessive in degree and prejudicial in kind, in so far as it was used not merely to elevate the moral character and exalt the aim and direct the choice of subjects of the artist, but to prescribe the details and cramp the energies of the art. The curious volume of Ayala (*Pictor Christianus*), is therefore not so much like the religious and healthy work of Cennino, as the narrow and servile manual of Byzantine art which M. Didron found at Mount Athos. Into this question, however, we need not further enter. Suffice it to say, that Spain can boast of some religious painters worthy to be associated with the distinguished list in the text—for instance, Macip and Morales: besides claiming an *El Beato*, (Pedro Nicolas Factor,) of its own, famous at least for the sanctity of his life. Our distinguished contemporary, the Quarterly Review (No. cxlv. p. 3, note), in a

both because we desire to leave off with so worthy a termination, and because the remaining chapters,—one, from which we make our last extract, on the primitive school of Bologna, and the final one on the early state of the arts generally north of the Alps—are both, and particularly the latter, less generally interesting perhaps, and more hurriedly executed. Let us hear, then, something about Lippo Dalmasio, a painter of Bologna.

‘Contemporary with Jacobus flourished the celebrated Lippo Dalmasio, a pupil of Vitale and his heir in piety and in the surname “Dalle Madonne.” While Cristoforo, Lorenzo, and Jacobus developed the Dramatic side of painting, Lippo adhered almost exclusively to the Contemplative; his Madonnas are as numerous at Bologna as the Crucifixes of Simon, but almost all have been repainted; the most beautiful of them, the “Madonna del Monte,” may be seen in the SS. Annunziata; the colouring is soft, the face is rather unintellectual, but very sweet, pure and virginal, grace mingling with and softening a hard outline; an unearthly feeling of divinity is suffused over it, thrilling the sense and the imagination like the Madonna of Orsanmichele, and others by the early Semi-Byzantine painters. The veil is bound tightly under the chin, as in the works of Orcagna and Fra Angelico; and there is the same lovely yet mysterious sympathy between the Mother and the Child as in the Madonnas of the Siennese and Umbrians. Guido, who, like all great masters, felt and acknowledged the merits of his ancestors in art, was an especial admirer of this painting; Count Carlo Malvasia, the historian of the Bolognese school, surprised

notice of Spanish art, has committed a blunder which calls for observation. The writer quotes two lines of Prudentius:—

‘Innumeri circum pueri, miserabile visu!
Confossa parvis membra figebant stylis.’

And continues, ‘A prosody, by the way, of the first Christian poet, which of itself would martyrize more than one Master of Arts at Eton, supposing the aforesaid styles could be got over.’ Forgetting the Epodes of Horace, he has mistaken the trimeter iambic for a pentameter! We cannot commit our brother reviewer to a severer punishment than the merciless irony of—say the accomplished writer of the Handbook for Spain, Mr. Ford himself.

Mr. Stirling’s work, (*Annals of the Artists of Spain*: Ollivier,) deserves very high commendation. As is only fitting for the literature of art, its mechanical execution, in the way of typography and illustration, is itself no mean specimen of art: it is something higher than craft. The work itself combines technical knowledge of the subject, with some sketches of contemporaneous events of which the historic muse might not be ashamed. With less of that exuberance of wit and, we are compelled to add, occasional profanity, of that perpetual flow of varied illustration and allusion, of that genial versatility which ranges through so many bye-paths, at once classical and hagiological, poetical and historical, which renders Mr. Ford’s work one of the most provokingly interesting in our language, Mr. Stirling, upon a more even range, walks perhaps with a firmer foot. If he is patient and laborious, sometimes almost to the verge of prolixity, he always writes sensibly, while to a criticism refined, as well as learned and accurate, he adds some graces of style; and, on the whole, he has produced a work in a field into which English literature has hitherto sent few labourers—a field in which, let us add, that it is quite a credit to our age, that men of rank and fortune, such as Lord Lindsay and the writers just named, should be among the first English pioneers. In enumerating the valuable qualities of Mr. Stirling’s ‘Annals,’ we ought not to forget some good translations in verse, as well as some illustrations of Spanish bibliography.

him one day contemplating it in a sort of ecstasy, and he vindicated himself by observing that "there was a certain superhuman character in the countenance of Lippo's Madonnas, which made him think his pencil had been moved by a hidden gift of inspiration rather than mere mortal skill, exhibiting (as he did) in those pure mirrors of the ideal, a holiness, a modesty, a purity, and a gravity, which no modern artist, however excellent, however studious, had ever been able to attain to. He proceeded to recount to me," continues the writer, "how devotionally affected Lippo had been towards the Mother of God; whence," he said, "we should not marvel that his hand so well expressed the image which he bore imprinted on his heart;" adding, that "he never painted her without fasting the previous evening, and receiving absolution and the bread of angels" (the Eucharist) "on the morning after,"—that "finally, having become a Carmelite monk, he died as he had lived, in sanctity—never, after his profession, painting for hire, but for devotion; making presents of all his works, which uniformly represented the Virgin, except on one occasion, when, in obedience to his superiors, he painted certain histories of Elijah the prophet on the walls of a chapel—full of spirit, as he (Guido) well remembered, having seen them before they were destroyed, to the great regret of all the artists of Bologna."—An account to which I need only add, correctively, that Lippo having died married, it could only have been as a "terziario," or lay-associate, that he joined the order of Mount Carmel.—Vol. iii. p. 216.

We have now given our readers a general idea of the contents of these interesting volumes. It will be seen how highly we value them, in spite of the numerous objections we have been obliged to urge. Lord Lindsay has brought to his task a cultivated understanding, a refined taste, and, we believe also, a heart ready to sympathize with all that is good and noble. On the other side we must rank an unfortunate disposition to unlimited and rash speculation, and, the usual fault of a transcendentalist, the habit of mistaking ambiguity for depth, and the crudest thoughts for glimpses of undiscovered truth. The latter tendencies, not being checked by that safeguard which a sound faith provides for a better Churchman than our author, have often led him into very deplorable irreverence: of this we have already referred, in a note, to a memorable instance; and many more might be gathered from other portions of the work. Lord Lindsay's miserable view, in strict accordance with his theory, that his own Church is 'neither Catholic nor Protestant,' justifies him, he thinks, in condemning all that departs from the ambiguous no-man's-land in which lies the path of his own particular belief. For example, the legends of 'martyr-saints' are distinguished by 'a closer approximation to polytheism,' and are 'Brahminical' (vol. i. p. lxxvi.): the ascetic legends, on the contrary, have 'an affinity with the Shamanism and 'Buddhism of the East,' (vol. i. p. civ.) Elsewhere we are shocked with the following painful combination of ideas. 'In the 'Egyptian mythology, the desert is considered the abode and 'domain of Typhon, the Evil Principle, the enemy of Osiris. It

‘was *similarly* in the wilderness that our Saviour retired to be ‘tempted of the Devil,’ (p. cxi.) Less irreverent, but still what no Catholic would have penned, is the following: ‘S. Michael ‘figures in these legends as the heir or representative of Thoth, ‘through the Grecian Hermes, or Mercury,’ (p. cciii.)

Again, a very good version of the *Dies Iræ*—for Lord Lindsay possesses poetical talents of no mean order—is prefaced by a sentence, the injustice of which towards the mediæval Church, and the inconsistency of which with the real feeling of the hymn itself, can only be explained by supposing an amount of prejudice in the author most discreditable to a person of his acquirements. He speaks of this magnificent hymn ‘as expressive of the feelings of dread and almost despair, with ‘which the Christians of the middle ages—taught to look on ‘Christ as Jehovah, rather than the merciful Mediator through ‘whose atoning blood, and all-sufficient merits, the sinner is ‘reconciled to his Maker—looked forward to the awful consummation of all things,’ (vol. i. p. ccvii.) Why, is not the whole hymn a profound prayer to our Judge *as* our Redeemer?

In one place, again, some authoritative interpretations of the fathers—one, at least, of them, sanctioned by our own office for Baptism—are dismissed as ‘verging upon the ludicrous’ (vol. i. p. xlix.): in another, Lord Lindsay informs his readers that he is ‘far from being an implicit admirer of the ante-Nicene ‘Church,’ (vol. i. p. 51); and in a third passage he flatly charges Bishop Jeremy Taylor with Valentinianism, on the strength of this passage from his *Life of Christ*: ‘As there was no sin ‘in the conception, so neither had she (the Blessed Virgin) pain ‘in the production, as the Church, from the days of Gregory ‘Nazianzen until now, hath piously believed.’—Vol. ii. p. 236, note.

Lord Lindsay will probably, before long, publish the continuation of his work; and we shall, in any case, hail with pleasure the result of his further labours. Could we but hope that his favourite theory would be abandoned, and that he would condescend to give us the fruit of his studies and observations, arranged in a sensible chronological order, and embodied in his own felicitous language, we should look forward with double anxiety to the fulfilment of his promise. As it is, he has produced a work which will endear his name to most of the lovers of art, and which will be of great practical value to multitudes of readers. Judiciously used, no book could form a better introduction to the study of art, for one about to commence what may still be called the grand tour. How much, not only of the profit, but even of the pleasure, of continental travel is lost to most of our young travellers for want of such a

preliminary education in what they are going to see, and ought to admire! And should the course of future events render Italy for some years inaccessible, many will have to seek in these pages that information which they will have no other opportunity of acquiring. But there is another, and more important audience, for which such works ought to be designed. Such a writer as Lord Lindsay has it in his power to be, owes it to posterity to hand down, in his vivid and faithful descriptions, the memory of works of early art which are themselves fast perishing. Yet a few years, and by the hand of time alone, if by no other, S. Francesco of Assiso, and the Campo Santo of Pisa, will have lost the last traces of their priceless enrichments. Lord Lindsay himself has beautifully drawn out the thought, that the works of painters are at best but calculated to last for a few centuries. Speaking of the great Christian artists, he says, ‘Now, alas! comparatively few and fading are the relics of these great and good men. While Dante’s voice rings clear as ever, communing with us as friend with friend, theirs is dying gradually away, fainter and fainter, like the farewell of a spirit. Flaking off the walls, uncared for and neglected, save in a few rare instances, scarce one of their frescoes will survive the century.’—Vol. iii. p. 418. Future ages, then, will depend much on us, and our judgments, with respect to the patriarchs of Christian painting. The revival of a Christian school in our own days, under Overbeck, has been accompanied by a corresponding awakening among the mere admirers and critics of art; and Lord Lindsay is one of the earliest writers who, notwithstanding his theoretical avoidance of anything positive, may be fairly reckoned as a Christian critic. Hence, in our judgment, the importance of his work for a generation subsequent to our own. Would that the part already finished, and, still more, that yet to come, might be divested of those blemishes which we have felt it to be our duty to point out! and then we should entertain the pleasing conviction, that Lord Lindsay had established an undeniable claim to be considered, under its highest aspect, a trustworthy guide in the history and criticism of art.

ART. II.—*Principles of Political Economy, with some of their applications to Social Philosophy.* By JOHN STUART MILL. 2 vols. 8vo. London: J. W. Parker. 1848.

THIS is unquestionably the book of its year. No other publication of the London press that has as yet appeared for the year 1848, can be classed with these two volumes in solidity, comprehensiveness, grasp of the subject, and all those qualities which evidence mature thought and deliberate composition, and destine a work for permanence. No better proof can be given of their substantial material than the fact, that though published in April, none of the larger reviews (the *Westminster*, naturally enough, excepted) ventured to commit themselves to a notice of them in July. It was felt at once that they required longer digestion, and that, unlike the flimsy books of the season, which must be reviewed as soon as published or not at all, they would keep for six months.

It is natural to begin by something like a comparison of the present with the former work, by which Mr. Mill established his authority so high among the select few who in this country have a name and place in abstract science. Such as are acquainted with 'A System of Logic' will, we think, have felt that, with whatever success and novelty Mr. Mill there treated the purely abstract and logical part of his subject, yet it was in the practical application and bearing of his views of method that his true strength lay. And though his investigation of the laws of scientific inquiry embraced, of course, all science, yet he seems to move on in that investigation with a continual reference to the moral and social sciences, and to be bringing his main conclusions to bear towards that most interesting book, the sixth and last of his treatise, which contains what is most original in the whole work, the attempt to bring the phenomena of social life under the same law of constancy of causation as the changes of the material world. This discussion, though only a supplement or appendix to the rest of the treatise, appears to us to be the mark towards which his course has been directed throughout the previous inquiry, which he may have regarded as a necessary preliminary, an organon, or canon, to that right treatment of moral subjects which he considers 'destined to be the great intellectual achievement of the next two or three generations of European thinkers.' The present treatise

on Political Economy might have arisen out of an attempt to apply the general principles of scientific inquiry to this department of social science. For though the author modestly disclaims for himself any attempt¹ to construct a science of ethics and politics on M. Comte's principles, yet there are peculiar facilities offered for such an attempt by that portion of the vast field of social science belonging to economics. Political Economy is, in short, the link between the physical and the moral sciences. It is that one department of politics in which the causes of a given phenomenon are most nearly all ascertainable, and most nearly independent of human will. It is not in the state of an exact science, because though we know the ultimate laws, yet our data cannot, in most individual cases, be made complete. It is more reducible to exact formula than morals and politics, as its phenomena are less intricate than those in which motive and will are concerned—in which, in fact, no two cases are ever exactly alike, the same sequence is never repeated. Political Economy thus affords the stepping-stone by which the positive philosopher may pass from the natural to the moral world.

If the subject of the present volumes thus affords more congenial scope for the author's mind, their manner also seems to us almost to equal that of their predecessors. There is the same precision, rigour of statement, combined with a fulness which never leaves any obscurity about the meaning of a single statement. Of few books on such subjects can it be said, as it may of these, that there is no single sentence or paragraph in the whole which needs to be read twice over to ascertain what the author meant by it. This very desire to be understood leads to a defect in the direction of superabundance, which is even more marked in this than it was in the former work. '*Deux gros volumes à ne dire que très peu de choses*,' the too severe criticism passed on the *Logic* by one of the most distinguished French metaphysicians, cannot be denied to be applicable to the style of the present work. Not that Mr. Mill has not plenty to say—he exhausts his subject; but it must be allowed that he might say it in fewer words. Indeed, in this respect the science seems doomed to be unfortunate. None of the great doctors of Political economy have been masters of style. In this quality they present a striking contrast to the masters of moral science. Hobbes, Hume, and Berkeley, will be classics as long as the English language is read; but the redundant copiousness of Adam Smith, the great founder of their science, and his wearisome repetition of its formularies, seems to have infected all those who come after him. In one redeeming quality Mr. Mill will not bear comparison with the '*Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations*;

¹ *Logic*, ii. p. 477.

we mean, in that variety of illustrations drawn from every quarter of life and manners by which the work of Adam Smith is embellished. Mr. Mill, indeed, shows a complete acquaintance with the economical history of the world, and a careful estimate of the conditions of all the countries on the globe; but he draws his inferences from his array of facts with the cold precision of the natural philosopher, without the happy knack of throwing in the illustrations in the form in which it might best seize on the imagination. The lucidity, however, of his dissertation, and its complete exhaustive method, are merits so high as fully to overbalance these deficiencies. Of these merits we shall presently give our readers sufficient specimens.

Passing from the style to the substance of the book, its first and most obvious claim to attention is its completeness. In this respect it stands without a rival. All previous treatises on the subject had either been confined to the discussion of some one or more special topics, or had been written to promulgate peculiar views of their authors, or had been merely elementary introductions for the use of students. Mr. Mill, while going over the whole field—omitting, as far as we can see, no one portion of it—treats it not as giving the results of others' reasonings, but as enunciating principles which he has proved and verified himself. He has supplied what was much wanted on this subject, a complete *resumé* of the economical doctrines now received, with a statement and discussion of the evidence on which they rest, and the inferences to be again deduced from them;—and this *resumé* is not the work of the abridger or abstractor of other books, but of the philosopher himself elaborating and sifting the facts of his science. This book will become at once the standard manual on Political Economy.

But though Mr. Mill has not (as some writers have done) published a treatise on Political Economy for the sake of advancing some favourite views of his own, he has yet made in these volumes an addition of the very highest importance to the *corpus scientiarum* as at this day received. This is the mode in which he has insisted on the distribution of wealth.

The subject of economics may be divided into the laws of Production, and those of the Distribution of wealth; how nations become rich, and in what proportions those riches are shared among the individuals composing the nation. The welfare of a people depends on both these conditions, but the latter is more important to happiness than the former. A given annual income pretty nearly equally distributed throughout a given number of persons, will produce a larger amount of comfort and enjoyment than the same amount of income shared among a few individuals of the whole society, while the rest are left with a bare pittance.

He who unites in himself ten shares sufficient to secure ease and leisure to ten families, will not be himself as happy as those ten families would have been. Yet in both these cases the total wealth of the collective society is the same. Now, though it cannot be said that political economists had neglected the second branch of the subject, yet it must be allowed that they had attached themselves too exclusively to the consideration of the first branch. They had been rather occupied in tracing the laws of the progress of wealth. It is some palliation of the blind prejudices against this science, long entertained by some who ought to have been better informed, that it seemed, in the hands of the school to which we are now referring, to have identified itself with the interests of the capitalists as against those of the labourer. The condition of the given community was overlooked, and the amount of its accumulations alone regarded. There had been an inclination on the part of some continental writers, among them some of the most distinguished *economistes*, to confound politics with political economy, and, embracing too extensive a field, to let their speculations trench on the domain of the statesman. By a reaction against this error, the English writers fell into the opposite mistake of confining themselves to too narrow a field, and thought that the whole business of their science was to ascertain the laws of aggregate production. Man was thus degraded for the time into a machine for creating capital. The actual condition, the poverty and hopeless toil of the labouring class, was assumed as a datum, just as a Greek philosopher assumed slavery. Hence the dislike entertained by the working classes, and all those who looked at society from their point of view, against a political economist, whom they looked on as a confidante of their great oppressors, as labouring to justify on theoretical grounds the actual *exploitation*, the using-up of the labourer by the capitalist. A singular instance of this not unfounded prejudice was lately furnished in France, where just ideas on the subject have made still less progress than in this country, by the suppression of the chair of Political Economy in the College of France, which was one of the first acts of the Provisional Government: the people thus showing that they regarded the doctrines of the science as hostile to themselves.

The fact was, that the system of the prevailing school of economists was not false, but imperfect. They had traced most profoundly the law of increase, and had only omitted to notice that this was only one feature in the whole economical condition of a nation. The laws of distribution differ indeed from those of production, in that they are more dependent than the latter on the institutions and usages of men. But they are not on that account arbitrary, or to be determined only by the principles of

politics: governments and nations can in some measure determine what institutions shall be established, but they cannot determine how those institutions shall work. The conditions on which the power they possess over the distribution of wealth depends, are determined by laws as rigid as those of production itself. It is the prominence which Mr. Mill has given to this part of the science, and the mode in which at every point he carries out the theory of production from the point where it has been left by English writers, into its further consequences as affecting the condition of the people, that forms the chief interest of his book. Though the truth itself thus enunciated by him cannot be said to be new, yet the way in which he has brought it into view, as the one point towards which all the other investigations of the science must be subservient, securing it from being ever again overlooked, as it had been, by writers on the subject, forms the most valuable accession to the substance of economical science that has been made since Mr. Malthus' discovery of the law of population.

The professed theories of economy which have had extensive influence on legislation, are but two: the Mercantile system, which made wealth consist in the possession of the precious metals, reigned till gradually supplanted by the truer views struck out by Adam Smith, and which, as reduced to formula in Malthus' theory of the growth of population and production, has been called the Industrial system. The Mercantile system was a radically false one; the Industrial, which succeeded it, is true, but imperfect: it gives the law of growth, without those of the stationary or mature condition to which that growth tends. The Mercantile theory, which, for centuries before it was known under that name, or known as a theory at all, had in fact been the principle on which all states, despotic or free, Henry VIII. as well as Venice or Holland, conducted their affairs, is now universally seen to be erroneous, and is to be classed with the belief, once as universal, that the earth is the centre of the universe.

'It often happens that the universal belief of one age of mankind—a belief from which no one was, nor without an extraordinary effort of genius and courage could, at that time be free—becomes to a subsequent age so palpable an absurdity, that the only difficulty then is to imagine how such a thing can ever have appeared credible. It has so happened with the doctrine, that money is synonymous with wealth. The conceit seems too preposterous to be thought of as a serious opinion. It looks like one of the rude fancies of childhood instantly corrected by a word from a grown person. But let no one feel confident that he should have escaped the delusion if he had lived at the time when it prevailed. All the associations engendered by common life, and by the ordinary course of business, concurred in favouring it. So long as those associations were the only medium through which the subject was looked at, what we now think so

gross an absurdity, must have seemed a truism. Once questioned, indeed, it was doomed; but no one was likely to think of questioning it, whose mind had not become familiar with certain modes of stating and of contemplating economical phenomena, which have only found their way into the general understanding through the influence of Adam Smith and his expositors.'—Vol. i. p. 3.

We shall not stop further on the Mercantile system than to observe, that in no science, except astronomy, has the revolution been so entire from one set of opinions to their opposites as in political economy. This contrast is forcibly expressed by Dr. Twiss in his entertaining Lectures on the History of Political Economy. 'The distance is very great which separates the seventeenth from the nineteenth century. It was then believed that the precious metals passed from one country to another as money for the payment of balances; it is now understood that they are transferred as commodities, according as their market value rises or falls in different countries. It was then believed that you could sell your own commodities to foreign nations without purchasing any of their goods; it is now understood that every nation must discharge its debts with the produce of its own soil and labour. It was then believed that the excess of the value of exports over imports was the best evidence of a prosperous commerce with other nations; it is now understood that a profitable trade with foreign countries is shown by the superior value of the goods brought home as compared with the commodities sent abroad. It was then believed that gold and silver were the most profitable articles of importation; it is now understood that it is immaterial what kinds of commodities are imported, provided they are of equal value. It was then believed that the gain of one nation was the loss of another; it is now understood that the exchange of equivalents is the foundation of all commerce, from the simple barter of the untutored Indian to the most complicated and extensive operations of the London merchant.'

We now proceed to point out the defects of the Industrial system, after premising that Mr. Mill's division of his subject is as follows:—

The Treatise is divided into five books: Book i. treats of Production; Book ii. of Distribution; a long book, Book iii. is devoted to Exchange and the manifold inquiries embraced under that head. The two remaining books form heads less usual in treatises on political economy—The Influence of Progress, and the Influence of Government on Distribution and Production. It is not our purpose to follow the author, step by step, over so vast a subject. We shall devote our space to collecting from his volumes such light as his discussions throw

on the simple but vital question, the present condition of our population; the causes that have led to that condition; and the means, if any, which our knowledge can point out for remedying that condition.

First, then, What are the laws according to which has been produced, and is maintained, that state of society which prevails at present in the civilized countries of Europe; and which, with whatever varieties of race, climate, government, and degree, is substantially the same in all of them?

That which gives its peculiar character and its chief difficulty to social science is the fact that its phenomena are not fixed, but progressive. When we have obtained a collective view of economical facts, considered as existing simultaneously, and ascertained the principles of their interdependence, we are very far from having done all we have to do. This has only put us in possession of the economical laws of a stationary and unchanging society; a condition of things which, though necessary to be assumed as an hypothesis for the purposes of reasoning, is purely hypothetical, and not the actual condition of any society known to us. Even the apparent exceptions of some Oriental countries, or of China, which we are accustomed to regard as stationary from age to age, only differ in their movement being slower and less appreciable, and not in the same direction as that of European countries. But it is universally true of all these natural associations of men called nations, that, like the human body, they are subject to an inevitable law of change. Social and economical science, then, would be very imperfect if it did not add a theory of motion to its theory of equilibrium—if it had not its dynamics, as well as its statics; just as an art of physic would very inadequately deal with the human frame, which observed it only anatomically in its maturity, and left out of the account its growth, change, and decay.

The fundamental law which governs social development, or the perpetual change in the well-being of nations, is capable of being stated with a nearer approach to the precision of a physical law than most other propositions which concern practical subjects. We arrive at it in the following way.

It is very well known that the whole bulk of matter of which our globe consists undergoes neither increase nor diminution in its sum total. The forms under which it manifests itself to the senses are perpetually varying, but the quantity of substance remains unaltered. There is no such thing known to us as destruction of matter. Mechanical dispersion or chemical attraction is unceasingly detaching and rearranging the molecules of matter, but the number of molecules remains always the same. But this perpetual flux of the material world is not

inconsistent with the tendency of all organized species of being to increase. The law of organic life is not merely continuance, propagation of its kind, but multiplication. This power of multiplication is infinite. There is no one species of vegetable or animal which, if the earth were entirely abandoned to it, and to the things on which it feeds, but would in a small number of years overspread the globe. The reason why no one species of either does this, is because it comes in contact with a more powerful life, which in its turn is limited by another of superior energy. The tendency of the most highly organized species known—man, is to convert to his own support and uses all other products of the globe. The power of increase possessed by the human species is indefinite, and the actual multiplication would be extraordinarily rapid if that power were exercised to the utmost. But it never can be exercised to the utmost, for this reason, that the means of support required by the human animal are not to be procured in unlimited quantity. Were all the vegetable and animal products of the earth alike fit for the food of man without culture or preparation, then the numbers of mankind would increase till they reached the limit at which they consumed in its raw state the whole of these spontaneous products. But as this is very far from being the case, as only a small portion of the products of the earth are available for food, and these not without care and preparation, the actual limit of population is found at the point where the means of subsistence which can be raised from the soil, are equal to the easy support of the numbers of mankind in being.

Now if this point had been already reached by our globe, the necessary consequence would be that multiplication of the species could no longer go on, and that the reproductive power of the race would be exercised so far only as to replace the waste of death, *i. e.* every human pair would leave behind, on the average, two, and only two children.

But though particular spots on our globe, such as Holland, or Lancashire, or London, have a population which has far outstripped the means of subsistence furnished by the soil they occupy, and which is therefore supported by importation, yet the point at which population equals food is very far from being reached over the whole surface of the globe. It is in fact continually being approached and continually receding. For neither is the power of production—*i. e.* of propagating those animal and vegetable species fit for the food of man—a stationary power. Production is progressive. No limits known to us can be placed to these products of the earth. But it is to be observed that the means of subsistence increase at a rate very much slower than that of population. For though the complete cultivation

of every acre of soil on the face of the globe, or even in any one country of considerable extent, may be said to be infinitely distant, yet there are two limits to production, other than the exhaustion of nature, which must be taken into the account.

The first of these is deficiency of capital. Production will slacken in the proportion in which the effective desire of accumulation slackens. We shall be content with the enunciation of this law, referring the reader to Mr. Mill's instructive chapter on the Law of the Increase of Capital, for elucidations.

The second limitation to production is found in the law of agricultural industry, which is this: that in any given state of agricultural skill and knowledge, by increasing the labour and outlay, the produce is not increased in an equal degree. Doubling the labour and outlay does not double the produce; or, to express the same thing in other words, every increase of produce is obtained by a more than proportional increase in the application of labour to the land. The limitation to production from the properties of the soil is not like the obstacle opposed by a wall, which stands immovable in one particular spot, and offers no hindrance to motion short of stopping it entirely; but may be rather compared to an elastic band, which is hardly ever so violently stretched that it could not possibly be stretched any more, yet the pressure of which is felt long before the final limit is reached, and felt the more severely the nearer that limit is approached.

This law Mr. Mill considers to be one of the most important propositions in Political Economy. The most fundamental errors, which still prevail on the subject, result from not perceiving this law at work underneath the more superficial agencies on which attention fixes itself. It involves the whole subject of the causes of poverty in a rich and industrious community.

The combined result, then, the attentive reader will have already gathered, of the progress of production, limited as it is by these two conditions, and the progress of population, will be as follows. The increase of population being unlimited by any other cause than the necessity of subsistence, while the increase of subsistence is limited by the two causes stated, the progress of population will continually tend to outstrip the progress of production; there will be a continual pressure of population against food. The multiplication of the species is a geometrical progression, while the supply of food cannot be augmented in even an arithmetical progression. The increase of the race, or the demand for food, the amount of food produced remaining the same, will diminish the share of that food which falls to the lot of each individual. As increased produc-

tion can only be obtained by increasing the labour in more than the same proportion, the population must either work harder, or eat less. The general effect in a civilized country is, that they work harder; *i.e.* that the growth of population stimulates production. But the progression of the two series, population and food, is not regular, but oscillatory, *per saltus*. 'We will suppose the means of subsistence in a country just equal to the easy support of the inhabitants. The constant effort towards population, which is found to act even in the most vicious societies, increases the number of people before the means of subsistence are increased. The food, therefore, which before supported seven millions, must now be divided between eight millions. The poor, consequently, must live much worse, and many of them be reduced to severe distress. The number of labourers, also, having become above the proportion of the work in the market, the price of labour must tend towards a decrease, while the price of provisions would at the same time tend to a rise. The labourer, therefore, must work harder to earn the same as he did before. During the season of distress, the discouragements to marriage, and the difficulty of rearing a family, are so great, that population is at a stand. In the mean time, the cheapness of labour, the plenty of labourers, and the necessity of an increased industry among them, encourage cultivators to employ more labour upon their land, till ultimately the means of subsistence become in the same proportion to the population as when we set out. The situation of the labourer being then again tolerably comfortable, the restraints to population are in some degree loosened, and the same retrograde and progressive movements with respect to happiness are repeated. This sort of oscillation will not be remarked by superficial observers, and it will be impossible to calculate its periods; yet that in all old states some such vibration does exist, though from various transverse causes in a more irregular manner, no reflecting man who considers the subject deeply, can well doubt.'—*Malthus, 'On the Principles of Population.'*

As matter of fact, at some periods the progress of population has been the most rapid of the two; at others, that of improvement. In Ireland, population has made prodigious strides during the last half century; while, owing to a bad system of tenancy, agricultural production is slack and backward. In England, again, during a long interval preceding the French Revolution, though the increase of population was slow, the progress of agricultural produce was still slower; the price of corn rose considerably, and from an exporting we became an importing country. But ever since the great mechanical in-

ventions of Watt, Arkwright, and their contemporaries, though the population increased rapidly, the returns to labour have increased as fast. During the fifteen or twenty years last elapsed, so rapid has been the extension of improved processes of agriculture, that even the land yields a greater produce in proportion to the labour employed: the average price of corn is decidedly lower, and the country more nearly feeds its own population without foreign aid, than it did in 1828.

That a progressive state requiring a periodic recurrence of seasons of distress, when population has outrun subsistence, cannot be the normal condition of a nation, must be sufficiently evident. Such a progression, however, is that in which England and Ireland have for some time past been moving. And the periods of distress, of low wages, want of work, stagnation of trade—the seasons when our chronic malady, pauperism, poverty, want, and misery, is more widely diffused through the labouring class, has become active in our system, and therefore forces itself on our attention,—such seasons are that condition of things which is commonly denoted by the term ‘over-population.’ The use of this term has been much objected to by the best school of economists. The term implies, it is said, that that condition of the population in which they are inadequately provided with food, clothing, and the necessaries of life, is to be ascribed to the overcrowding of too great numbers on a given space. But the absolute numbers in any given country have no connexion with the condition of the people as regards comfort. There may be much pauperism in thinly-peopled districts, as in parts of Switzerland, and none in districts of dense population, as in Lancashire. But this is not necessarily implied by the term *Over-population*; and it may be used as a convenient term to denote a condition of inadequate comfort,—it being always borne in mind, that such condition is not referable to the numbers of human beings crowded into a given space, to the proportion of the population to the square mile, but to the relation borne by the numbers to the amount of the fund for the maintenance of labour. For though a dense population in a rich country will be better off than a spare population in a poor country, yet in any given state of civilization, a greater number of people cannot be collectively so well provided for as a smaller. It is in vain to say, that all the mouths which the increase of mankind calls into existence, bring with them hands: the new mouths require as much food as the old ones, and the hands do not produce as much. If all instruments of production were held in joint property by the whole people, and the produce divided with perfect equality among them,—and if, in a society thus constituted, industry were as energetic, and the producers as ample as at present, there

would be enough to make all the existing population extremely comfortable; but when that population had doubled itself, as under the circumstances supposed it would in little more than twenty years, what would then be their condition? If the population continued to increase at the same rate, a time would soon arrive when no one would have more than mere necessities; and soon after, a time when no one would have a sufficiency of these, and the further increase of population would be arrested by death. In short, after a degree of density has been attained sufficient to allow the principal benefits of combination of labour, all further increase tends in itself to mischief, so far as regards the average condition of the people; and such a mischievous increase is, we apprehend, fairly denoted by the term 'Over-population.'

This tendency of population to outstrip the means of subsistence,—of the reproductive power of the species to overtake the productive power of labour, seems when stated so obvious, and so accordant with the observations of common experience, that it might be supposed that it had always been known, and always acted on, by governments and politicians. Strange, however, as it may seem, yet it is the fact, that this law, which forms the fundamental position of Political Economy, was not only one of quite recent discovery, but that the very opposite was for many ages, both in antiquity and in modern Europe, the received belief, and guided the policy of statesmen. That numbers constituted national strength, and that the grandeur and decay of states depended on the maintenance of the roll of free citizens, was an axiom in antiquity: *ἀνδρὲς γὰρ πόλις καὶ οὐ τίχῃ*, the words of Demosthenes, express the Greek sentiment. The extension of the Roman empire had gone along with the growing numbers of the census. Hence, it had always been the policy of conquering states to encourage marriage. The privileges awarded at Sparta² to the fathers

¹ We do not notice another objection of Mr. Senior's to the above positions. He says (*Edin. Review*, Jan. 1847), 'Where is the *datum* line of adequate subsistence for the labouring classes, every deviation from which for the worse is to be taken as a symptom of over-population, as every deviation for the better is, we suppose, of underpopulation! When we say that labourers are more numerous than the fund for their maintenance can maintain in comfort, we mean, in nine cases out of ten, no more than this, That labourers are not so well off as we would have them. But if we are to prove over-population by the absence of comfort, we must have some more accurate definition of the word. The real test cannot be Mr. Thornton's or Mr. Alison's imaginary standard of comfort. Comfort is one thing in the cottage of the English field-labourer, another in the lodging of the town artisan; another in the Irish hut; another among the lazzaroni basking on the shore of the Mediterranean.' This is the common fallacy of denying the existence of a notion because it admits of degrees. Wealth, happiness, over-trading, are all relative terms, and vary with time and place.

² Ar. Pol. ii. 6.

of three and four children respectively, had their counterpart in the ordinances of the *Lex Papia Poppæa*, and the many subsequent exemptions granted to fathers of families by the emperors. The legislation of our own country, in modern times, followed up these precedents. So late as the beginning of the present century, (46 George III.) in the middle of a war though, exemptions from taxes were specifically granted to the fathers of more than two children born in lawful wedlock. This absurd enactment, mischievous if it had not been wholly inefficacious, was indeed repealed ten years later; but it serves to show the spirit of our legislation. To the really efficacious measures taken by our legislature to stimulate the growth of population in Ireland during the early part of the reign of George III. must be ascribed much of the misery under which that country is now suffering from a redundant population. By the 23d and 24th George III. bounties were granted by the legislature on the exportation of corn, thus stimulating by artificial means the conversion of pasture lands into tillage. The effects of the Act were in five years to raise the quantity from 66,000 barrels, to 648,000. The effect upon the population of this sudden expansion of the productive power, and the demand for labour thus artificially created, was that the population of Ireland actually doubled itself in little more than twenty years, and from 2,800,000 in 1785, it had advanced to 8,175,000 in 1841.

But not only was the growth of population the favourite object of practical statesmen and legislators; but philosophers and economists—from whom practical statesmen must always receive their creed ready made—shared and originated their error. Dr. Johnson's opinion on emigration expresses the best opinion of his age. 'He regretted it as hurtful to human happiness. For, said he, it spreads mankind, which weakens the defence of a nation, and lessens the comfort of living. Men thinly scattered make a shift, but a bad shift without many things. A smith is ten miles off; they'll do without a nail or a staple. A tailor is far from them; they'll botch their own clothes. It is being concentrated which produces high convenience.'—*Boswell*, p. 271.

The belief of the early economists was, that the progressive state of society, that oscillatory motion in which population overtakes production, and production is again stimulated to keep pace with population, was the normal condition of an improving country, the only evidence of national prosperity. Adam Smith having laid it down that 'the annual labour of every nation is the fund which originally supplies it with all the necessaries and conveniences of life which it annually consumes,' it seemed

to him to follow as a natural consequence that (*B. i. 8.*) 'the 'most decisive mark of the prosperity of any country is the 'increase of the number of its inhabitants.' And he always assumes that the condition of the mass of the people, though it may not be positively distressed, must be pinched and stinted in a stationary condition of wealth, and can only be satisfactory in a progressive state. With Mr. Macculloch, again, prosperity does not mean a large production and a good distribution of wealth, but a rapid increase of it; his test of prosperity is high profits. We have in a former number drawn our readers' attention to one signal example of the mischievous consequences of this idea of 'prosperity' in the present condition of our West Indian islands. Jamaica having been employed as a great factory for the manufacture of sugar, the raw material being its soil and the lives of its slaves, was said to 'enjoy a high state of prosperity,' while the speculators, the 'West Indians' (resident in Bristol) were making high profits. Now those large returns having ceased, because, the soil being exhausted and the slaves emancipated, they no longer command a cheap material, the 'colonies' are said to be 'ruined,' and the 'colonists' unblushingly demand to have their factitious profits maintained at the cost of the British Exchequer.

But such an ideal of national prosperity, though its effects declare themselves more rapidly in a small colony with but one interest and one produce, must be no less fatal in the end to the largest nation, however large its accumulations, however complicated its industry. We have stated the laws of the movement, and it is obvious from them that this movement, like all others—this progress, which economists and statisticians delight in setting forth and expediting, must have some goal, some ultimate point to which it tends and in which it will finally merge. The increase of wealth is not boundless: at the end of the progressive state lies the stationary state; all advance in wealth is but a postponement of this, each step forward is a step nearer to it. To political economists, who regard progress and increasing accumulation as the sum of national prosperity, this prospect must always have been a cheerless one. Accordingly it is in vain to look in their writings for any recognition of it. Their whole system is based on maintaining the march of industry, though the very law of progress which they themselves enunciated, and have established beyond all question, is one which assures a certain, and, in a highly civilized and densely-peopled country, a not distant termination to that march. With singular short-sightedness they have averted their eyes from this inevitable catastrophe, as it must to them have appeared, and refused to recognise that extinction of prosperity

in which, by their own showing, economical progress must end. It is one of the greatest merits of Mr. Mill to have embraced a discussion of this stationary state, which is now distinctly looming on the horizon of our own country at least; and to have shown how very imperfect is any system of Political Economy which confines itself to investigating the laws of advancing wealth alone,—a view of national existence which makes it co-extensive with manufacturing prosperity. Yet even in the present work we hardly think that this important subject occupies the important position due to it. It is the merit of Adam Smith that he exposed the fallacy of the ‘Mercantile system’ which had till his time ruled the conduct of all European governments. It was the defect of the economists who followed him, that, in the Industrial system which they substituted for it, they confined their view to that particular phase of progress in which this country has been proceeding for the last hundred years. The next service to be rendered to the science will be to investigate more completely than Mr. Mill has done the means by which a nation may be maintained, without diminution of its spirit or abatement of its vitality, in a stationary condition of population and capital. If all national existence be, as the experience of the past would seem to show, subject to an inevitable decay, we may at least investigate the means by which a state may be preserved in its maturity as long as possible, and the protracted misery of a long dissolution, more humiliating in proportion as the early period of youth has been glorious, may be avoided.

The prospect is not so gloomy as it must appear to economists of the Industrial school, whenever they choose, which they naturally avoid doing, to cast a glance into futurity. Surely we are not to be taxed with apathy or re-actionary tendencies, if we cordially agree with Mr. Mill in saying that we are not charmed with that ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other’s heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind, or anything but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress. An age of commercial excitement, ‘a Babel of universal competition, in which every voice not pitched in an exaggerated key is drowned ‘in the hubbub,’ cannot be regarded as any improvement on an age of military ardour like the thirteenth, or an age of textual polemics like the sixteenth century. That the support of this spirit of competition for wealth should have been made an object by English economists is the more surprising, as it must be obvious that this is a race in which this country has no chance

with her great industrial rival. The white population of the United States amounted in 1840 to 14,000,000; that of England and Wales, by the last census, to nearly 16,000,000; but at the present rate of increase the population of the States is sure to exceed that of England in 1850. If, as seems not unreasonable to suppose, the present rate be maintained for fifty years to come, the total population of the States, including slaves, will amount to 74,000,000.¹ To compare great things with small, as Jamaica is to Brazil in respect of the production of sugar, that is England to North America in agriculture, manufactures and commerce. The States of the Union, with their boundless acreage, may be said to be infinitely distant from the day when population will overtake production. *We* are rapidly approaching it. But is their condition, in having from nature so much longer a lease of the progressive stage, one to be envied by us?

‘The northern and middle states are a specimen of this stage of civilization in very favourable circumstances; having apparently got rid of all social injustices and inequalities that affect persons of Caucasian race and of the male sex, while the proportion of population to capital and land is such as to ensure abundance to every able-bodied member of the community who does not forfeit it by misconduct. They have the six points of Chartism, and they have no poverty; and all that these advantages do for them is, that the life of the whole of one sex is devoted to dollar-hunting, and of the other to breeding dollar-hunters. This is not a kind of social perfection which philanthropists to come will feel any very eager desire to assist in realising. Most fitting, indeed, is it, that while riches are power, and to grow as rich as possible the universal object of ambition, the path to its attainment should be open to all without favour or partiality. But the best state for human nature is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward. That the energies of mankind should be kept in employment by the struggle for riches, as they were formerly by the struggle for war, until the better minds succeed in educating the others into better things, is undoubtedly more desirable than that they should rust and stagnate. While minds are coarse they require coarse stimuli, and let them have them. In the mean time those who do not accept the present very early stage of human improvement as its ultimate type, may be excused for being comparatively indifferent to the kind of economical progress which usually excites the congratulations of politicians—the mere increase of production and accumulation. For the safety of national independence, it is essential that a country should not fall much behind its neighbours in these things. But in themselves they are of little importance so long as either the increase of population, or anything else, prevents the mass of the people from reaping any part of the benefit of them. I know not why it should be matter of congratulation that persons who are already richer than any one needs to be, should have doubled their means of consuming things which give little or no pleasure except as representatives of wealth; or that numbers of individuals should pass over every year from the middle classes into a richer class, or from the class of the

¹ See Macculloch's *Literature of Political Economy*, p. 257.

occupied rich to that of the unoccupied. It is only in the backward countries of the world that increased production is still an important object; in those most advanced, what is economically needed is a better distribution. A state in which society should exhibit these leading features,—a well paid and affluent body of labourers, no enormous fortunes, but a much larger body of persons than at present, not only exempt from the coarser toils, but with sufficient leisure, both physical and mental, from mechanical details to cultivate the graces of life, and afford examples of them to the classes less favourably circumstanced for their growth,—this state of things, which seems, economically considered, to be the most desirable condition of society, is not only perfectly compatible with the stationary state, but it would seem more naturally allied with that state than with any other.

‘There is room in the world, no doubt, and even in old countries, for an immense increase of population, supposing the arts of life and capital to go on increasing. But although it may be innocuous, I confess I see very little reason for desiring it. The density of population necessary to enable mankind to obtain in the greatest degree all the advantages both of co-operation and of social intercourse, has in all the more populous countries been attained. A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character; and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there much satisfaction in contemplating the world with nothing left to the spontaneous beauty of nature; with every rood of land brought into cultivation which is capable of growing food for human beings; every flowery waste or natural pasture ploughed up, all quadrupeds and birds which are not domesticated for man’s use exterminated as his rivals for food, every hedgerow or superfluous tree rooted out, and scarcely a place left where a wild shrub or flower could grow without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture. If the earth must lose that great portion of its pleasantness which it owes to things that the unlimited increase of wealth and population would extirpate from it, for the mere purpose of enabling it to support a larger, but not a better or a happier population, I sincerely hope, for the sake of posterity, that they will be content to be stationary long before necessity compels them to it.’—Vol. i. p. 308, et seq.

The reader may feel some surprise at coming upon such declarations in a treatise of political economy, especially from a writer like Mr. Mill, who will certainly not be accused of undue indulgence of sentiment, but would be one of the first to cut short digressions of that character with

Μη μοι τὰ κόμψ' ἀλλ' ὧν πόλει δεί.

We might be inclined to think that we had stumbled by accident on some essay in prose by Wordsworth. But it is surely undeniable that a science whose subject is the physical well-being of man must take into the account as well those enjoyments, which, though slight in themselves, yet give their chief zest to the supply of the necessary appetites, as all

those influences, which, operating through the character of the labourer, make him more or less efficient in his proper vocation. Even taking the very lowest ground on the question, it is not true that good food and plenty of it is the single requisite to make a man go through his work well and steadily. Good spirits, a good moral character, position and reputation, are all (besides their intrinsic value) important elements in a good workman. Under evil influences in these respects, man deteriorates not only in his higher qualities, but in his inferior capacity as a machine of production. It is quite erroneous, however, to think that Political Economy has no business with those higher qualities, whether as causes or consequences of economical condition. All the moral and psychological causes, whether institutions, usages, social relations, or first principles of human nature, which can affect the outward condition of man, are the proper object of the science. The physical well-being (*bien-être*) of the population, so far from being alien to the province of the economist, as writers of the school of Macculloch are inclined to treat them, form the scope and aim of all his inquiries. It is not at all in the spirit of Adam Smith, that those who consider themselves as peculiarly his followers, have abjured this more liberal and wide range of speculation. It is one of the most valuable features of 'The Wealth of Nations,' that in his applications of his principles he never loses sight of those larger considerations which form the necessary premises to any practical conclusions in political economy. It is because he never loses sight of the truth, that for practical purposes political economy is inseparably intertwined with all the other branches of social philosophy, 'that he gives that well-grounded feeling of command over the principles of the subject for the purposes of practice, owing to which "The Wealth of Nations" alone among treatises on Political Economy has not only been popular with general readers, but has impressed itself strongly on the minds of men of the world and legislators.'—*Pref.* p. iv.

The horrible gulf of pauperism, the calamity that is so bitterly oppressing Ireland, that makes itself every day more and more felt in England, and that has begun to visit other industrial countries, being thus the inevitable termination to which the *natural* progress of population conducts, it is the first duty of the political philosopher to discover what *artificial* control can be gained by the statesman over this natural agent of decay. Is the decay of nations, like the dissolution of the physical frame, inevitable? or can man, who has gained so many wonderful triumphs over nature, by any means arrest this self-destructive power of over-population?

We have already seen what answer the school of Ricardo and

Macculloch make to this question. They reply by stimulating production, by applying the infinite resources of art and machinery to extract more and more subsistence out of the unlimited powers of the soil. They deny in fact that the Achilles of population *will* ever overtake the tortoise of production, though admitting the premises of its tendency to do so. We have seen how Mr. Mill disposes of this theory, which in fact is practically refuted by the very existence of pauperism. We may point to Ireland and say '*solvitur ambulando.*' But are there no other answers proposed to the problem? There are at least a hundred. Like all deeply-seated diseases, the disease of pauperism has called into being innumerable quacks, each with his infallible nostrum. Among these we should hardly have singled out M. Sismondi for notice, but that the reputation attaching to his name from other works gives a consequence to his '*New Principles of Political Economy*' which they have no claim to in themselves. We observe that Mr. Chapman of Newgate Street has lately brought out a collection (in an English translation) of some of his scattered papers on the same subject. He had better, for any benefit they can be to the world, or for any accession they can bring to Sismondi's fame, have left them in the oblivion in which he found them. Deeply impressed with the evil to be remedied, and perceiving the insufficiency of the Industrial system for this purpose, Sismondi is unable to suggest anything more practical than the cessation of competition, and a reiterated re-urging of the miseries of over-production. An attempt to stem the advance of the torrent by calling to it! Indeed, his want of mastery of the principles of the science, his crude and confused reasonings, so feeble after the unerring logic of Ricardo, so visionary by the side of the practical sense of Smith, make his political writings, though their object was in the right direction, quite worthless.

But the popular remedies for low wages, at the present time, are, without doubt, Emigration and the Allotment System. The latter especially, which is patronized by no less an authority than Mr. Thornton, ('*Over-Population*,' chap. viii.) and of which in particular instances highly beneficial effects must have been experienced by most persons acquainted with rural parishes, is at present being increasingly resorted to. The allotment is a limited piece of ground granted in aid of wages; at a high rent, and of small extent, to insure its being a supplement to, and not a substitute for, wages; but enough to enable him, with the labour of himself and family during his spare hours, to clear several pounds a year by. Now though, by requiring the same amount of hired labour as before, and by helping him through the channel of his own industry, the allotment system avoids

the grosser evils of the Irish cottier, or the old parish allowance system, yet a little reflection will, we think, convince any one that it does not in the least degree meet the difficulty. It will be either nugatory or mischievous: nugatory, when it has for its result the withdrawal of the labourer from hired labour to the amount of the profit he makes of his allotment, just leaving his wages where they were before; mischievous, when it does augment his wages, and so, by bettering his condition, infallibly stimulates population in that proportion. That great benefit has been experienced from it on a small scale, we do not doubt. Such an effect is to be expected while those who hold allotments are a small number, a sort of privileged class, having a status above the rest. But this benefit would be lost by the general adoption of the system.

‘If every labourer had an allotment, I believe the effect would be much the same as when every or almost every labourer had an allowance in aid of wages. I think there can be no doubt that if at the end of the last century the allotment instead of the allowance system had been generally adopted in England, it would equally have broken down the practical restraint on population which at that time did really exist; population would have started forward exactly as in fact it did; and in twenty years, wages *plus* the allotment would have been, as wages *plus* the allowance actually were, no more than equal to the former wages without any allotment.’—Vol. i. p. 435.

It would take us far beyond our limits to discuss properly the effect of Emigration, or rather of systematic colonization, in lightening the pressure of population in an old country. If the question be framed with reference to the present condition of this country, it appears reasonable to think that a considerable amount of temporary relief might be procured by it. But even for that temporary relief it must be by colonization on a scale far larger than anything that has yet been attempted or thought of. But it is obvious that colonization is no solution of the problem which the ascertained laws of nature put before the political economist, viz.—The powers of reproduction of the species being unlimited, the quantity of land on the earth’s surface and its powers of production being limited, what is the final destiny of the human race? What is the end towards which its rapid increase is tending? Is starvation to be the only check to fresh births? Is a universal pauperism the goal towards which our civilization, our improvements in art, our energetic production, is hurrying us?

‘By what means, then, is poverty to be contended against? How is the evil of low wages to be remedied? If the expedients usually recommended for the purpose are not adapted to it, can no others be thought of? Is the problem incapable of solution? Can political economy do nothing but object to every thing, and demonstrate that nothing can be done?

‘If this were so, political economy might have a needful, but a melan-

choly and a thankless task. If the bulk of the human race are always to remain as at present, slaves to toil in which they have no interest, and therefore feel no interest; drudging from early morning till late at night for bare necessities, and with all the intellectual and moral deficiencies which that implies; without resources either in mind or feelings; untaught, for they cannot be better taught than fed; selfish, for all their thoughts are required for themselves; without interests or sentiments as citizens and members of society, and with a sense of injustice rankling in their minds, equally for what they have not, and for what others have;—I know not what there is which should make a person with any capacity of reason concern himself about the destinies of the human race. There would be no wisdom for any one but in extracting from life with Epicurean indifference as much personal satisfaction for himself and for those with whom he sympathises, as it can yield without injury to any one, and letting the unmeaning bustle of civilized existence roll by unheeded. But there is no ground for such a view of human affairs.'—Vol. i. p. 439.

In instructing us where to look for the source of the evil, Political Economy directs us to the remedy. That state of wretchedness and distress among the labouring classes, which we have denoted by the term over-population, is caused by population having pressed too hard upon production, by numbers having outrun food. Wages depend on the relation of capital to labour, that is to say, the rate of wages in any country is governed by the proportion which the fund destined for the payment of labour bears to the quantity of labour in the market. From this principle, established by Mr. Ricardo, and which is at the bottom of all questions concerned with the condition of the people, it follows that in any given state of civilization, nothing whatever can raise the condition of the labourer except an alteration in this proportion of capital to population; and such alteration can only take place in one of two ways—the capital, *i. e.* the fund laid out on labour, must be increased, or the population, *i. e.* the quantity of labour in the market, must be decreased. According to the views of political economists in general, the alterations must, and generally will, take place in the first of these modes; *i. e.* the increase in the fund expended on labour. And mark the inevitable consequence. Wages are higher, more labour is applied to production, food becomes cheaper, the labourer becomes better off, and the first use he makes of his improved condition is to marry and have a large family; and in the next generation things are exactly where they were before, the old proportion between capital and population are restored. All experience has shown that you cannot give a stimulus to production without, as a consequence, giving a great stimulus to population. The previous state of distress had acted as a check to population—the state of increased comfort produced by the rise in wages removed the restraint on marriage, and the labourers immediately peopled

down to their old scale of comfort. This effect is either produced by earlier and more numerous marriages, or by an increased number of births to a marriage; or if, in the previous state of poverty, the children had been insufficiently fed and improperly nursed, a greater number will now be reared, and the competition of these, when they grow up, depresses wages in the full proportion of the greater cheapness of food: or most probably the effect is a union of all these causes combined.

There remains, then, only the other alternative—viz. that the proportion of capital to labour should be increased by the diminution of the supply of labour,—that, the labour fund remaining the same, population should adjust itself to that fund. The minimum rate of wages is the lowest with which the labourers choose to keep up the population. It depends entirely on themselves at what point in the scale of comfort they will choose to do this. The difference between the squalid starvation of the Irish cottier, and the Swedish peasant with his solid stone cottage, his four meals a-day, his woollen coat, and his good education, is occasioned wholly and entirely by the habits of the population themselves. The price of a man's industry is ultimately determined by the value which he puts on it himself. The sources of the evils which afflict the labouring classes are in themselves, in their own habits, and no remedy can be efficacious which does not come from themselves. Man alone among animals has reason by which to govern his passions. If the labourer will marry without the exercise of any prudential forethought as to the means he has of maintaining a family, the present condition of his class will be perpetuated from age to age; nay, it will deteriorate; wages will sink to the minimum at which life can be physically maintained, and the limit to population will be that which it now is in Ireland, that which starvation and pestilence sets it.

‘ But society is possible precisely because man is not necessarily a brute. Civilization in every one of its aspects is a struggle against the animal instincts. Over even the strongest of them it has shown itself capable of acquiring abundant control. It has artificialized large portions of mankind to a great extent. If it has not brought the instinct of population under as much control as is needful, we must remember that it has never seriously tried. What efforts it has made have mostly been in the contrary direction. Religion, morality, and statesmanship have vied with one another in incitements to marriage, and to the multiplication of the species, so it be but in wedlock. Religion has not even yet discontinued its encouragements. The Roman Catholic clergy (of any other clergy it is unnecessary to speak, since no other have any considerable influence over the lower classes) everywhere think it their duty to promote marriage in order to prevent fornication. There is still in many minds a strong religious prejudice against the true doctrine. The rich think it impugns the wisdom of Providence to suppose that misery can result from the operation of a natural propensity; the poor think that “God never sends mouths but he sends meat.” No

one could guess from the language of either, that man had any voice or choice in the matter. So complete is the confusion of ideas on the whole subject, owing in a great degree to the mystery in which it is shrouded by a spurious delicacy, which prefers that right and wrong should be mis-measured and confounded on one of the subjects most momentous to human welfare, rather than that the subject should be freely spoken of and discussed. People are little aware of the cost to mankind of this scrupulosity of speech. The diseases of society can no more than corporal maladies be prevented or cured without being spoken of in plain language. All experience shows that the mass of mankind never judge of moral questions for themselves, never see anything to be right or wrong until they have been frequently told it; and who tells them that they have any duties in the matter in question, while they keep within matrimonial limits? Who meets with the smallest condemnation, or rather who does not meet with sympathy and benevolence, for any amount of evil which he may have brought upon himself and those dependant on him by this species of incontinence? While a man who is intemperate in drink is discountenanced and despised by all who profess to be moral people, is it not to this hour the favourite recommendation to any parochial office bestowed by popular election, to have a large family, and to be unable to maintain them? Do not the candidates placard their intemperance on walls, and publish it through the town in circulars?—Vol. i. p. 441.

All improvement to be hoped for in the outward condition of the labouring poor must be effected through the operation of this principle, the restraint of prudence over the animal desires. Yet, in the case of a large portion of even the population of England (to say nothing of Ireland,) namely, the agricultural labourers, this moral check can hardly be said to exist. The artisan and the tradesman will seldom contract marriage till they have gained such a footing in life, or laid by such a sum, as will secure them against the ordinary casualties of trade; but this is not the case with the rural population. One useful restraint of the old poor-law, which did operate in this way, was the difficulty in some districts of obtaining a cottage to live in, the law of settlement rendering landlords unwilling to provide additional accommodation for new families who might come on the parish:—

‘ If the growth of towns, and of the capital there employed by which the factory operatives are maintained at their present average rate of wages, notwithstanding their rapid increase, did not also absorb a great part of the annual addition to the rural population, there seems no reason in the present habits of the people why they should not fall into as miserable a condition as the Irish. And if the market for our manufactures should, I do not say fall off, but even cease to expand at the rapid rate of the last fifty years, there is no certainty that this fate may not be in reserve for us. Without carrying our anticipations forward to such a calamity, which the great and growing intelligence of the factory population would, it may be hoped, avert by an adaptation of their habits to their circumstances, the existing condition of the labourers of the exclusively agricultural counties, Wilts, Somerset, Dorset, Bedford, Bucks, is sufficiently painful to contemplate. The labourers of these counties, with large families, and seven or eight shillings a-week for wages, have lately become one of the stock

objects of popular compassion; it is time that they had the benefit also of some application of common sense.

‘Unhappily, sentimentality rather than common sense is the genius that usually presides over the discussion of such subjects; and while there is a growing sensitiveness to the hardships of the poor, and a ready disposition to admit claims in them to the good offices of other people, there is an all but universal unwillingness to face the real difficulty of their position, or advert at all to the conditions which nature has made indispensable to the improvement of their physical lot. Discussions on the condition of the labourer, lamentations over its wretchedness, projects of one kind or another for improving it, were in no country and in no time of the world so rife as at present. But there is almost a tacit agreement to ignore totally the law of wages, or to dismiss it in a parenthesis as “hard-hearted Malthusianism;” as if it were not a thousand times more hard-hearted to tell human beings that they may, than that they may not, call into existence swarms of creatures who are sure to be miserable, and most likely to be depraved; forgetting that the conduct which it is reckoned so cruel to disapprove is a degrading slavery to a brute instinct in one of the persons concerned, and most commonly, in the other, helpless submission to a revolting abuse of power.’—Vol. i. p. 419.

It is idle to say that the proposed restraint is a hardship. Let it be so; it is at any rate a less hardship than the inevitable alternative. If the prudential check be not allowed to operate, the positive will. If forethought shall not prevent marriage till the offspring can be maintained, starvation will cut them off when born, or, at best, they will be brought into the world only to lead a life of misery, and misery is the surest road to crime. The preventive check is no arbitrary invention of a cold-hearted speculator, ignorant of human nature, and unsympathizing with the habits of the poor; it is the observation of a certain and inevitable law of nature, which will operate whether we choose to admit it or to deny it. It is one form only of the general law, that no animal gratification can be indulged to an unlimited extent with impunity. The particular mode in which the suffering in this case is inflicted may be more circuitous, but it is not less sure. But, after all, what is the great hardship in the restraint proposed? It is not one that will bear exclusively on the labouring class; on the contrary, they are at present the only class who are exempt from its operation. Their moral character would be raised, their value as parts of society would be much increased, if they could be brought to submit their conduct in this respect even to the same prudential forbearance as does the class immediately above them,—the artisan, or the small tradesman. It is but the balance of one part of our nature against the other. The desire of bettering our condition, or of maintaining it, is at least as natural a wish as the desire of marriage; and it is unjustly degrading to the labourer to suppose him less capable of governing his conduct by reason than any of the classes above labour. His religion is not supposed

different from theirs,—why should his morality be different? Nothing more would probably be necessary to secure such a result than the general diffusion and establishment in society of the just view of the subject:—

‘Any one who supposes that this state of opinion would not have a great effect on conduct, must be profoundly ignorant of human nature; can never have considered how large a portion of the motives which induce the generality of men to take care even of their own interest, is derived from regard for opinion, from the expectation of being disliked or despised for not doing it. We are often told that the most thorough perception of the dependence of wages on population will not influence the conduct of a labouring man, because it is not the children he himself can have that will produce any effect in generally depressing the labour market. True, and one soldier’s running away will not lose the battle; accordingly, it is not that consideration which keeps each soldier in his rank; it is the disgrace which attends conduct by any one individual, which, if pursued by the majority, everybody can see would be fatal. Men are seldom found to brave the general opinion of their class, unless supported either by some principle higher than regard for opinion, or by some strong body of opinion elsewhere.’—Vol. ii. p. 444.

Such a step in improvement as is here proposed is, in short, but one more of that long series by which we have come to our present condition, and in which civilization consists. It is the sacrifice of particular propensions to the good of the whole. The whole effect of moral cultivation on the mind is to make it take in more distant and contingent interests; to widen its view, and to make it subordinate the passions of the individual to the permanent well-being of the community. The first great victory achieved by this principle is when security of person and property, the necessary basis of all society, triumphs in public opinion over the natural lust of rapine and violence. The last step in the progress will be when national cupidity and self-love is subjected to a sense of the collective interests of the human race, just as individual passion is now controlled by right reason expressed in law; when international law, instead of sanctioning war, the slave-trade, hostile tariffs, and fostering in every conceivable way the exclusive spirit of national jealousy, shall be the expression of the general and combined interests of mankind; when war shall be as much alien to the European code, as private duel and wager of battle is now to the municipal code of civilized countries. In the rapid progress of rational views on the commercial dealings of different nations, we have another gratifying instance of the power of reason and intelligence over even the most inveterate prejudices of selfishness. The passion of a blind and barbarous covetousness was for many ages sanctioned and supported by the accredited public maxims of trade. To the promptings of this natural passion must be ascribed such doctrines as, that the secret of commerce consists in selling to

foreigners more than you buy from them, in other words, in giving to them more than you receive in exchange; or another, that the produce of foreign labour cannot be admitted into the home market without superseding an equal quantity of home labour. The common-sense observation, that an exchange of equivalents is the basis of all commerce, is, it may be hoped, surely though slowly winning its way to a control over these public manifestations of that instinct of appropriation which, in private life, is so forcibly kept down by law and public sentiment. We care little to answer those who object that all this is to found national relations on the sordid motives of self-interest. Such objections of 'utilitarianism' only proceed from those who confound the affection of benevolence with the intellectual perception of the mode in which that affection should be exercised,—who cannot distinguish between the good intention and the wisdom which must preside in its execution. A little reflection will show that the same inseparable connexion which exists in private life between prudence and virtue, holds good in politics; that the science of politics is nothing more than national wisdom. It is assuredly no small gain, for mankind to have begun to learn that the interests of producer and consumer are essentially the same; and it may be hoped that this dictate of an enlightened self-interest will gradually abolish their mutually destructive attempts, by hostile duties and all the barbarous jealousies of commercial law, to separate those interests, and to maintain them one against the other.

If a passion so strong as the instinct of appropriation can be so completely subjected by the influence of public opinion, there is no reason for pronouncing it impossible that the instinct of population should be invincible by the same power. In fact, if those who maintain that it is so would be consistent, their doctrine would amount to a complete emancipation of man from the control of reason in this respect. If it be urged that in this case the perceived good and evil is too remote to have any considerable influence on conduct, it must be answered that, granting (which we do not) that the generalized form in which the political economist is able to state the law of wages is too general to be perceived by the labourer, yet the same principle comes home to himself in a most practical shape, in which he cannot mistake it. He knows very well that half-a-dozen mouths cannot be fed with the meat of one; and that therefore if he marries and has a family when he has only wages enough to support himself, he will be in a difficulty. It is a simple sum in addition. Besides, there is some confusion in the minds of those who use this argument between *remote* and *uncertain* consequences. It is the latter, and not the former quality that makes the percep-

tion of a consequence inoperative on conduct. It is not the distance of the future world, but the want of demonstrativeness in the evidence for it, that makes men run the risk of vice. Let the dependence of wages on numbers be once firmly established in opinion as an undoubted fact, and it must govern practice.

A good instance of the general recognition of a remote benefit, is furnished by the estimation in which the higher branches of a liberal education are held in some countries. The utility of reading, writing, and arithmetic is so obvious, that we do not wonder at its being generally recognised when the idea was once started; though it is instructive to remember against what sturdy opposition the National School had to make its way, while it was yet a new idea. But the connexion between Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, and any positive benefit to society, is, however certain, so remote, that, as we all know, it is next to impossible to explain that connexion to the uneducated; and when these do accept the fact, they always do so on wrong grounds. Hence, the establishment of such an opinion in general belief, argues a high and ancient civilization in any country. In a young country, founded on industry, it is almost impossible that any such opinion should exist. There must always be in such a country, a tendency to substitute superficial accomplishment for high training. Witness America, where learning, deep and laborious study, cannot be said to exist. The existence of such an estimate of classical education in this country, is a precious inheritance by tradition from the Roman world, and has not been elaborated from our present industrial epoch. Indeed, that traditional opinion, on which the value of liberal, as distinct from professional, education rests, so far from gaining ground in later years, is being slowly sapped by the class and tripos systems, which have the effect of giving commercial value to classical knowledge; and it will argue a decided advance in the state of public opinion, when the remote benefit of a highly-cultivated mind shall be found a sufficient stimulus to devote time to its attainment, and allow the withdrawal of that more immediate premium, which it has been found, under certain accidental circumstances, absolutely necessary to attach to learning in the Universities—a ticket of merit, convertible at sight into specie in the money market.

The doctrine, then, of the dependence of wages on the number of the competitors for employment, is neither a remote nor uncertain connexion, and therefore we cannot consider its prevalence, and the regulation of the conduct of mankind by it, as at all hopeless or impossible. In some shapes it is at present recognised and acted on by the labouring classes; it is familiar to

all trades unions; every successful combination to keep up wages owes its success to contrivances for restricting the number of competitors. What is clearly perceived and admitted in particular instances, it cannot be chimerical to anticipate becoming an acknowledged general truth. But no other remedies than those which operate through the habits and minds of the labouring class, can be successful. If their condition is to be bettered, it must be through the agency of increased self-respect and self-restraint. Neither religion nor virtue can be taught by act of parliament. Sanitary regulations have no more tendency to give the people habits of cleanliness, than laws against Sunday trading, or prosecutions for blasphemy, have to make them religious. No enactments will convert the Irish cottier into a well-fed, well-clothed and industrious labourer. All schemes of poor-law relief, of charity, allotments, emigration, colonization, public works, are like quack medicines, the exhibition of specifics, practising at the symptoms instead of the causes of the disorder. They may alleviate the condition of the given generation, or of the given district, but can effect no permanent improvement, inasmuch as they do not render the labourer capable or desirous of securing a better condition for himself. Education even, which is another of the panaceas sometimes put forward, will do very little, either if forced upon the poor against their will, or if only confined, as at present, to the rudiments of knowledge actually taught in the schools. Though in a more extensive sense of the word, all that has now been proposed is but a measure of education; a calling into play of the higher and guiding faculties, instead of surrendering the will to the impulse of the moment, and communicating a more comprehensive view of duty to others than the narrow and selfish maxim, that another's gain is our own loss, on which so much of our social behaviour is now formed. Measures, indeed, of the class now described, may be useful as assisting that which is alone effectual, a reform in the habits of the labourer, but this must be by their indirect, not their direct effects; just as a sanitary bill may assist in promoting cleanliness and attention to health, by removing out of the way nuisances which nothing short of law could reach, though quite powerless in forming habits or communicating the desire for cleanliness and fresh air.

There is, indeed, one condition under which one or more of these palliative measures may be made permanently beneficial. Emigration, for example, which alone would give but a temporary or local relief, would require to be combined with any such effort to raise the standard of intelligence and comfort among the labouring poor, as has been described; and that for this reason, because education is not compatible with extreme

indigence. It is impossible to instil the wish for an increased scale of comfort into those who have never enjoyed it. It is necessary to begin by placing the labourer in a condition of comfort, and then endeavour to inspire the wish, and instruct him in the only means of maintaining himself in it. For this purpose, a scheme of colonization would be required on a scale large enough to ease the labour market, and so raise the rate of wages for one whole generation. Thus a generation would grow up with an improved standard of habits, and a footing would be afforded for that education of the common-sense and common intelligence of the labourer which has been proposed; by which, improvidence of every kind would come to be regarded as discreditable, and that recklessness of living by which the labour market is overstocked, come to be looked on as an offence against the common weal.

In this subsidiary way, such measures of external relief may, at particular junctures, be usefully employed. But as cures, or direct remedies, all legislative enactments must be powerless. Still less can any political changes, such as universal suffrage, vote by ballot, repeal of the union, for which town mobs are from time to time taught to clamour, have the slightest effect on the deep-seated disease. Time was, when this might have been otherwise; but the experiments of the last half century must have taught all who are capable of learning, the futility of such expectations. The greatest of these experiments to find a political remedy for social disorders, was the French Revolution of 1789. It was not the abuses in the government, great as these were, which brought on that terrible crisis, but the deeply-seated social misery of the mass of the people. The feudal and monarchical *régime*, on which this misery was naturally but falsely charged, was swept away, but, to the dismay of the theorists, the misery and distress of the population was but augmented under the system of opposite institutions founded on equal rights, by which they replaced it. Meanwhile, the desired amelioration was in a very considerable degree effected in an unexpected mode. The breaking up of the great estates, and their sudden dispersion at very depreciated prices among the *tiers état*, had the effect of raising to a much higher point the standard of comfort and habits among all but the very lowest class of peasants. The cultivator had become the owner of the soil; extreme poverty was almost extinguished for one whole generation; and thus the object which the Revolution had vainly sought in constitutional changes, was unexpectedly brought about by that destruction of the great seignorial estates, which was an accident of the overthrow of the *noblesse* as a political caste.

If the mistake of the first Revolution lay in supposing that social distress could be remedied by political reform, that of the

late revolution consists in endeavouring to meet the same evil in its new encroachments, by legislative enactments. Under the inspiration of Communist theory, the aim of the leading men—the momentary torpidity of the Assembly is an accident—is to organize labour from without. This, in the eye of the politician, is the radical error of the socialist movement, That it supposes that a system of social action arbitrarily framed and invented, can be imposed on any large number of men by some external authority; the thing is impossible. Previous habits and tendencies will always be too strong for any artificial framework, where large masses are concerned. That a single socialist colony, composed entirely of volunteers, might work well, we do not doubt; any more than that much occasional good may result from the hearty efforts at coöperation, to which the attempt gives rise. But as a national scheme, Communism, which, in its philanthropic pride, scoffs at the surest principles of economics, and denounces with ignorant vehemence that law of population which is established with as much certainty as any law of natural philosophy, is as impracticable a Utopia as Plato's republic, from which the scheme so largely borrows.

ART. III.—*An Essay on Logical Method.* By CHARLES P. CHRETIEN, M.A. *Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College.* Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1848.

A NEW work on Logic is a subject of more than common interest to all our Oxford readers. They well know, from memory or experience, the vague uncertainty and fluctuating caprice, which, by a singular opposition, overclouds that very portion of our educational system, which is intended to impress on the whole the character of certainty, exactness, and permanence. The Art of Reasoning has certainly failed to gain for itself that security which it promises to its subjects. It is now more than twenty years since Archbishop Whately awakened or stimulated the desire for something more than Aldrich's 'Compendium of Rules;' but he was not destined to satisfy the appetite he had excited. Kant and Mill supplied stronger food; but they were still more heterogeneous both to Oxford and to each other. Home-made volumes, of lighter bulk and smaller pretensions, laboured in vain to fill the gap. Aldrich, despised, corrected, vilified, yet holds his venerable place; and in spite of all that has been read, written, and taught, there is still no other text-book of Logic. The aspirant after logical honours must be content to gather in his knowledge as the swallow builds her nest, a fragment from every quarter; and it is no wonder if the stores are sometimes ill-assorted. Books and manuscripts, German, French, and English, melt and mingle as they best can in the stream of oral tradition, which alone gives even a semblance, and often but a semblance, of unity to the mass. In this state of things, it is no wonder that a new work on logic should excite considerable attention; especially if, as in the present case, it bears on its title-page a name well known in the University, and promises all the advantages which may be derived from a practical acquaintance with the evils to which we have alluded. The eyes of all turn as if to a new champion who has descended into the arena to vanquish the difficulties which have proved fatal to so many combatants; all are eager to welcome the magician whose wand is to give form and order to the warring chaos.

It is necessary, therefore, to state clearly at the outset, that this is *not* the mission of the present work. Whatever may be the capabilities of the author for such an attempt,—and they are certainly considerable, if we regard either the grasp of mind

which is here displayed, or the practical familiarity with the subject which is necessitated by his position in the University,—whatever intimations he may have suffered to escape in these pages of any such latent intention, this is not his intention *now*. He has written, not a system of logic, but an essay on logical method. Many of the most interesting questions of logic are, it is true, discussed in it: but whoever looks into it for the paraphernalia of a systematized arrangement, a corrected notation, or an elaborated explanation of terms, will be disappointed. The apparatus of logic is presupposed; the question under discussion is only, How does it work?

For Mr. Chretien takes up the subject exactly where it is commonly dropped. The examination schools are the vestibule, and not the goal of his pages. Rightly enough, perhaps, for merely educational purposes, the study of Logic commonly terminates in itself. In ethical language it is a *πράξις* not a *ποίησις*. By it the mind is trained to watch its own intellectual operations; is inured in the theory of precise thought and correct inference, and then left, thus guarded, to take its natural course. The logical apparatus is regarded as a fence to secure the straight growth of the sapling, which the sturdy tree can afford to dispense with; or, as the scaffolding, which was necessary to the builder, but is an unsightly excrescence on the finished building. Of the many who are familiar with the forms of logic, few, probably, ever dream of their systematical application. Either they forget them entirely, when they have served their temporary purpose in the schools, or they remember them only for the malicious pleasure of overwhelming some unwary or unskilful disputant with the charge of an 'undistributed middle,' or a simple conversion in A. For any purpose nobler than a catch, or more useful than a puzzle, they are vain. Not even the constant patronage of the examination papers has been able to procure their satisfactory application to the analysis of an argument. For it is notorious, that though a question of this nature is invariably proposed, it is almost as invariably, as if by common consent, avoided; or, if attempted, it issues only in failure. The tools, so glittering on parade, become somehow unserviceable in action; the first contact with matter blunts the edge which has been so long in sharpening.

We should be most loth to undervalue any instrument of education. Far be it from us to swell the utilitarian cry, which demands in every action an end beyond itself, yet short of the general well-being of the man. If Logic be indeed no more than the fence to the young tree, or the scaffolding to the rising edifice, all honour to it for its useful work. But let it then profess no more; let it cease to be the Art of Reasoning, and

become only the Exercise of the Mind. Education is a sacred work, and all its terms should be words of truth. An art must be capable of application. It does not, indeed, follow, that all who study it should be able to use it, but they should at least understand that it may be used.

This position looks somewhat obscure; but its meaning will perhaps become clearer by a reference to a kindred subject, Mathematics. Logic is commonly supposed to stand in a sort of amicable contrast to Mathematics. Each occupies the same place in the line of education: each is regarded in a double light, as a mode of discipline for the intellect, and an instrument in the discovery of truth. Both also effect the former object for the many, the latter only for the few. For in Mathematics, no less than in Logic, the number of those who can really *use* their tool is very limited; as may easily be ascertained by any one who chooses to try the effect of a new problem on any set of young mathematicians, well trained in all that may be gathered from books. But here the analogy ceases; and it must be owned, to the discredit of Logic. For those who cannot themselves use mathematical reasoning in the investigation of fresh truths, can yet understand its use by others. Let the finished problem be set before them, and they can trace its steps, and recognise the technical forms which determine them: or if they cannot, it is simply from their insufficient progress in a region of which they have confessedly not reached the boundaries. They may not have mastered the full theory; but, so far as they have gone, they find no difficulty in following its application. But in Logic the case is different. The theory is perfected; the definitions have been thoroughly sifted, and learned by rote; the moods and figures, with all their symbols and special rules, have been carefully studied, the mystical hexameters have been duly stored away in the faithful memory, and, armed in his perfect panoply, the student confronts his work. But what is the result? There is not even a mouse to account for the mountain's labour. Set an intricate argument before him, a sample of the reasoning of which he has learned the art, and the whole apparatus vanishes into thin air. He may, indeed, disentangle the knotted skein by the aid of a clear eye and a steady hand, trained, it may be, in the school of logic, but yet not armed with her weapons. These, on the contrary, he even discards as an encumbrance; they oppress his limbs, and constrain his motions; he refuses to encounter the giant in armour which he has not proved. The theory and the practice stand apart from one another in haughty independence. With every inducement to union that can be found in a perfect mutual adaptation, they seem yet to need the intervention of some

subtle fluid, some peculiar medium, before the contact can be effected.

This medium, Mr. Chretien has undertaken to supply.

‘I have endeavoured,’ he says in his preface, ‘to consult principally the wants of those whose taste for Logic has carried them beyond its simpler technicalities. Such persons will naturally desire to learn how it may be useful in practice. Having studied the nature of its machinery, they will gladly see it in operation.’ To vindicate Logic from the charge of idleness, to arrest and delineate her features as she passes from form into matter, is the purpose of his work.

From this purpose it necessarily derives a peculiar character of breadth and largeness, which, if not seen from the right point of view, may perhaps be mistaken for vagueness and uncertainty. The mistake would be most unjust, for it is impossible that views should be more distinctly conceived, or language more accurately employed, than is the case throughout all the earlier and more important portion of the book; all, in fact, which contains its distinctive positions, and constitutes its individual character. But the nature of the object proposed precludes any amount of discussion of details. The office of Logic is a wide, almost an illimitable field; for from what work of man is reasoning excluded? Accordingly, the view is always broad, the landscape always panoramic. We move from height to height, and contemplate the expanse of country from different points; but it is always a bird’s-eye view of the course of human thought. Large masses of light and shade stand broadly out; detail is everywhere subordinated to relation; and somewhat of a blue mist, which may be either cloud or mountain, hangs upon the far horizon. It is evident that such a plan shuts out the possibility of any very minute description of particular objects; which would, in fact, only exalt them to the same disproportionate monstrosity, which Peter Pindar ascribed to the Royal Academicians, when he accused them of delineating every feather of the distant bird. It would, indeed, be an unpardonable quackery, a mere cheat practised on the simplicity of his readers, if an author took advantage of this elevated prospect to conceal his own ignorance of the country he professed to describe. But it is easy to see that we are secure against any such deception here. The abundant references which dot his pages, not only intimate that the author has himself tracked the lanes and paths which are scarcely visible from the height at which he has placed us, but also furnish those who are inclined for the tour with the means of following safely in his footsteps. And the occasional correction of a generally adopted error, as in the case in which he has rescued Gilbert

de la Poree from a careless charge of Degerando, who most unreasonably accuses him of cutting down Aristotle's Ten Categories to Six, sufficiently intimates that he has not trusted to guide-books, but has explored the ground for himself. His very familiarity with the ground is, indeed, almost an inconvenience; for it leads, almost inevitably, to an assumption of the same familiarity on the part of his readers; and thus produces an occasional obscurity, which is also somewhat increased by the extreme brevity of his argumentative style.

This, however, is only the case in the exact thread of argument. There, every thing is sacrificed to clear, concise statement: often no syllable could be spared. In such cases the author seems to labour under a needless horror of repetition: for the reiteration of an important link will often strengthen the chain, without impairing its continuity. But in general the style is suited to the subject. Clear, strong, and accurate, it never disdains the use of ornament, though fastidious in its selection, and ever careful to keep it in due subordination. Often he is singularly happy in metaphor and illustration, and possesses a wonderful power of using the stores of others, whether of poetry or prose, for purposes all his own. Indeed, nothing in the book is more remarkable than the ease with which he walks among such varied stores of illustration. The whole field of knowledge seems to lie outspread before him, that he may select at leisure from its manifold productions that one flower which best suits his present purpose. Nor are there wanting, when we escape from the narrower range of exact argument, whole passages of great beauty, as well as force; and the ethical element, which alone confers on a book the charm of life, is continually and often unexpectedly seen sparkling on the dead surface of logical disquisition.

But it is high time that we should give our readers some notion of the contents of the book. We have said already that it deals, not so much with logic itself, as with the use of logic, or, as it is often called, Method. The word itself may, perhaps, need the explanation of the following sentences.

‘The idea of Method, indeed, is prior to that of either Science or Logic. It is simpler, where they are more complex. It enters into every thing which admits of arrangement and order. There is method in placing in a row a number of mineralogical specimens according to their external resemblance; though this is not a science. There is method in grouping together a number of aphorisms, or proverbs, or practical maxims, which refer to the same subject; though this falls short of logic. There may be order, and therefore method, where there is little knowledge and no consequentiality. Crabbe, with his usual truth and usual bitterness, has observed of misers, heralds, flower-fanciers, and one or two other respectable rather than useful classes of men, that,

“Order to these is armour and defence,
And love of method serves in lack of sense.”

It is, however, *Logical Method* with which we are now concerned. There are various ways, artificial and inartificial, in which knowledge may be gained, and each of these is in some sense a method. Truth itself is also of various kinds, and admits of more or less exactitude in its apprehension. For practical and moral truth is obviously different from scientific truth; and as the latter is more capable of precise statement, so also are the rules for its attainment more uniform and definite. Hence we naturally turn to science for the most complete exemplification of logical method; and hence arises the leading idea of the work before us—the relation, namely, subsisting between logic and science; the endeavour to show ‘how, as ‘Logic has always of her own free will testified to the truth of ‘science, Science in her turn bears unintentional but not involuntary witness to the truth and utility of logic.’

The book consists of two parts, which we may characterise as Historical and Theoretical: the former exhibiting the relation which Logic has been conceived to bear to Science in ancient, mediæval, and modern times respectively; while the latter exhibits the author’s own views of their mutual accordence. The sum of his results, which it may be as well to mention before we illustrate the process by which he reaches them, are briefly these. While the ancient logic was a *part*, and the mediæval the *whole*, of philosophy, the moderns (under which head the author is himself to be included) conceive it to be only the *instrument* of philosophy. And its true use in science is to be looked for in classification as much as in deduction. The first part of logic is something more than a base to support the second and third: the predicables are scientific instruments as powerful as the syllogism itself.

And now, to turn our view to the historical part of the work, and, first of all, to the principles on which it is conducted, we will begin with the following characteristic passage:—

‘In considering the relation which, according to the ancient and mediæval philosophies respectively, logic bore to science, it would be unwise to take any very restricted notion of logic by which to limit our inquiries, and test the opinions of those who have preceded us. We must not look for greater accuracy in the use of our terms than was possible in the time of their early application. We shall see more fully the bearings of our subject by taking Logic in its widest sense; not enforcing our distinctions on those who could never have heard of them, but content, as is often best at the opening of an investigation, to follow the guidance of a name, and see whither it will lead us. So we may be sure that wherever we find the word “Logic” we are on our proper ground, in whatever sense our authorities used it; whether they meant by it an art or a science, whether they assigned to it as its province language, or inference, or thought in general. And if, as can scarcely be doubted, logic is to be considered rather an art than a science, this alone would justify us in using the term somewhat vaguely. Science is, as we shall hereafter see, the development of an idea; and the definiteness of this idea is a condition of the progress of the science.

Not so with art, which deals rather with phenomena than with ideas; which aims at effecting an end, not at exploring a certain sphere of knowledge. Arts contract and expand almost indefinitely. The bold projector widens their field in theory; the skilful artificer enlarges them in practice. On the other hand, the division of labour often splits one art into several, and limits to a part the application of a name which once extended to the whole; or the advance of knowledge shows perhaps that it has attempted more than it could well fulfil, and leads it to modify its pretensions; or some change in the circumstances of social life causes it to fall into neglect and desuetude. So that the history of an art, like that of a kingdom, is to a great extent the history of its boundaries. The capital remains unchanged, but the extent of territory around it varies. We all know what is meant by the art of medicine; yet how little remains fixed in it when examined! At first we have a scanty knowledge of simples, and some empirical rules as to diet. Then the mineral kingdom comes in to lend its aid to the vegetable. Afterwards we find the art taking another turn, and, not content with bare observation, deducing rules from guesses as to the nature of remedies in general, some fanciful doctrine of signatures, for instance, or a premature theory of vital action. Then a better acquaintance with the laws of physiology and chemistry comes to its aid. We must not forget its shifting and uncertain sympathies with other real or pretended systems, with alchemy, or astrology, or magnetism. Yet how small a part of this array of subjects comes under the notice of the ordinary practitioner! To inquire into the history of medicine, confining ourselves to our own views of its nature and province, would lead us to rob the ancients without enriching the moderns, and make one of the oldest of the arts comparatively a creature of the day.'—Pp. 13—15.

Conducting the inquiry on these principles, he goes on to show how, in their threefold division of philosophy into Ethic, Physic, and Logic, the main body of the Greek philosophers included under the latter term the whole world of mind. All mental laws fell under its sway: the discussions of metaphysics, and the applications of pure reasoning, were alike held to belong to it. As physical philosophy dealt with all phenomena, and ethic decided all practical questions, so logic governed the whole kingdom of the intellect. It was truly a *part* of philosophy.

In the middle ages its empire was yet more extended. One great idea possessed the scholastic mind—it was that of a universal science, which, starting from a few grand and simple principles, might embrace all subjects of knowledge in a spreading net-work of deduction. The first principles once given or assumed, logical inference was to effect the rest, and thus practically Logic became the *whole* of philosophy. This period is treated by Mr. Chretien with a clearness and comprehensive breadth, which have seldom fallen to its lot; for the scholastic philosophy is 'a mighty maze, though not without a plan,' in which the clearest head is apt to grow dizzy. We extract the opening and concluding passages of the chapter; the former of which traces the origin of the system, while the latter gives its results.

'Aristotle, like many other great men, left behind him a mighty idea,

for the future to evolve. That idea was the great ruling science of *Wisdom*. Towards this he pointed the aspirations of all who would be good and happy. He thought it unattainable, certainly to the majority of mankind, perhaps to all. Yet, in spite of his love of the practical, he could not refrain from dwelling on it. If ever he is enthusiastic, it is on this subject; some portions of the *Metaphysics* read, in consequence, like fragments of a philosophical romance.

'The schoolmen caught from him the same idea, and were enraptured with it. We shall not wonder at this if we consider how great were the promises it held out to those who thought it practicable.

'Aristotle's *Wisdom* is nothing less than a deductive theory of the universe. The mind which has attained it is represented as in some sense sovereign over all that it surveys. The truly wise man, unlike the mass of mankind, who are slaves to sense, and see but consequents without the antecedents, and touch only the last and lowest link of the chain which connects heaven and earth, stands at the source of all knowledge, and sees things in their causes. His reason follows the order of the creative mind. Whatever is first in nature, is first also to him.

'And the mental act which this *Wisdom* implies is of the most perfect kind. All is calm contemplation. The turmoil of inference is over, and pure intuition has succeeded. The mind's eye does not wander here and there in quest of some worthy object, but is fixed for ever in intellectual serenity on the face of Truth.

'Viewed only as a habit of the mind, it rose so high in dignity and perfection. Nor were the subjects with which it dealt unworthy of its own elevated nature. It is depicted in a threefold aspect, answering to the division of that which it contemplates. Its highest phase is *Theology*, which dwells on the thought of the self-existing substance, a pure intellectual Being, ever active; the first Cause; itself unmoved, yet the source of all motion; eternal, indivisible, omnipresent; in a word, the Aristotelian God.

'Its two other divisions are *Mathematics* and *Physics*. These words to a great degree explain themselves. Of the latter, however, we should observe that it took a much wider range with Aristotle than with us, including, to a great extent, the laws of mind as well as of matter—the laws of all phenomena, in short, which are not reducible to the formulæ of space and number. Under this broad sense of *Physics* falls the philosophy both of morals and art. The wise man does not, indeed, descend from his theoretic elevation to give rules for guiding conduct and forming taste. To the lower parts of philosophy it belongs to train men to the love of goodness and the perception of beauty. But when art and education have not only brought forth fruit in practice but have also developed character, and elicited ideas which had else lain dormant in the mind, *Wisdom* can then, without loss of caste, regard them. She adds to her contemplation of Absolute Being, and, in subordination to this, of the laws which move the framework of the universe, a knowledge of those principles also on which depend the Good and the Beautiful.

'Such was Aristotle's *Wisdom*, perfect in its subject, which is co-extensive with law and order; perfect in its method, which is that of the creative mind, starting with the simple idea of Being, and descending thence in regular sequence through the whole array of including and included universals; perfect in the nature of its contemplation, which sums up in a single term the whole series of causation, and grasps by a simple intellectual act what has been called "the Mundane Idea," or the "Summary Law of Nature." '—Pp. 31—33.

This was the great idea which fascinated the imagination of

the schoolmen; the mighty plan, to the gradual perfection of which, the whole intellect of Europe was devoted for six centuries. Selecting Thomas Aquinas as the type of the whole system, our author proceeds to show in detail the accordance between his theology and the Stagyrte's wisdom; and thus sums up the results of the chapter:—

‘The scholastic apparatus was now complete. They had, as they thought, a primary classification, external to the mind, in the ten Predicaments; they had first intentions, or conceptions drawn directly from things, to range under them; they had, among other second intentions, the Predicables, which enabled them to show how, under the light of the natural classification, the first intentions were related to each other. In other words, they had, or supposed they had, both the objective and subjective requisites of a perfect system—a valid division of existing things, and a method according to which to group all notions under this division. So, without any further delay, they betook themselves to syllogising; to determining, that is, by means of their supposed knowledge of the nature and force of terms, the various relations which they might be supposed to occupy to each other in propositions. Here they were not likely soon to come to a stand: the possible permutations of words are endless; and they did not think that they were dealing only with words, and falling far short of things. Each distinction which they drew brought forward new questions; and the solution of each question elicited fresh distinctions. Philosophy separated from a central trunk into numerous branches, which again divided and subdivided till their ultimate sections were as fine as hairs, or finer—invisible even to the eyes of those who spun them out. And through the whole of the prolonged system, Logic everywhere extended itself, drew each distinction, stated each objection, answered it when stated, summed up when it gave its decision, crushed each inquiry into the same uniform shape, appealed over and over again to the same universal premises, employed unnumbered artifices to extract from these premises conclusions they were never meant to give, cut into shreds the scanty sheet of knowledge, as Dido did the hide, that it might encircle the province which it could not cover, governed absolutely all Philosophy, and as in despotic governments there is no distinction between the monarch and the constitution, was *all* Philosophy itself.’—Pp. 49, 50.

We regret that our limits prevent us from giving a sketch of the chapter which follows, on Nominalism and Realism. It is, perhaps, the best chapter of the historical division. The whole field of manifold contention is gathered into one steady, comprehensive glance, in which the logomachy glows with something of the interest of a living battle. Not only do we hear the watchwords, we see the heroes of the fray. But as our object at present is to preserve, in an abridged view, the continuous line of thought, we shall content ourselves with quoting the concluding paragraphs, which have a double claim upon our attention; first, from the intrinsic interest of their subject, the Platonic Ideas; and, secondly, because they well exhibit the ruling thought of the Essay, to which we shall have occasion to recur again.

'The remaining kind of Realism is that to which nobler minds are naturally prone, and which owes its origin to the divine Plato. That method of stating his doctrine of Ideas, in which they are regarded as existing in the mind of God, seems to admit of an easy defence. Surely, it may be argued, if the creation was, as we know it was, orderly and regular; if the clash of circumstances did not develop the different gradations of Being out of a primitive chaos, but class after class came into existence at the bidding of the Divine Word, there can be no error in looking to that eternal Word as the seat of Universals. These are not merely the aggregate of individuals, much less the conceptions which we have derived from them, still less that language which so imperfectly expresses thoughts imperfect in themselves; but abide rather in that unchangeable Word, from whom things, and conceptions, and language alike proceed.

'A few words on this view of the subject may be said by way of conclusion.'—Pp. 73, 74.

After mentioning a technical objection to the Realism of this view, the author proceeds:—

'But, waiving this objection, a further caution is necessary to those who think Realism thus congenial with their theology. Granting that all true and genuine Universals have their seat in the Divine Mind, a further question arises—what are true and genuine Universals? Surely we cannot boldly assume that every common term, in the present state of language, is true to its original purpose. With all our ignorance of the nature of things, all our mistaken speculations, all our conventionalities of thought and language, can we venture to think that we have always exercised the powers of abstraction and generalization aright? And, in default of such a rightful exercise, who can answer that the Universals on which we have fixed are true? Who shall say that the classes which we have formed are in all cases grounded on the nature of things, and correspond to the intention of the Divine Author of the gradations of the universe?

'We take for granted, and justly, the correctness of our own involuntary and spontaneous classification. What we do insensibly, we generally do rightly. We need not fear that we are wrong in classing all men, or all animals, or all virtues, or all colours, or all sounds together. But when, by a laborious effort of the mind, we endeavour to arrange these classes, which we gained without effort, in subordination to each other; when, for instance, we would ascertain the precise relation in which the class man stands to the class animal, we cannot answer for our success. Viewed as a statement of abstract truth, if the zoological arrangement of Linnæus was right, that of Cuvier is wrong. Only when we are assured, on the best evidence, that we have attained to the real order of things, and understand their relative position in the scale of creation, can we assert positively, that our class terms are valid, and represent any natural Universal. To make the assumption at an earlier stage, would be, in all probability, to fix ourselves irrevocably in error.

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'To begin, therefore, by assuming that even the most modified form of Realism is true, on the existing state of things, would be to begin with a mistake. It stands in this respect on a par with the scholastic system as a whole; it is a great aspiration, which has never yet been verified. We may cherish it as an ideal, but as nothing more. Our knowledge is far too imperfect to allow us to assert that we class the phenomena of the world at large uniformly according to their natural classes. In some provinces of science the work has been readily and satisfactorily accomplished. We have no hesitation in affirming that, in Mathematics, the divisions of

figures according to the number of their dimensions, of lines into curved and straight, of angles into right, acute, and obtuse, of quantities in general into equal and unequal, are really natural, and give us the knowledge of natural kinds. On other subjects, as in Botany, we seem to have approximated to a true classification, though the line of demarcation between the several classes is far from being, in all cases, accurately drawn at present. Sometimes, as is the case with Zoology, it seems doubtful if the problem has been solved; sometimes, as with Mineralogy, the work still remains to be accomplished; if the chrystallographic Idea be true, the arrangement of conceptions under it is quite incomplete. On the whole, we must be content to allow that the Conceptualistic view of Universals is true at present; the Realistic view, with some limitations and cautions, may be true hereafter.—Pp. 75—78.

The doctrine of the relative nature of all classification, which is implied in this extract, we shall afterwards find more fully dwelt on and expanded. For the present we return to the history of Logic. The scholastic system, and with it the living interest of the dispute between Realist and Nominalist, has passed away. The mighty fabric, a perfect creature of the mind, collapsed at once in the denser atmosphere of Fact. Fitted only for the realms of speculation, when, in its spreading growth, its extremities reached out into the world of action, it instantly fell, struck down like some enchanted palace, by the word of its unwary occupant. But its ruin left a void in the intellectual world. Lord Bacon gave the idea which was to supply its place. And here Mr. Chretien has skilfully availed himself of two happy metaphors to fix the point of contrast and similarity between the Baconian and Aristotelian schools. The latter spoke of the *Tree* of knowledge, the former of its *Pyramid*. Both recognised the unity of knowledge, the possibility of a universal science, but the arrangement was inverted, and the method changed. The schoolmen had attempted to deduce all things from their first principle of Being, to ‘widen out their knowledge from the basis upwards,’ by a sort of living principle of growth; Lord Bacon aimed at mounting on a series of lessening steps by a kind of gradual accretion, through successive classes, from individuals to the apex of existence. From this system deductive Logic was necessarily excluded; induction was its only instrument, performing in the work a part too mechanical to allow it any chance of incorporation into the result. The scheme has been modified by after-thinkers; deduction still exists, but Logic has never since aspired to fill a chamber in the mansion of Philosophy, content to be accounted henceforward nothing more than its *instrument*.

Passing on to Modern Logic, we find three distinct schools, assigning to logic three distinct provinces. Words, things, or conceptions, are respectively held by them to be the subject of logic; and they are accordingly named by Mr. Chretien,

the Verbal, Phenomenal, and Conceptional schools. He himself gives in his adhesion to the latter; the two former are represented more or less completely by Whately and Mill. The partisans of the Verbal school are scarcely numerous enough at present to call for any summary of the arguments against that view; but most of our readers will desire to see the following fair and temperate criticism of its clever patron:—

‘It is much to be regretted that so many symptoms of an adhesion to the opinions of this moderate section of the Verbal school,’ [those, that is, who, though they fix on language as the subject of Logic, yet allow that the language is subservient to the thought,] ‘are to be found in the able treatise of Archbishop Whately. His definition of Logic, as “The Art of employing Language properly for the purpose of Reasoning,” is conceived quite in this spirit. To trace this evil tendency in detail through his work would be quite foreign to our present purpose. Two of its more general features may, however, be mentioned here as illustrative of the turn of mind with which this logical theory is associated. In the first place, he is led to attach far too much importance to the mere arrangement of words, and to measure the elasticity and pliability of thought by that of the raw material out of which its finished representations are fabricated. The most striking instance of this defect is found in his way of treating hypothetical and inductive arguments. He compels methods of reasoning, which, when viewed in the thinking mind, are clearly distinct from the deductive process, and from each other, to bow to an artifice of language, and submit to the one unvarying formula of syllogism. And, secondly, he shows a continual disposition to underrate the number of real questions at issue among mankind, and to increase in proportion the number of merely verbal differences. His common way of dealing with contending disputants is to accuse them of an equivocation, to assure them that they either mean the same thing by different words, or use the same word to signify distinct things. Or, if this plan will not succeed, he looks for some formal error in the argument of one of the parties, and is ready to assign the discrepancy to any cause except that which is probably the real one—some broad difference of principle underlying the whole discussion, and forcing, as it were, the superficial strata of thought from what would be else their level and unbroken direction. This is, in fact, to assume that men can with equal ease be made of one mind and of one vocabulary.’—Pp. 100—102.

This thought is followed up at greater length than we can find room to allow it here. We pass on to the Phenomenal school, in which ‘words are considered as signs rather of things ‘than of our conceptions of them;’ and in the spirit of which it is urged by Mr. Mill, ‘that the theory which regards a proposition as the union of two ideas or conceptions, and not of ‘two things, is, when taken by itself, most meagre and unsatisfactory.’ We will first extract an example, showing how consistently this scheme has been adopted by Mr. Mill, and then quote some general remarks on the character of the school.

The Categories, employed by different writers with such different objects, form almost a test of logical party. Aristotle, who, in common with all the ancients, regarded rather the

connexion, than the distinction, of word, thought, and thing, intended them for an enumeration of the modes of Predication. The schoolmen adopted them as a catalogue of Things, a grand and primary division of nature. Kant sought in them an enumeration of conceptions, a list of the 'subjective conditions of thinking.' Mill, returning to the scholastic position, demands from them 'an enumeration of all things capable of being named—an enumeration by the *summa genera*, i. e. the most extensive classes into which things can be distributed.' For this purpose the Aristotelian categories, of course, fail him, and, accordingly,—

'he proceeds to give us his own categories, which are four in number. All nameable things, he tells us, are either—I. Feelings, or states of consciousness. II. Minds which experience these feelings. III. Bodies, or external objects which excite certain of these feelings, together with the powers or properties whereby they excite them. And, IV. The successions and co-existences, the likenesses and unlikenesses, between feelings and states of consciousness.

'Without pretending to discuss this scheme at length, we may observe, that it should at least be received with extreme caution. In the first place, it does not seem to be exhaustive, seeing that no spiritual existence, save human minds, finds a place in it. Secondly, it appears to deny the fact, and, indeed, the possibility, of spiritual influences; since, according to its obvious tenor, all feelings or states of consciousness come either from the mind itself, or from bodies external to it. Thirdly, even were it an exhaustive division, this, though it would imply its truth, would not establish its importance. It need not be the natural division which lies at the base of all sciences. Its generalizations are of that kind which cannot fairly be assumed, on Mr. Mill's own principles, to be scientific, till Inductive Science has worked its way almost up to the apex of knowledge.

'In a word, as logical, it is out of place; as metaphysical, its correctness and usefulness are doubtful.'—Pp. 125, 126.

These remarks seem unanswerable, and sufficiently exhibit the spirit of Mr. Mill's work. We shall close this part of the subject with some general observations on the Phenomenal school, which are valuable, not only for their own intrinsic merit, but also as showing by example how it is possible for a writer on the philosophy of mind to confine himself strictly within his legitimate province, without ever ceasing to remember that he is also a man and a Christian.

'The Phenomenal School of Thought, though liable to grave objections, holds a higher place in intellectual dignity than the Verbal. The latter, without any real devotion to Physics, is, as we have seen, of a materialistic cast; the former need not incline to materialism, while its tendency to further physical knowledge is undeniable. To assert Truth to lie merely in language, is a step towards denying its existence. But to the reality of the truths of the outward world, the Phenomenal School begins by pledging itself. On these it fixes its attention, observes their laws, and extracts its system from them. And in dwelling on them, it may steer clear of all Materialism, because it regards them as lying, so to speak, at the inosculation of man and the universe; as being facts of our perception, into the

nature of which perception it does not profess to enter. This is so far a merit; but from the same source with this merit flow great defects also. If its canon of investigation were adopted, it would enlarge our knowledge in one direction only. The facts of consciousness it declines analysing, though it does not object to combining them; and the absence of such analysis renders it, however at home it may be in Inductive Science, a most incompetent and unsafe guide in Deduction, or in the border-territories of Morals and Art. For, in treating of each of these, there is a subjective element which demands consideration. The fundamental ideas of Deductive Science are something more than mere abstractions from the phenomena which are grouped around them, and none of which in themselves adequately embody them. So, again, moral truth, if it is to stand in contrast with physical, implies the positing of an idea which does not conform to the laws of external experience—that of the free will. And that theory of art, which would banish its intellectual aspect, and place its perfection in imitation and execution only, is far too imperfect and unsatisfactory to recommend itself either to the artist or the philosopher.

‘Religion, too, it is to be feared, is a subject necessarily undreamt of in this philosophy. Theology rests, if not on the notion of a Mediator, at least on that of mediation—a connexion between ourselves and God. Mere contemplation of the highest form of excellence avails not, except it be accompanied by a fashioning, which with man must always be a conscious fashioning, of the contemplator, to the model of that which he contemplates. An entire resting on the outward would be only good, were it possible, where the inward is perfect; and any continuous habit of thought which turns an imperfect mind wholly away from itself, prevents its progress towards perfection. The highest excellency which could result from it would resemble that of Aristotle’s wise man. The merely “positive” philosopher may be deeply cognisant of the physical world, familiar with the sphere and power of Mathematics, with a deep-seated enthusiasm as to the extension of knowledge, and the possibility of new and more perfect combinations in that wonderful social system of which man is the monad; but the existence of God as a first Cause is not essential to his speculations, far less of God as a moral Governor. His temptation is, to regard the deeper instincts of the heart as so many facts which would be useful in an inductive psychology; not as principles of action or feeling, with a final cause of their own, no less than the forming of man after the model of his Creator.’—Pp. 115—117.

We now pass from the Historical to the Theoretical view of the subject, from criticism to statement; and in so doing we shall continue to follow the rule which we have hitherto observed, and allow the author, so far as the limits of a review will permit, to deliver his own sentiments in his own language. For the difficulty, always great, of faithfully transmitting thought, or even fact, through any other medium than a set formula of words, becomes still greater within the delicate sphere of mental philosophy. A single unwary word, or inconsiderate epithet, may blot or distort the fair proportions of the whole picture; and, even if positive misrepresentation be avoided, we may yet be sure that the truth will be conveyed less clearly and completely by the rapid pen of the reviewer, than in the well-weighed sentences of the original thinker. We

shall, then, here as before, aim only at sustaining a string of quotations on a connected chain of thought.

Logical Method, as was observed above, is to be sought for in its purest form in Science: hence, the first step in its illustration must be the analysis of Science. What, then, is the progress of Science? Eliminate the various subject-matter from the several sciences, and what is the pure residuum, the common method, which remains? But before we answer the question, it is necessary to observe, that it relates only to the completed science. The process of erection is altogether distinct, and beside our present purpose, though this too is noticed in a subsequent chapter: science itself is different from its formation. With this proviso, we will draw our answer from the author.

‘In all science, then, when perfectly formed, we have, as has been said above, a certain unity of structure. We find a multitude of conceptions grouped together under one leading conception, which we call an Idea, on some received principle of classification; these conceptions possessing among each other, in a greater or less degree, subordination and consequentiality. And the object of this combination of conceptions is not directly practical use, but knowledge.’—P. 132.

This account of Science in general is illustrated by a reference to Geometry, Botany, and Mechanics, as samples respectively of the Pure, the Classificatory, and the Applied Sciences. It is obvious that all the characteristics will not be found equally prominent in all the sciences. At first sight one might be tempted to deny the existence of any classification in Geometry, or any consequentiality in Botany. Yet a little consideration will show that the geometrical definitions are in reality a result of the classification of space, and that botanical systems do at least aim at an arrangement, which, by the constant concurrence of the same attributes, suggests the notion of consequentiality; and their success is estimated by their approximation to this type. In the applied sciences the main difficulty consists in establishing the connexion between the leading conceptions and the primary idea: in Mechanics, for instance, the laws of rest and motion are not easily educible from the idea of force; though, these once established by experiment or observation, the lower propositions cohere in perfect dependence. There is, then, a gradation in science.

‘Pure Science is the type which unites perfections elsewhere separate, and in which unity of structure, and complete classification, meet with perfect consequence. In the Applied Sciences, the consequence, when the premises are once given, may be as perfect, but the unity is of a lower kind, and depends less entirely on the Idea. The Classificatory Sciences have a unity nearly as perfect as that of Pure Science, with a classification as perfect, and of wider range. But here the parts are bound together by a loose tie, and the scientific mind regrets the absence of Consequentiality.’—P. 185.

With the limitation implied in this gradation, the general description of Science will hold good; and by means of it we are now in a position to answer the question, What office does Logic perform in regard to Science? Obviously Classification and Consequentiality fall within its province; the syllogism is the instrument of the latter, and the former is effected by means of the scheme of Predicables. It is of this alone that Mr. Chretien treats; and we will endeavour, as briefly as possible, to put the reader in possession of his views.

‘It has been customary,’ he writes, ‘to attain the five heads of Predicables in one of two ways—the one more generally known in consequence of its adoption by modern logicians, according to which Species expresses the whole Essence, while Genus indicates the common, Differentia the distinguishing part of the same Essence; and Property, something joined necessarily, Accident, something joined contingently to it;—the other, more agreeable to Aristotle, and more commonly employed by the schoolmen, which begins by separating genus and species, as coming under the predicament of Substance, from the other Predicables, which are predicated in Quality.’—P. 151.

Both of these, however, are liable to the objection—

‘That they assume our possession of the power to decide generally what attributes are really part of the essence or substance of any given thing, and what are not. In other words, they assume, perhaps unwittingly on the part of those who adopt them, the possibility of a science of Being.’

We cannot, for instance, determine the Essence of Man, without having a Natural System of the Universe, which would enable us to define his exact position in the scale of existence; and, this definition once attained, it would follow that—

‘No researches, metaphysical, moral, religious, social, physiological, of which Man is the subject, can have a valid claim to the name of science. They are the investigations, not of the real nature of man, but only of certain secondary qualities belonging to him. They misplace Man for the time, throw him out of his proper rank in the scale of things, and raise those features of his being which are subordinate or collateral, to the place of the highest dignity. Thus the unity of knowledge would seem to be disturbed, and the natural arrangements of Truth broken into, by a misplaced and importunate ingenuity.’—P. 153.

The common notion, then, attaching to the word Essence, must be discarded or modified, since it not only presupposes an impossible science, but destroys the possibility of any other. Let us follow the steps by which Mr. Chretien arrives at what he conceives to be its proper limitation.

‘In order, then, that the Predicables may occupy their right position, we must be content to regard the whole question as one of relation; and to admit, that any given individual cannot, on logical ground, be ascribed *absolutely* to any species; but in order to fix its species, and, by consequence, to assign to its other attributes their proper place as properties or accidents, we must view it in reference to some *Scientific Idea*.

‘Our old example will not be the worse for being the most obvious, and

most common. Suppose an individual human being put before us, and the demand made that we should fix his species, genus, differentia, and so on. The problem is one, which, with the individual alone given, even supposing our knowledge of all the circumstances concerning him to be most accurate and perfect, will defy all attempts at solution. Let, for instance, the given man be Nicolas, the Emperor of all the Russias. The difficulty will be to ascertain his species; if this is accomplished, all that follows will be easy enough. But how is this first step to be taken? Of course, if we are considering zoology, or are content to assume, that the class to which our first natural impulse would lead us to refer him is really his species, there will be no difficulty in answering at once, Nicolas is by species a Man. But, supposing that we are dwelling rather on some Idea which does not extend beyond the human race; that, to take a particular case, we are constructing a science of Civil Government—we shall then divide men, it may be, according as they are governed, or governors; and subdivide the latter according as they govern in common with others, or are governors sole; and this subdivision may be further subdivided, as they rule absolutely, or under certain limits of law or constitution. In a scheme of this kind, Nicolas will belong to the species Despot, or sole governor without the limitation of law. So, under the Catallactic science, his species will be Capitalist. And the moralist must investigate the affair of the nuns of Minsk, and other dealings of the Father of his People, before he decides under which of *his* two exhaustive species, the good and the bad, he must place the Czar of Russia.

‘A popular instance like this will serve our immediate purpose, which is, as we have said, not to construct a new theory of the predicables, but to show under what provisos we may acquiesce in the old one. And it now appears, that we are at liberty to retain both the received scheme, and the method of attaining it; on the condition, however, either of rejecting the word Essence, or interpreting it as the union of those attributes which are considered to constitute a class *in relation to a given Idea*.’—P. 153—155.

Having thus arrived at a definition of species, we can, without difficulty, define the other predicables. For, as classification implies order and arrangement, and ‘a class necessarily suggests to the mind the existence of collateral classes—standing by its side, that is, as members of the same division,’ it follows that genus may be defined ‘as the expression of those attributes which a class has in common with its collateral classes,’ while Differentia will be ‘the Expression of those attributes in which the class differs from its collateral classes.’

We need not complete the scheme by transcribing the other definitions. Its general features are now sufficiently obvious. The whole logical method of classification supplied by the scheme of Predicables is entirely relative. As algebraical symbols preserve an invariable meaning during the evolution of any single problem, but may be instantly transferred to another problem with a new signification; so the scheme of Predicables may pass from one science to another, arranging the subordinate conceptions in each at the same relative distance from one another, but in no way concerned with the material on which it is employed. This may be totally or only partially different

as one scientific idea succeeds to another; in either case Logical Method, concerned only with its distribution, ignores it equally.

And this, it is plain, is the fair result of a Conceptional Logic. Nature, in itself, is absolute and invariable; it is only in the alembic of the mind that its parts can assume a changeful aspect. And accordingly Mr. Mill adopts a different view, though in the following words he admits the principle on which this is founded.

‘The distinction,’ he writes, ‘between the essence of a class, and the attributes or properties which are not of its essence, amounts to nothing more than the difference between those attributes of the class which are, and those which are not, involved in the signification of the class-name. As applied to individuals, the word Essence, we found, has no meaning, except in connexion with the exploded tenets of the Realists; and what the schoolmen chose to call the essence of an individual, was simply the essence of the class to which that individual was most familiarly referred.’—Vol. i. p. 164.

To adopt this meaning of Essence, regarding essence as that which severs Genus, Species, and Differentia from the two remaining Predicables, would be equivalent to admitting that the Predicables denoted conceptions and not things; and Mr. Mill very consistently discards it, and seeks the explanation of Genus and Species in a natural difference of *kinds*, by which those things are said to be *kinds*, and therefore Genera or Species, which have more attributes than their names connote. Humanity, with its intricate network of seemingly independent attributes, may furnish forth a kind; Christianity, as a simple idea from which all its properties may be evolved, cannot.

Now, without insisting on the assumption involved in this position, that the great classes of nature have within themselves no real discoverable principle of unity,—for, if any one idea could be conceived, from which all the properties of man might naturally flow, man would cease to be a kind,—we may observe that it cannot be adopted without a violent rending asunder of the Predicables. For the other three cannot possibly, in the present state of science, be obtained by any extension of this principle of a difference in nature. ‘The distinction,’ Mr. Mill admits, ‘between Differentia, Proprium, and Accidens, is not found in the nature of things, but in the connotation of names.’ But the main objection to this view of the Predicables lies in the circumstance, that it diminishes their value for scientific purposes, by limiting very greatly the sphere of their application. Thus, to return to our old example, the *species* of Nicolas can be only Man: the terms by which we signify his position in Politics, Catallactics, or Ethics, must be content to receive from Mr. Mill some meaner designation. In other words, in these sciences, the scheme of Predicables will be so far useless.

Perhaps enough has been said to convey a notion of the general features of the book. To do more would be impossible, for statements, in themselves concise, will not bear further abridgment without the risk of becoming unintelligible. Logical Method has been exhibited in its relation to Science, which itself presents the most perfect type of knowledge. The slight sketch which follows of the office of Method in Art and Morality, is rather the germ of a theory, than a definite theory itself; and the remaining chapters, on Analysis and Synthesis, and the Connexion of Method with Formal Logic, though perhaps even more attractive to the logical student, are subsidiary to the main design. Enough, we trust, has been produced to leave on our readers the impression, that they will find in Mr. Chretien's Essay, not only a thoughtful, but a pleasing work. A subject, proverbially dry and intricate, unfolds its mazes, and gathers unwonted interest in his clear and polished style; and passages which commence in argument not unfrequently surprise the reader by terminating in eloquence. No one, we are sure, will refuse that term to the following extract. It is the 'Conclusion' of the volume, and shall be also the conclusion of these remarks:—

'We have now concluded, so far as the plan of these pages allows, our consideration of Logical Method. Had they been far more perfect in their design, and more exact in their execution, this would not have hindered that unsatisfied feeling, that craving after further Truth, which strengthens with the accession of knowledge, and is one of the strongest though not of the most pleasant motives for pursuing it.

'It has been well said, that the quest, and not the possession of knowledge, is the entertainment of the mind. Truth, indeed, is the one object of our search; but the pleasures of seeking it are present, and real; the pleasures of finding it lie in the future, and prove too often imaginary. Even when no failure intervenes between us and our end, the road is almost always longer and more difficult than we expected. We think ourselves near the top of the mountain; and as we make a vigorous effort to scale what seems its highest crag, perceive that we are but just making our way over its first shoulder, and that its misty ridges still rise before us in uncertain grandeur, and retreat as we gaze on them.

'The reader of these pages cannot be more painfully sensible than their writer, that, after all which has been said of Method, its culminating point is not reached. That highest Unity which would give a meaning to the whole is wanting. Granting that all knowledge which deserves the name of Science naturally arranges itself, according to certain rules, under definite Ideas, the question yet remains,—How are these Ideas themselves arranged? Have not they too their due disposition and gradation? Can we suppose that there is no standard by which we can decide their relative dignity and importance? Centres of unity and sources of order as they are, are they in disorder among themselves?

'It is hard to suppose that they are wanting in this arrangement and subordination. And yet how can we discover it? We have surrendered as a vain imagination that Science of Being, of which the ancients loved to speak. It seems that powerful minds were permitted by Providence to rest

on the thought of the absolute Unity of knowledge, till some facts of science were so elaborated, that they could bear, in contemplating their separate perfection, to dispense with the thorough consolidation of the whole. We are almost reminded of Alexander's attempt at universal empire, which, as such, failed; but left, nevertheless, real and permanent power in the hands of his generals, to be exercised over their fragmentary kingdoms. Many sciences we know there can be: we now know, almost with equal certainty, that, while the human mind retains its present constitution, they can never all meet in one.

‘May there not however be, in the absence of this ideal unity, some one science to direct the rest, though it does not combine them? As, in practice, prudence, which is not an art, much less the union of all, applies and regulates all those arts which tend, when rightly used, to our common well-being; may there not be in theory also some great science, or something above a science, to assign our speculations their place, their importance, their proportion, their relative learning; and make them, if not in fact, at least in tendency, a whole?’

‘One branch of study there is, which in virtue of its very name, points to the highest of all subjects, which yet, in its application, reaches to the most delicate thoughts and finest sympathies of the heart of man; which tells of infinity and eternity, and yet exhibits truths of infinite and eternal moment under forms which have reference to space and time; which distinguishes between the Permanent and the Fleeting—the principle, and the economies or dispensations which are founded on it; which teaches the importance of all truths, the supreme necessity of some; to which a Heathen paid involuntary homage, when he gave its name to what he deemed the highest reach of human thought, and which Christians have delighted to honour with the title of the Mother of Sciences.

‘Much she can teach us directly of the relative importance of truths; much more by the temper of mind and frame of thought she inculcates. She rules over knowledge, if by no other right, by that of conquest: she subdued it first, to protect it ever after.

‘And how is this fair Mother of Sciences like her children? Do the same formal conditions which bind them bind her also? If they do not, has she another method of her own; her own laws of investigation, and standards of truth and falsehood? If they do—how does the nature of the high and mysterious subjects with which she deals affect and modify their application? If, again, she neither conforms to the ordinary rules of speculation, nor has extraordinary canons of her own, how can the body of truth which she presents be fairly studied at all? How can the human mind, prone, not by its perverseness and obliquity, but by a right instinct and a deep principle of nature, to seek for order and system, find its highest occupation in resting on details which may not be combined, statements which may not be compared, examples from which no principles may be extracted, facts which refuse to incorporate themselves with doctrines?’

‘He will do a good service to truth, and Christianity, and the Church, who shall face these questions fairly; and in grave earnest, and after all due preparation, venture, in a strength not his own, to treat of a subject which I have not ventured to handle—the application of Method to THEOLOGY.’—Pp. 216—220.

ART. IV.—*A Description of Active and Extinct Volcanos, of Earthquakes, and Thermal Springs, &c.* By CHARLES DAUBENY, M.D. F.R.S. London: Richard and John E. Taylor. 1848.

DR. DAUBENY considers it necessary, in his preface to the first edition of his work on volcanos, to offer some explanation for such a task having been undertaken by a professor of chemistry. His chief aim, indeed, is to prove the close connexion between the smaller phenomena of chemical action and the greater works of nature which are the subject of this book; yet he feels that the importance of the latter merits an historian whose attention is exclusively devoted to it. He is afraid that his remarks may be thought by some unphilosophical, because they ‘smell of the laboratory.’ The professor’s modesty prompts him to make these apologies; but his confidence in performing the task contradicts any impression that he really considers the work before us as out of his province. And on such a subject—one which admits of great difference of opinion, and of much wildness in the minds of mere theorists—we confess to having the greater confidence in the views advocated by one who has been led to the subject through more ordinary scientific researches, and who, therefore, has dealt with causes before he comes to results, and arrives at certain conclusions from a preconceived opinion of the sufficiency of certain means, rather than from a determination to propound an ingenious theory to account for the tremendous operations of the interior of this globe. The practical chemist of the laboratory, who now gives us the result of his more extended investigation, is, moreover, fully aware, in answer to the charge of his views being unphilosophical, that true philosophy ever compares great things with small, and especially delights in discovering a grand unity of cause for most diverse results: minute analysis, the division of matter into its smallest atoms and most secret elements, with all their multiplying essences and subtle influences, have thus been a favourite theme in all ages, with those who have aimed at philosophy, whether their contemplations have been to the advantage of science, or merely to the confusion of their own thoughts.

We have in the book before us a vast catalogue of volcanic phenomena, collected from personal observation in part, but chiefly, of course, from other sources. The whole world is traversed to record the history of fire. Yet we cannot say that the most is made of such material, as an attractive or amusing book. All has been sacrificed to its scientific object, which is to

advocate the chemical theory. There are many descriptions interesting, of course, in themselves; but other parts are uninviting to any one reading for general information, without perfect knowledge of the phraseology of science. There is also an absence of the contemplative spirit of Humboldt and other philosophers, which adds so great a charm to their writings. We think this is a pity, since it must prevent the work being popular; and, although it may be the more valuable as a scientific treatise, must limit the interest which such a valuable store of information is calculated to excite. Perhaps, however, it is almost unavoidable for such a mass of facts to be collected without assuming too much the character of a book of reference for the general reader; and we cannot but acknowledge that we are under great obligations to one who thus collects material for future use, with so little of that philosophical egotism which deals with theory rather than fact, and loves to obtrude the author's idea of what may be, rather than what is.

The general argument of the work is, first to show a unity of cause for many phenomena, and then to establish chemical action as that cause. Extinct and active volcanos, earthquakes, and warm springs, are all attributed to the same internal combination in their different degrees of activity and power; and all the trappean rocks which are so scattered over the world, are brought in to bear testimony to the same origin. There is, then, a distinct theory as the object of the Professor, though urged with so much moderation and modesty. The chemical theory was started mainly by Sir Humphry Davy, though he rejected it in his old age, and left it to be followed out by its present teacher. The cause of its former rejection by so great a philosopher, himself its parent, is stated by Dr. Daubeny to have been a misapprehension as to the nature of volcanic products. The emission of inflammable gases would be an essential concomitant of chemical action. These were supposed not to exist when Sir Humphry Davy gave up his theory; but, as it is now discovered that they do, that faithless desertion of the offspring of his youth is no argument against it.

To understand clearly what volcanic or trap rocks are, and so to connect together ancient and modern volcanic phenomena, it will be necessary for the unscientific reader to have fresh in his mind the general condition of the earth's surface. We will, therefore, attempt to accomplish this; and as we believe that considerable ignorance exists as to the rudiments of geology in otherwise well-informed persons, we will take the liberty of being elementary in order to be also brief.

The various materials which compose the surface of the earth, as far as our investigations have carried us, are divided

into unstratified or igneous rocks, and stratified rocks bearing witness to the action of water. Granite in all its varieties is of the former class, and all above that of the latter. Following, therefore, the *undisturbed* order of things, we take granite as the foundation, the bottom of which has not yet been discovered. On this foundation there are a vast number of strata, divided generally into three great periods. The first period begins with gneiss, mica schist, clay slate, which are apparently the result of violent action on the granite, grinding it and laying the broken fragments on its surface. Over this are the Silurian rocks, and the old red sandstone formation, the carboniferous or mountain limestone, gritstone, the coal formations, and the magnetian limestone. The second period is composed of the new red sandstone, the oolite formations, and the chalk; and the third, of London clay and alluvial deposits. Throughout the first period there would appear to have been most tremendous convulsions on the surface of the earth; one stratum lying over the ruins of another, itself, when tossed in the same wild confusion, to be the foundation for a still higher deposit. All these strata, however, are not to be found lying over each other in any given place on the earth's surface. On the contrary, the original granite is often exposed, and all the superincumbent beds generally deviate from the horizontal line. Sometimes, indeed, they are even vertical, but more commonly have a gradual dip away from the more ancient projecting rocks. The obvious result of this is, that the ends of all the strata are exposed to our view more than the flat horizontal surface. In travelling, therefore, through a country away from the granite or early rocks, we shall pass over all the various formations as they come up to the surface, or, as it is called, basset out. We will illustrate this by the example of England.

In England the strata basset out in a line running from north-east to south-west, so any one travelling in that direction might be on the same description of ground from one sea to another.

On the contrary, if he travelled from north-west to south-east he would cross the whole, and be changing his scenery every few miles.

The granite we only find in the extreme west of the system thus marked out,—in Scotland, the island of Anglesea, and in the south promontory of Cornwall and Devonshire. If we imagine some one taking a walk from Anglesea to the eastern coast, he will meet the edges of all the strata as they one after another come to the surface; and it is curious, that, as a general rule, he will ascend short steep hills and descend long slopes. He will pass over the wild scenery of North Wales, which is the grand breaking up of the original granitic substance of the earth; he

will traverse the other strata of the first period, thrown together in inextricable confusion, though still preserving everywhere tokens of their proper relative position; the romantic scenery of the mountain limestone being followed by the gritstone or moorland; after which come the coal districts, the magnesian limestone, and the extended plains of the new red sandstone. Having gone thus far, he has arrived at a line drawn from the north of Lincolnshire to Dorsetshire. All the country to the east of this line is much more regular in a geological point of view, as these later deposits have not undergone such violent convulsions as the earlier. Our traveller will meet the various oolite formation on which rest the counties of Lincoln, Northampton, Oxford, and Gloucester. A range of chalk will then appear from Norfolk to Wiltshire, succeeded by the London clay, and the alluvial deposits of the east coast.

Those who knew all this before, perhaps will excuse our digression from the immediate subject, since we have introduced it in order to explain clearly the nature of trap rocks. Rising up through the depositary strata we have described, it frequently happens that there are veins of rock, as if forced from below when in a molten state, which, on arriving at the surface, either form isolated rocks, or spread over the ground, assuming almost the appearance of a stratum—especially, as is often the case, when other stratified formations are laid over them. These veins come through even granite: they abound in the first period, and occur sometimes in the chalk. They are known by the various names of basalt, greenstone, serpentine, syenite, clinkstone, and trachyte: which latter is but a generic term for a large class of rocks, characterized mineralogically by their harsh and gritty feel, together with the frequent presence of crystals of glassy felspar. All these rocks, therefore, which go under the general designation of trappean, have their origin from a molten mass below the known surface of the earth; their varieties, as seen by us, depend on the constituent materials of which they are made, and also very much on the manner in which the process of cooling was allowed to take place.

If molten minerals cool rapidly in the open air, they form a very different substance to what would result if cooled very gradually and under great pressure.

‘To this we may reply, that heat affects a mineral in two ways, according to the rate at which the subsequent cooling is allowed to proceed.

‘When the latter takes place rapidly, all traces, not only of crystallization, but even of segregation of parts, will be obliterated, and the entire mass will assume throughout a uniform texture, like that of glass.

‘In such an instance as this, however, we do not require any such test as the one proposed, because the vitreous character which the whole presents sufficiently reveals its igneous origin.

‘ But in the case of those substances which have returned more slowly into a solid state, and which in consequence have acquired a stony aspect, there appears to be always an exertion of the chemical affinities subsisting between the several constituents of the mass, sufficient to cause the production of distinct minerals, even when the latter are so intimately blended as to present a uniform appearance to the eye.’—P. 10.

In these rocks we find every variety of composition, from a substance almost resembling granite to modern lava. They are the link between the most ancient tokens of volcanic action, and the mountain which we may now see burning before our eyes. The analogy is most close between the two: and the differences that exist are so plainly accounted for by circumstances, that they confirm their common origin. Before, however, we come to the consideration of what this origin is—in fact, to the theory of volcanic action, we will follow Dr. Daubeny in his travels and researches, and lay before our readers a few of the facts we have to deal with. Whatever dispute there may be about the cause, the effects are most obvious; though even here it is more difficult than might, perhaps, be imagined, to collect anything like a systematic account of them. The remains of old convulsions have often the green mantle of nature kindly thrown over them, while a personal investigation of volcanoes in action is generally a matter of great chance, and also of considerable peril to those who are lucky enough to have the opportunity.

All parts of the world come in for their share of notice in this valuable collection. Europe and its adjacent islands have been visited by the professor in person; while for the rest of the world he is indebted to other sources. Asia, Africa, and America, are brought in review to disclose their fiery histories: the islands of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans tell the same tale. The gigantic icebergs of the South Pole gleam with volcanic flames; and the bottom of the sea itself would appear to be by no means unacquainted with some vast internal power, by which its own level is being constantly affected.

No volcanic region has been so accurately examined by our author as the neighbourhood of Auvergne, in France. There have been no symptoms of activity within historical times; but the whole country is full of most sure tokens that the powers from beneath did at one time, and for a long series of ages, most grandly boil over on the surface. The most recent are thus described:—

‘ The modern ones in Auvergne are more cellular, and have in general a harsher feel, with more of a vitreous aspect, their surface presenting a series of minute elevations and depressions, and the scanty portion of soil which covers them affording but little pasturage, and that generally of the worst description.

'The mountains referred to this division constitute a chain which rises considerably above the elevated granitic platform on which they rest, and extends at intervals over a space of above eight leagues from north to south; from whence the rocks which compose them may often be traced a considerable way into the valleys contiguous. Above sixty of these eminences might, I believe, be enumerated within the boundary marked out; but as their number renders selection necessary, I shall simply notice such as are most remarkable, beginning with that of Volvic near Riom, the lava of which furnishes a considerable part of the building-stone used in that neighbourhood, and, in spite of its porous character, is exceedingly durable.

'The fact of its having descended in a liquid form from the mountain above, and that at a period subsequent to all the great revolutions which have changed this portion of the face of our planet, is demonstrated by the exactness with which the stream has modelled its course to the slope of the valley; and that its fluidity was owing to heat, is evident enough from its porous texture and semi-vitreous aspect; so that its connexion with volcanos now in activity seems sufficiently apparent. On the summit of the Puy de Nugere is a basin-shaped cavity of an oblong form, broken away on the side down which the lava has taken its course, and, notwithstanding the changes which time has effected in its form, still retaining marks of having been once the crater from whence the lava of Volvic was ejected.

'It is interesting to remark, that the stream in its descent appears to have been arrested by a sort of knoll of granite, which probably rose considerably above the general level, and, by the obstacle it opposed to its progress, caused it to divide into two branches, between which this little granitic eminence is seen protruding,—a solitary vestige of the rock which formerly existed on the surface, but which is now overspread with lava. The two branches of the main stream appear to have become re-united below, and having descended the slope of the hill, to have spread themselves over the valley of Volvic, extending to within a mile of the town of Riom.'—Pp. 24, 25.

In a region such as this we have a most perfect model of the result which volcanic action ultimately has on the face of the country. The immediate effects of an active volcano prevent our judging so clearly what this will be. In central France, however, we see the process by which many a hill and dale, now reposing in the entire forgetfulness of any violence, were once modelled by the thunderings of volcanic action. Take, for instance, the following account of the influence of Puy de Côme on the face of the surrounding country:—

'Still more interesting, from the changes it has produced in the configuration of the country, is the lava of the Puy de Côme, a mountain a few miles to the south-west of Clermont, originally described by the Comte de Montlosier, the well-known author of an ingenious Essay on the Theory of the Volcanos of Auvergne, published quite at the commencement of the present century.

'The lava that has flowed from the hill above mentioned, divides, he says, into two branches, one of which flows directly into the bed of the river Sioule, whilst the other takes the direction of a place called Tournebise, reaches the village of Pont Gibaud, and terminates, like the other, by flowing into the bed of the river, about three miles lower down.

'A torrent of this description might naturally be expected to effect

singular changes in the face of the country which it traverses. Accordingly, we shall find that it has blocked up a little valley which formerly seems to have had a drainage to the west, on the side of Chambois and Masayes, and has converted it into a sort of swamp, known by the name of the Lac de Côme.

‘ Lower down, the same lava has occasioned still greater changes. The rivers Sioule and Monges formerly ran parallel, in a direction from south to north, and entered the plain of Pont Gibaud by two defiles, separated by the intervention of a line of hills. But one branch of the lava of Côme has so obstructed the course of the river Sioule, that its waters have been turned aside to the left, where they have worked themselves a passage through an argillaceous hill, made enormous excavations in it, and in this manner have reached the bed of the river Monges, a league and a half higher up than they would naturally have done. Compelled, however, to flow in a direction contrary to the slope of the country, a large portion of the water constantly stagnates in its channel, and has formed a swamp which goes by the name of the “ Etang de Fung,” whilst a portion only of the stream continues to flow onwards by its original outlet.

‘ Now the changes here brought about in the physical condition of the country through the agency of lava-streams, which, according to the definition I have above given, would be regarded as modern, afford some of the most instructive lessons that can be set before us, how impracticable is the attempt to tie down the operations of nature within the hard lines of our artificial classifications.

‘ We see presented to us in this locality instances of a lava which proceeded from a volcano of apparently modern date, its crater being still entire, and its course being through a valley antecedently filled up, at least in part, with alluvial matter. Nevertheless this current, by obstructing the course of a stream, has caused the latter to work its way subsequently through a mass of alluvium no less than 140 feet in thickness, and even through twelve feet of the subjacent gneiss, thus forming a sinuous valley of about two miles and a half in length. Moreover, the river Sioule has in another place cut for itself a channel through the obstructing bed of lava, which consequently exhibits a perpendicular escarpment near the town of Pont Gibaud nearly fifty feet in depth.

‘ Such facts as these have been seized upon as proofs, that valleys in general may be produced by existing rivers, and that there is consequently no natural line of distinction between *post-diluvial* and *ante-diluvial* volcanos.’—Pp. 26, 27.

Great variety is seen here in the means by which the molten masses from beneath found their way upwards. Sometimes a complete crater still remains; sometimes an imperfect ruin of one; and sometimes the lava is discovered to have issued out from holes in the sides of a mountain. The two first we will illustrate by the following extract:—

‘ A somewhat similar circumstance to that which has been above noticed with respect to the Etang de Fung has happened in the case of the lake of Eidat, which seems likewise to have been formed originally by the stream of lava now stretching across it. In this case, however, a still greater impediment existing to the escape of the waters by any other outlet, they have, in process of time, succeeded in cutting themselves channels through the parapet of lava thrown across them, the projecting portions of which stand forth like islands in the midst.

‘The stream of lava that has occasioned this impediment appears to have been furnished by one of three mountains, all of which have given out *coulées* flowing in the same direction, and therefore intermixed one with the other. The most considerable of these mountains is called the Puy de la Vache, the whole of which is composed of scoriaceous lava very different from that of Volvic, as it contains much iron in the state of magnetic, as well as in that of specular iron ore, the oxidation of which imparts a general redness to the rock, and likewise occasional crystals of augite and olivine. There would seem to have been formerly a crater on the summit, three sides of which are now standing, whilst the fourth was perhaps broken away by the stream of lava which descended from that quarter. The *coulée* is easily followed with the eye along the valley as far as the lake, in consequence of the irregularities of its surface, and the ridge which it forms above the level plain.

‘The most complete crater, however, which exists in Auvergne is that of the Puy Pariou, north of the town of Clermont. It is perfectly round, and, according to M. Ramond, more than 250 feet in depth. Its structure is simple enough, as it consists wholly of loose masses of slaggy lava, sufficiently decomposed to allow of the growth of turf, so that cattle are seen tranquilly grazing within the very spot which once constituted the vent for the pent-up energy of the volcano. It has given off a stream of lava which may be traced southward to the place called “Les Barraques,” where, meeting with a projecting knoll of granite capped with ancient lava, it divided into two branches, which take different directions, but nevertheless alike descend the slope of the granitic hills intervening between that spot and Clermont, terminating finally near the entrance of the valley in which that city is situated.’—Pp. 28, 29.

Puy Gravenoire is a striking instance of lava penetrating the sides of a mountain, that mountain itself being the effect of previous volcanic action.

‘But amongst the modern volcanos met with in this neighbourhood, there is probably no one, upon the whole, more interesting than the Puy Gravenoire. This mountain, which lies within two miles of Clermont, seems, as we approach its summit, to consist of an entire mass of scoriform and highly cellular lava, so that we may in some degree comprehend the origin of a ludicrous opinion ascribed to a professor of the Academy of Clermont, when the volcanic nature of the rocks of Auvergne was first asserted, and maintained by an appeal to the structure of this particular mountain, who, it is said, accounted for the scorix found on its surface, by gravely remarking that he had heard of iron-foundries having formerly been established on the spot. Notwithstanding such strong indications of its having been in a state of ignition at a comparatively recent æra, no trace of its crater can be detected; nor has it that abrupt and conical form characteristic of volcanic hills, being rather a long, round-backed eminence, rising abruptly, indeed, on two of its sides, but to the north connected with the chain of the Puy de Dôme, and to the south reaching into the plain of Limagne. In spite of the absence of a crater, two streams of lava appear to have pierced the sides of this mountain through a bed of ancient basalt, which here caps the granite of the country. They have thence descended into the valley, one on the side of the village of Royat, the other on that of the Puy Montaudoux. These *coulées* display a singular intermixture of compact and cellular lava, the former generally occupying the centre, and surrounded by the latter variety, but without any marked line of demarcation between the two. The compact rock is a basalt, remarkable for its

large distinct crystals of augite and olivine; and its being seen in connexion with a lava of so cellular and vitreous an aspect affords, in common with the facts I shall detail with respect to the German volcanos, a sufficient proof that great pressure is not always necessary for the formation of such products.—Pp. 29, 30.

Though volcanic action has been extinct in central France within the times of authentic history, yet there are signs of some little life still remaining, like the faint breathing of one at the point of death, who has long lost the power of motion:—

‘Nor have we a right to assume an entire extinction of these processes throughout the district; for the frequency of thermal and of acidulated springs—the copious evolution of carbonic acid which takes place, according to M. Fournet, in the mines of Pont Gibaud, as well as in other localities—the springs of bitumen also met with—and the abundant deposition of travertin now taking place near Clermont, where it has stretched across a rivulet, forming a natural bridge over it,—cannot but be viewed as indications of a languid action of volcanic forces still continuing underneath.’—Pp. 30, 31.

The scenery in this district is of considerable boldness, as we may gather from the following:—

‘The department of which Clermont is the capital has received its name from a mountain, which, as the highest in the province, and occurring in some degree detached from the rest, has acquired more importance than it might in other situations have obtained, although, indeed, its height is considerable, being 4840 feet. The Puy de Dôme, the hill to which I allude, is of a conical form, and remarkable for the distinctness of its outline, rising abruptly from the midst of a sort of amphitheatre of volcanic rocks, which it considerably overtops, but which, without much stretch of the imagination, might be supposed to have constituted the crater from whence this great central mass was protruded.’—P. 35.

To judge of the material which composes these hills, we will take one as a specimen. The term *altered*, which occurs in the following extract, signifies in geology a change on rocks produced by heat or chemical action. Thus, a stratum of limestone would be *altered*, by the proximity of a stream of molten lava. Statuary marble is the result of this particular case.

‘The fourth of these is a little hill south of the Puy de Dôme, called the Puy de Gromanaux, of which only one-third part is trachytic, and this apparently a prolongation of the latter mountain. The last in the series is the Puy Chopine, which requires some more particular notice than the rest, from the singular confusion and anomalous structure of the rocks which compose it. Owing, indeed, to the quantity of debris which everywhere covers its sides, where not concealed by vegetation, it is difficult to determine with precision the position they occupy, or the relations they bear to each other. On climbing to its summit, I found, *in situ*, a rock analogous to domite, unaltered granite, and a conglomerate with a granitic base, rocks which seem to be related to each other. Lower down I observed a granular hornblende rock, which appeared to pass into the granite; and these four substances make up, so far as my observations extend, the higher portions of the mountain. Lower down we have lavas, both compact and vesicular, none of which, so far as I observed, occupy

the summit, although M. Montlosier, who examined the spot doubtless with more attention, states that he saw one small portion extending thus high. It should be remembered that the Puy Chopine, even more distinctly than the Puy de Dôme, is encircled by an amphitheatre of hills, which are comprehended under the names of the Puy Chaumont and the Montagne des Gouttes. I examined these hills, and found them all to be volcanic, consisting chiefly of a tuff containing portions of scoriæ, and lavas of various denominations, all cemented together by an ochreous paste.'—P. 37.

We now come to the more ancient rocks of the same district; first passing through a kind of transition, or doubtful period:—

'I have already admitted, that no decided line of demarcation exists between the class of modern and of ancient volcanic rocks; for here, as in all other cases, though the extremes of a natural series may be as unlike as possible, there will always be certain connecting links which might seem referable almost equally well to either group.

'Mr. Scrope, and subsequently Sir Roderick Murchison and Mr. Lyell, have afforded us a striking example of this in their description of the volcano of Chaluzet below Pont Gibaud, where a stream of lava may be traced from a worn-down crater situated on the western side of a conical hill, called the Puy Rouge, composed entirely of red and black scoriæ, and yet is seen distinctly resting upon a bed of pebbles which separates it from the subjacent gneiss.

'The character of the hill from which it issues, the scoriaceous appearance of its own mass, its course in the same direction as that of the valley now existing, and its position incumbent on a bed of detrital matter, are circumstances which might entitle it to a place amongst the products of modern volcanos.

'But, on the other hand, the section which has been worked through the lava, the pebble bed, and the gneiss underneath, to a depth of not less than 400 feet, is of sufficient importance to rank as a valley rather than as a mere ravine, and thus to place the volcanic matter in the class of ancient igneous products, with which view, indeed, the basaltic character of the greater part of the lava-current, of which the vertical face is exposed at the point alluded to, seems more strictly in correspondence.

'The lava of Chaluzet is not seen on both sides of the valley, and we have therefore, perhaps, no right to assume that it has been itself cut through by the waters of the Sioule; but, at any rate, at the time when it was erupted, the bed of pebbles upon which it rests must have constituted the lowest level of the then existing valley, and the remaining fifty feet, or thereabouts, which have been excavated through the gneiss subjacent to this alluvial matter, are attributable to causes in operation since this very remote volcanic eruption.'—Pp. 41, 42.

Those decidedly ancient bear a closer resemblance to the basaltic regions of Great Britain than what we have hitherto considered.

'The basalt of Montaudoux, which Dr. Boué has remarked to be nearly identical in character with the rock of Calder, between Glasgow and Edinburgh, evidently belongs to an æra much more remote, and has been formed under conditions altogether different from those of the scoriaceous lava of Gravenoire, to which it is so contiguous.

'The mountain Gergovia, too, situated a little further to the south, consists principally of a succession of beds of freshwater limestone; but

these are intersected by strata of tuff consisting of a mixture of nodules of limestone and of basalt, with kidney-shaped masses of chalcedony imbedded in volcanic clay and sand. A bed of basalt divides the strata of tuff, and the same material caps the freshwater beds, which, resting upon the tuff, form the upper portions of the hill. Elie de Beaumont appears to have proved that these apparently horizontal beds of basalt are in reality dykes intersecting the freshwater formation of the Limagne; but this fact only places in a stronger light their antiquity, as it is evident that they must have been injected before the excavation of the valley which the mountain of Gergovia overlooks. The fact is also important, as it may assist us in explaining the anomalous position which the basalt sometimes assumes with reference to the trachyte and even to the tuffs subjacent, both which it occasionally underlies, although its general relation to both these rocks indicates that it is of more modern eruption.'—P. 42.

The frequent occurrence of dykes in the north of England seems further to connect this species of volcanic action in France with our own island.

'I should also expect, from what I have since seen among the German volcanos, that the basalt which caps the tableland of Mont Dor has been ejected through the medium of *dykes* rather than of *craters*, and it is therefore not improbable that those of the Grande Cascade de Mont Dor may be among the number of these vents. I am still, however, of opinion, that the dykes of volcanic tuff that occur in Cantal, of which several are mentioned by Steininger, and one has been noticed by myself in the communication alluded to, are nothing more than an uplifting of fissures that existed in the subjacent rock; and I am confirmed in this idea from having seen at the foot of the Siebengebirge, on the Rhine, similar veins of trass filling up the cracks in a rock of the same description which there encircles the trachyte.'—P. 51.

The process by which a district, like the one we are speaking of, has been formed, as it were, through volcanic action is imagined as follows:—

'Thus, during a period antecedent to that at which man and other existing species of mammalia first came into being,—at a time when the lower parts of the country were still under water, but the higher had become peopled with various tribes of land animals, the neighbourhood of the Puy appears to have been agitated by volcanos, which, overspreading the country with their ejected materials, may have caused the destruction of the animals that existed there; and, according to M. Roux, by obstructing the drainage of the district, have raised the waters to a still higher level than before. The ejected materials, intermixed with fragments of older rocks washed down at the same time from the neighbouring high ground, would be deposited at the bottom of the water, forming those immense masses of tuff which now cover the valley of Puy; and during the latter part of the period occupied by this process, the same volcanic forces which had before poured forth these melted materials, may be supposed to have elevated, from the midst of the then existing lake, the trachytic rocks which constitute the ridge of Mont Mezen.'—P. 62.

This may seem to give these commotions an ancient date in the history of the world, but on this subject we extract the following:—

‘ From his (Mr. Roux’s) statement it would appear that the volcanic rocks of this neighbourhood are of very different ages, although he infers the extreme antiquity even of the most modern of them by contrasting the depth to which they have been excavated, and the vast quantity of matter removed, with the almost imperceptible amount of decay which has taken place in the same rocks since the Christian æra, as shown in the old Roman roads, none of which can be less than 1300 years old, by the side of which the rock has since undergone scarcely any sensible abrasion.

‘ A limit on the other hand is set to the age that can be assigned to this volcanic breccia, by the circumstance of its being superposed on strata containing freshwater shells and bones of mammalia similar to those of the basin of Paris. Hence the eruptions to which the materials of this tuff owe their existence must date their commencement from a period somewhat subsequent to that of the eocene formation.’—P. 60.

The eocene formation our ungeological readers must understand to have derived its name from being the first law of the present state of things.

But it is time now that we change the scene of our extracts: France has been dwelt on at some length, because our author paid great attention to this district, and therefore it may be considered as the one best calculated to be our model from which we may understand the effect of volcanic action in remote ages.

Germany contains many relics of extinct volcanic action, but none in activity. The principal district where the former are discovered, is bounded on the south-east by the Moselle, on the north-east by the Rhine, on the west by the Ardennes and the other mountains round Spa and Malmedy, and on the south by the level country about Cologne. In many parts there are most curious basaltic columns, not unlike those of the Giant’s Causeway in Ireland. An attempt has been made to prove activity within historic records, but we cannot say that the case is made out. Strange volcanic bombs, are indeed found about the size of a man’s head, and Tacitus is brought forward to bear testimony to fires bursting forth from the earth; but as it also appears that the inhabitants assailed these terrific fires with stones, and finally extinguished them with wet cloths, instead of standing on the defensive against such missiles, and rather taking care to keep out of the way lest they themselves should be the extinguished parties, we cannot place much confidence in the arguments on this side the question.

Hungary abounds with volcanic remains, and trachyte is there found in quantities to satisfy the ardour of the most zealous geologist. This mineral, so closely connected with Dr. Daubeny’s best affections, is described by its devoted admirer to be thus arrayed:—

‘ Trachyte, properly so called, is characterized by its porphyritic structure, by the scorified and cellular aspect which it has such a tendency to

assume, by its harsh feel, and by the presence of crystals of glassy felspar, generally cracked, and sometimes passing into pumice. Besides these, which may be regarded as essential to its composition, crystals of mica and hornblende are often present, and all these minerals are united either confusedly without any apparent *cement*, or by the intervention of a paste of a feldspathic nature, sometimes compact and sometimes cellular. This paste is general lightcoloured, though different shades of red and brown are sometimes communicated to it by the presence of iron; and there is one variety in which the paste is perfectly black and semivitreous, being intermediate in its characters between pitchstone and basalt, but distinguished from either rock by melting into a white enamel. Augite is sometimes present, and grains of titaniferous iron are often discoverable, but olivine rarely, if ever, occurs, and therefore appears to be the only mineral which has any claim to be considered as peculiar to basalt.—Pp. 119, 120.

Hungary, however, though so decked with charms, presents one feature not so pleasing to our Author. His theory of volcanic action, as we shall presently see, requires that it must be in the neighbourhood of the sea. Now, Hungary is at a distance from it, and yet bears indisputable proofs of the greatest activity. This difficulty is obviated by supposing that the great marshes at the foot of the mountains of Transylvania once formed an inland sea; which, indeed, is very probable, even apart from its usefulness to a volcanic theory.

Italy presents a wide field for the investigation of volcanic phenomena, both extinct and in action. It would far exceed our present opportunity to go into our detailed account of this country, we will therefore confine ourselves to a few of the more striking features. The Lagunes in central Italy are curious effects of internal heat.

‘The Lagunes are artificial pools of water, occasioned partly by the rains of which they are the recipients, and partly by the drainings from the higher parts of the country, the contents of which are probably swelled, as well as heated, by the condensation of volumes of steam, which is continually finding its way upwards through fissures in the earth into the spots where the pools have been made.

‘As the water in these places is raised nearly to the boiling temperature by the passage of heated gas through it, the Lagunes generally emit a lefty column of steam, which first arrests the traveller’s attention, and has consequently led to the adoption of the name *Fumacchie*, by which they are often designated.’—P. 154.

The Lake of Bolseno is also worthy of notice.

‘The volcanic tuff continues from Acquapendente to the Lake of Bolseno, which has been imagined by some to be the crater of an extinguished volcano; and although I am disposed to question this, not only from the great size of the lake, which is more than twenty miles in circumference, but also from its form, which is rather oval than circular, yet the rocks which are scattered round its borders betray a volcanic origin.

‘Bolseno itself stands upon an aggregate of scoriæ, rapilli, &c. united into a kind of loose conglomerate which forms precipices overlooking the lake. Clusters of basaltic columns, however, occur at no great distance from the town.

‘The modern city stands mouldering upon the ancient Volsinium,—ruins, as Forsyth says, built upon ruins, yet both from its modern and ancient history a place of some interest.

‘Volsinium, it is well known, was one of the principal towns of Etruria, and the analogy of the modern name with the word Vulcan, especially according to the old spelling [Bolcano,] may lead us to imagine that it derived its name from the homage paid to that god, originating in the *volcanic* phenomena which excited the fears of the earlier inhabitants. It is curious that the Volsci, as well as the Volsinii, inhabited a volcanic country, and it is known that particular homage was paid to *Vulcan* all over Latium.’—Pp. 158, 159.

The dabbling of science in etymology, even in the case of our academical philosopher, has met with a sharp rebuke from the Authoress of the ‘Sepulchres of Etruria,’ which is inserted in a note by the polite professor.

‘“My idea of Bolseno does not at all coincide with yours, for there is no evidence of *my* people amongst their various sciences having ever cultivated geology. I believe them to have been *Assyrians* in the wide sense of that term, modified by Egypt, and therefore look back to those two countries for the origin of their language and institutions. I daily expect to hear that their language has been traced in Lycia, Caria, or some of the many lands of the arrow-headed character. For this amongst other reasons I believe all their *Bols*, or *Fels*, or *Bels* to be the same, and usually to have reference to בל, ‘Lord,’ or ‘Sun.’ The god *Bel*, I doubt not, was often Fire; hence Vulcan, the son of Jupiter. Jupiter was the Sun—the God of Heaven. But Vulcan in Etruscan was Sethlan, not Bel.’—Pp. 159, 160.

The Professor of Chemistry, however, in spite of this mistake, is a scholar, and has scholar-like tastes, as are contained in the following extract:—

‘The same cause also contributed to circumscribe my excursions in the neighbourhood of Rome during the stay which in the year 1823 I made in that city, where indeed, it must be confessed, the traveller, surrounded as he is by antiquities of such extreme classical interest, can hardly help being frequently called away from subjects of scientific inquiry. It has been said, that what Vesuvius is to Naples, the Coliseum and St. Peter’s are to Rome; and as the scholar almost necessarily imbibes somewhat of the spirit of a naturalist during his stay in the former city, from his attention being so frequently directed to the movements of the volcano, so it is equally to be supposed that the study of nature will give place to that of art, whilst we are in the midst of the monuments of Roman taste and magnificence.’—Pp. 162, 163.

The fables of antiquity, however, did not quite extinguish our Author’s calm reasoning, even in the eternal city, as we may judge from what follows:—

‘I saw enough, however, of the physical structure of the neighbourhood to be persuaded, that the interpretation which Breislac has put upon some well-known fable or traditions handed down to us by ancient writers, in proof of his idea that ancient Rome occupied the site of a volcano, is altogether untenable, and that his assertion as to the Capitol of the eternal city—“*Capitoli immobile saxum*”—having been erected on the tottering edge of a crater, however well-suited it may be to point an antithesis, or to

illustrate the vanity of human pretensions, rests on too slender grounds to deserve a place in a scientific treatise.'—Pp. 163, 164.

Southern Italy, or the kingdom of Naples, exhibits volcanic action in its greatest variety. We there find extinct volcanos of two distinctly different periods, and we also have the modern fires of Vesuvius. Rocca Monfina is classed as the most ancient, and is a most striking mountain in its appearance.

'After a rather steep ascent of about 2000 feet, we find ourselves all at once within a very regular crater, the brim of which is perfect on the west, where it forms the lofty and precipitous Monte Cortinella, and may be traced in other parts throughout its entire circumference, except on the side which we enter on coming from Sessa, where it is so far broken away, that there is scarcely any sensible descent before arriving within its precincts. The circular form and extent of the crater are, however, better observed from some point near to its centre than from its margin, and a remarkable conical protuberance, which rises up from the midst of the crater, and reaches an elevation of 3200 feet, considerably exceeding the highest point which the margin of the latter attains, gives us an excellent opportunity of surveying its internal dimensions.'—P. 177.

Mount Vultur comes next in order. This mountain stands about half-way between Naples and the Adriatic, and would appear, from its situation, to have had some connexion with the volcanic system now in activity; for if a line marking the direction of volcanic forces were drawn from the island of Ischia through Vesuvius, and were continued to the east, it would skirt the lake of Amsanctus, and extend to Mount Vultur.

'In the province of Basilicata, a part of Apulia, and on the eastern flank of the Apennine chain, rises near the city of Melfi a lofty isolated hill, the Mount Vultur, which Horace has celebrated as the scene of his early poetical adventures.

'This mountain, both from its conical form and the nature of the rocks composing it, is at once recognised as volcanic. Its remoteness from the ordinary routes of travellers, and the insecurity of the roads in that part of Italy, have caused it to be very little explored; but since the publication of the former edition of this work, it has been visited by myself, and at a still later period by Abich.

'I found the mountain composed principally of volcanic tuff, some beds of which were very compact, whilst others were loose and friable, consisting chiefly of pumice like those about Pompeii. On its northern flank, about half-way from the summit, is a great circular expansion, surrounded by an amphitheatre of rocks on all sides except the lower by which we had ascended, some of which rise more than a thousand feet above the average margin of the cavity. It evidently was once the crater of the volcano, and contained within it two minor depressions, in both which were lakes communicating by a narrow outlet one with the other, and discharging their superfluous waters by means of a little rivulet which runs from the lower and more southern of the two lakes.'—Pp. 185, 186.

The distance at which this mountain stands from the sea requires the same explanation we have alluded to in the case of

Hungary, to prepare the way for the chemical theory of volcanos.

‘It has been conjectured that the eruptions of this mountain took place at a time when the physical structure of the country was different from what it is at present, and the low land between Melfi and the Adriatic constituted a sort of gulf, extending from Taranto upwards, the waters of which washed the foot of this volcano.

‘Not having seen the work referred to, I am unable to state in what degree this hypothesis is borne out by fact, and shall only remark that it seems favoured by the direction of the Apennines as laid down in common maps, where they are represented as dividing about Melfi into two branches, one of which takes the direction of Bari to the east, the other that of Calabria to the south, thus inclosing the greater part of the province of Basilicata in a kind of basin. What this intermediate tract of country may consist of, I have not been able to ascertain; but should it be such as to confirm such a conjecture as to an extension of the gulf at one period in the direction contended for, we may derive from the present extinct condition of Mount Vultur, an additional proof of the theory which I shall propose in another part of this work, with respect to the necessity of the access of the sea, or at least of large bodies of water, to feed the fires of every volcano. At present the distance of Mount Vultur from the Adriatic cannot be less than thirty-five miles, whilst from Naples it is nearly twice as remote.’—Pp. 188, 189.

The crater of Astroni, on the north side of the bay of Naples, is a curious relic of an ancient volcano:—

‘Another remarkable crater is that of Astroni, the perfect condition of which has caused it to be selected by the King of Naples as a preserve for his wild boar and other animals destined for the chase: it is a circular cavity, nearly a mile in diameter, the walls of which are formed of a congeries of scorïæ, pumice, and other ejected materials, in regular strata, dipping away in all directions from the centre, which, as at Rocca Monfina, is occupied by a boss of trachyte protruding above the level of the cavity to the height of 200 feet.’—P. 201.

Between Astroni and the city of Naples is Solfatara, which still shows languid indications of activity, in the discharge of gases mixed with aqueous vapour. It is time, however, now, that we come to Vesuvius itself:—

‘The date of that part of the mountain properly called Vesuvius, or rather of its cone, does not perhaps go farther back than the period of the famous eruption of 79 after the Christian æra, in which Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed; for the ancient writers never speak of the mountain as consisting of two peaks, which they probably would have done, if the Monte Somma had stood, as at present, distinct from the cone of Vesuvius. It is also remarked that the distance mentioned in ancient writers as intervening between the foot of Vesuvius and the towns of Pompeii and Stabïæ, appears to have been greater than exists at present, unless we measure it from the foot of Monte Somma, so that this affords an additional probability that the latter mountain was then viewed as a part of the former, and that no separation between them had at that time occurred. We may also be sure, from the semicircular figure which the southern escarpment of the Monte Somma presents towards Vesuvius, that it constituted a portion of the walls of the original crater, and Visconti, it is said, has proved by actual admeasurements that the centre of the circle, of which it is a segment, coincides as nearly as possible with that of the present cone.

‘There seems, therefore, little room to doubt that the old mouth of the volcano occupied the spot now known by the name of the Atrio del Cavallo, but that it was greatly more extensive than this hollow, as it comprehended likewise the space now covered by the cone, which was thrown up afterwards in consequence of the renewal of the volcanic action that had been suspended during so many ages.’—P. 215.

During the long period of rest which this mountain enjoyed, it is described by Plutarch as covered with wild vines, and forming the scene of military enterprises, in which the soldiers made ladders of the vine branches, to let themselves down the precipices. The following extract, however, shows a different state of things:—

‘This period of apparent security was, however, at length to cease; in the year 63 after Christ the volcano gave the first symptom of internal agitation, in an earthquake which occasioned considerable damage to many of the cities in its vicinity, a curious proof of which is exhibited by the excavations made at Pompeii, showing that the inhabitants were in the very act of rebuilding the houses overturned by the preceding catastrophe, when their city was finally overwhelmed in the manner I am about to describe.

‘On the 24th of August of the year 79, the tremendous eruption took place, which has been so well described in the letters of the younger Pliny. It was preceded by an earthquake, which had continued for several days, but, being slight, had been disregarded by the inhabitants, who were not unaccustomed to such phenomena. However, on the night preceding the eruption, the agitation of the earth was so tremendous as to threaten everything with destruction.

‘At length, about one in the afternoon, there was seen in the direction of Vesuvius, a dense cloud, which, after rising from the mountain to a certain distance in one narrow vertical trunk, spread itself out laterally in a conical form, in such a manner that its upper part might be compared to the branches, and its lower to the trunk, of the fir which forms so common a feature in the Italian landscape. It was descried from Misenum, where the elder Pliny, as commander of the Roman fleet, happened to be stationed with his family, among whom was his nephew, the author of the letters referred to. The latter, who seemed already to have imbibed somewhat of the spirit of the Stoical philosophy, which inculcated rather an indifference to the course of external events than an inquiry into their nature, pursued his usual train of studies as before; but the former, with the zeal and enterprise of a modern naturalist, prepared, in defiance of danger, to obtain a nearer view of the phenomena, as well as to render assistance to the sufferers.

‘Accordingly he first repaired to Resina, a village immediately at the foot of Vesuvius, but was soon driven back by the increasing shower of ashes, and compelled to put in at Stabiae, where he proposed to pass the night. Even here the accumulation of volcanic matter round the house he occupied rendered it necessary for him to remain in the open air, where it would appear that he was suddenly overpowered by some noxious effluvia; for it is said, that whilst sitting on the seashore under the protection of an awning, flames, preceded by a sulphureous smell, scattered his attendants, and forced him to rise supported by two slaves, but that he quickly fell down, choked, as his nephew conjectured, by the vapour, which proved the more fatal from the shortness of breathing under which he laboured. The absence of any external injury proves that his death was caused by some

subtle effluvia, rather than by the stones that were falling at the time; and it is well known that gaseous exhalations, alike destructive to animal and vegetable life, are frequent concomitants of volcanic eruptions.

‘The other circumstances of this memorable event are sketched by the younger Pliny with a rapid but masterly hand. The dense cloud which hovered round the mountain, pierced occasionally by flashes of fire more considerable than those of lightning, and overspreading the whole neighbourhood of Naples with darkness more profound than that of the deepest night; the volumes of ashes which encumbered the earth, even at a distance so great as that of Misenum; the constant heaving of the ground, and the recession of the sea, form together a picture, which might prepare us for some tremendous catastrophe in the immediate neighbourhood of the volcano—and that this catastrophe did occur, modern investigations have fully demonstrated.’—Pp. 218—220.

Many eruptions have taken place since, though sometimes at long intervals.

‘Accordingly in the interval between the eruptions of 1500 and 1631 the mountain put on the appearance of an extinct volcano, the interior of the crater, according to Braccini, being in 1611 covered with shrubs and rich herbage, the plain called the Atrio di Cavallo overgrown with timber and sheltering wild animals, whilst in another part there were three pools, two of hot, and one of cold water, and two of these impregnated with bitter salts.’—P. 225.

Of late years this volcano has been very active, and an observatory has been erected on its side for the purpose of keeping an account of its movements. Dr. Daubeny has examined the whole construction of the mountain, and we are indebted to him for a most valuable description of the material of which it is composed; but we cannot afford more space for extracts on this locality, as other parts of the world must have their share. As contrasted with the violent, but irregular explosions of Vesuvius, there is a quiet, but mysterious grandeur, in the signal-like warnings of Stromboli, one of the Lipari group of islands. The account of it is from our author’s own inspection:—

‘For my own part, it was with considerable difficulty that I reached the summit of the mountain, which rises at an angle often of nearly 40°, and is covered completely with volcanic sand, consisting of titaniferous iron, amongst which I found numerous crystals of augite, and masses of black pumice, or of a highly scoriform and fibrous description of lava which seems to approach nearly to that mineral.

‘On looking down from that elevation upon the volcano, it appeared to me that its minor explosions were in general almost continuous, but that the greater ones, which alone were audible below, take place at intervals of about seven minutes. The latter were sufficiently terrific to give me an idea of what takes place during an eruption of Etna or Vesuvius, but as the wind did not blow the stones in our direction, we should have incurred no considerable risk in approaching it nearer. On expressing, however, this wish to my guides, I was reminded, by their refusing to accompany me, of the remark which Spallanzani makes in respect to the superstitious horror entertained in his time by the Liparotes of the crater of Volcano, which obliged him to procure a Calabrian for his attendant; and finding that no one would venture to accompany me nearer, I thought it prudent to abandon the attempt.

‘The most remarkable circumstance connected with the operations of this volcano is their regularity and uninterrupted character. I have already remarked that there is a continual recurrence of explosions, to which may be added, that from the smaller and lower of the three apertures within the crater, a small stream of lava, like a perennial fountain, is constantly issuing. It flows down the mountain in the direction of the sea, which, however, it never appears to reach, becoming solid before it arrives at that point. Some portions however of the congealed mass are continually detached and roll down into the water.

‘No cessation, indeed, has ever been noticed in the operations of this volcano, which is described by writers antecedent to the Christian era in terms which would be well adapted to its present appearances.

‘The unintermitting character of the eruptions at Stromboli appears to arise, as Mr. Scrope has suggested, from the exact proportion maintained between the expansive and repressive force. The expansive arises from the generation of a certain amount of aqueous vapour and of elastic fluids, the repressive from the pressure of the atmosphere and from the weight of the superincumbent volcanic products. In most volcanos the gradual accumulation of scorix and fragments of rock around the orifice increases the repressive force, until it controls for a time the expansive energy; but at Stromboli no such accumulation takes place, because the greater part of the ejected matters finds its way into the sea, where it is probably washed away by some submarine current.’—Pp. 246—248.

But Mount Etna is the giant of volcanos; Pindar calls it the Pillar of Heaven. Its general appearance is thus given:—

‘Nothing of this kind is indicated by the structure of Etna. This mighty and imposing mountain, which, according to the accurate measurements of Captain Smyth and Sir John Herschel, rises in solitary grandeur to a height not far short of 11,000 feet, embraces a circumference of eighty-seven miles, and is divided into three distinct regions, representing three climates as opposite as those of the torrid, the temperate, and the frigid zones.

‘The lower of these regions, called the fertile or cultivated, extends from the base of the mountain to the height perhaps of 2500 feet, and is covered with orchards, vineyards, and corn-fields, of the most productive character.

‘The second, called the woody, constitutes a girdle of forest trees, investing the flanks of the volcano to a height of 6279 feet, where it is succeeded by a rugged and naked region extending to the summit, which goes by the name of the desert or barren, distinguished by a circle of snow, from the centre of which the great crater rears its majestic head.

‘The whole of this immense formation seems to be composed entirely either of lavas or of ejected masses, for the most part of igneous origin, which, whatever subordinate differences may exist between them, all possess the appearance of having been thrown out above the surface of water, and not under pressure.

‘In the structure of this mountain, everything wears alike the character of vastness. The products of the eruptions of Vesuvius may be said almost to sink into insignificance when compared with its *coulées*, some of which are four or five miles in breadth, fifteen in length, and from 50 to 100 feet in thickness, and the changes made on the coast by them are so considerable, that the natural boundaries between the sea and land would seem, as it were, to be determined by the movements of the volcano.

‘The height, too, of Etna is so great, that the lava frequently finds less

resistance in piercing the flanks of the mountain than in rising to its summit, and has in this manner formed a number of parasitical cones, many of which possess their respective craters, and have given rise to considerable streams of melted matter. 'Hence an ancient poet has very happily termed this volcano the Parent of Sicilian Mountains, an expression strictly applicable to the relation it bears to the hills in its immediate neighbourhood, all of which have been formed by successive ejections of matter from its interior.

'The grandest and most original feature, indeed, in the physiognomy of Etna, is the zone of subordinate volcanic hills with which it is encompassed, and which look like a court of subaltern princes waiting upon their sovereign. 'Of these nearly eighty are enumerated; fifty-two on the west and north, twenty-seven on the east side of Etna: some covered with vegetation, others bare and arid, their relative antiquity being probably denoted by the progress vegetation has made upon their surface, in which respect the extraordinary difference that exists would be sufficient by itself to indicate, that the mountain to which they owe their origin must have been in a state of activity at a distance of time exceedingly remote.'—Pp. 271, 272.

We cannot pretend to analyze the elaborate description and history of this mountain, which the professor lays before us, though it is most valuable and interesting. One extract must suffice under this head:—

'The last eruption of any moment which has taken place at Mount Etna was the one of December 1842, which produced a stream of lava taking the direction of Bronte and Randazzo, and producing great devastations. A curious circumstance is recorded of it, which has given rise to much discussion. The lava-stream was watched by a large number of persons proceeding steadily onwards, in the direction of a small lake or pond of water. When it approached its borders, the first impulse of the assembled multitude was to retreat, aware of the consequences which usually attend the contact of molten matter with a body of liquid. To their surprise, however, no explosion took place at the moment the lava reached the pool, upon which a number of the spectators took courage, and went nearer to watch what would happen. After a brief interval, however, the effects which they had shrunk from with so much dread actually occurred, the lava which had entered the stream being suddenly projected into the air with a terrific noise, and the fragments in their descent proving fatal to a large number of those who had been rash enough to come near.

'M. Boutigny, whose ingenious experiments on the repulsion between bodies intensely heated and water are well known, explains the non-occurrence of any explosion at the moment of the lava first entering the water, by its high temperature, which was such, as not to cause the generation of steam till it had had time to cool down to a certain point, when the usual consequences of the contact of a heated mass with water took place.'—P. 287.

We have now finished with Italy and its surrounding islands. What a terrible mine of explosive powers must there be under the lovely shores and clear skies of far-famed Italy! If the Colosseum itself does not stand on the crater of a volcano, yet surely the foundation of the whole country is a fit emblem of the stability of *man's* eternal empire.

Volcanos, however, are not always simply mischievous.

They sometimes act as safety-valves. Lisbon fell for want of a volcano:—

‘The notoriety which the great earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 has obtained is calculated to create a general expectation, that many traces of volcanos would be found in the immediate neighbourhood of that city. But it appears, by the most recent and authentic account of the geological structure of that locality which has come to my knowledge, that although an immense sheet of basalt extends from Santa Catherina on the Tagus to Bucellas, a distance of nearly twenty miles, and although many of the hills around Oeiras, near the mouth of the Tagus, are capped by masses of the same rock, still, that the whole of it was thrown up before the deposition of the oldest of the tertiary formations, and consequently, as indeed its own texture would indicate, is submarine.

‘The liability to earthquakes therefore, to which Lisbon appears subject, would seem to arise from the want of a volcanic vent, and the frequency of thermal waters throughout many parts of Portugal would favour the idea, that volcanic action may be going on in many parts of this country in a more subdued manner.’—Pp. 298, 299.

Great Britain and Ireland are summarily passed over with the following remarks:—

‘It is not my purpose, however, to treat of the geological structure of any portion either of Great Britain or of Ireland, first, because the details are already before the world in treatises readily accessible to the English public, and secondly, because the volcanic products seem in these regions mostly submarine, and are apparently in no cases of more modern date than the age of the chalk.

‘In accordance, indeed, with this great antiquity, and with the almost total cessation of volcanic action in the country subsequently (unless indeed the slight earthquake-shocks perceived at Cumrie be allowed to establish the contrary), we observe throughout these districts an entire absence of thermal springs, as well as of those other minor exhibitions of igneous action, which occur in most other localities, where equally wide-spreading manifestations of the same forces have taken place.

‘It is true that many of the basalts which I have noticed as occurring in Germany were similarly circumstanced, if we may judge by their characters and structure; but then they are associated with other igneous products more nearly approaching in these respects to those produced under actual circumstances, and it would have been difficult to have described the latter without introducing some notice of the first.

‘In Ireland, on the other hand, as well as in the Hebrides, we have an example of volcanos, which during the whole of the extended period of time embraced within the tertiary epoch, no less than within the compass of historical times, have given no token of vitality—a circumstance, as it appears to me, more reconcilable with that theory which attributes volcanic action to certain chemical processes taking place within the interior of the earth, than to the idea of its arising merely from the contraction of the crust upon its fluid contents, which latter being inexhaustible, ought, it should seem, according to this hypothesis, to be protruded periodically, and to afford a fountain of igneous matter as unfailing as the source from which it proceeded.’—Pp. 301, 302.

The researches of the late Professor Edward Forbes have rendered it probable that there was a time when Ireland, the Faroe Islands, Iceland, and even the Azores were connected

together by continuous tracts of land: however this may be, Iceland may be considered the throne of northern fire.

‘I shall proceed, then, to Iceland, where volcanic operations have been carried on on a more gigantic scale, perhaps, than in any other part of Europe; for although there be no one mountain in this island which rivals Mount Etna in magnitude and height, yet evidences of igneous action pervade a much larger area than in Sicily, and have generated in the course of time a much greater amount of volcanic products.

‘Indeed, whilst the utmost length of Sicily is about 100 miles from Messina to Cape Passero, and its breadth 150 from Messina to Trapani, Iceland measures at least 240 miles from its most northern to its most southern point, and as much from east to west; and whilst of the former island not a tenth of the surface is volcanic, the whole of the latter is derived from igneous operations either of an early or of a recent date.

‘According to Krug von Nidda, one of the latest geological travellers who have visited this island, the whole surface, embracing an area of 1800 square miles, presents only two principal rock-formations, one seeming to occupy the bottom of that northern ocean out of which the islands of Iceland and Faroe have risen, and consisting of trap rocks of the ordinary kind; whilst the other, which forms the nucleus of the former island, and may be regarded as the principal cause of its existence as an upraised tract of land, is trachyte, with its accompaniments of tuffs and lava currents. If, as Krug von Nidda thinks, there are any Neptunian beds in the island, they are at least so metamorphosed by the action of heat as to put on the characters of an indurated tuff or obsidian. The trachyte traverses the island in a broad band from S.W. to N.E. and has produced in the line of its elevation an immense fissure, along the sides of which the accompanying traps are seen to be upheaved.’—Pp. 302, 303.

Asia Minor presents bold scenery to those who search for extinct volcanic action:—

‘Rocks of volcanic materials, chiefly tufaceous, extend all the way from Hassan Dagh to the isolated peak of Mount Argæus, the loftiest mountain of the Taurus range, which according to Mr. Hamilton’s measurements cannot be less than 13,000 feet above the sea. This also consists of volcanic rocks, its summit being composed of a reddish brecciated and scoriaceous conglomerate, full of fragments of trap and porphyritic trachyte, and constituting nearly the point of junction between two enormous broken craters, one of which opens to the N.E., the other to the N.W. and the steep sides of which to the north are covered with perpetual snow, for 2000 or 3000 feet below the summit.

‘As of Mount Etna, numerous cones of pumice and lapilli encircle its base, and traces of streams of black basaltic lava were visible near the foot of the mountain.

‘Yet gigantic as the scale is in which volcanic agency must have operated at this locality, as well as in the mountain just before mentioned, a still more surprising feature is the occurrence of horizontal tertiary and volcanic rocks over the whole intermediate space, at the height of 4000 feet and upwards above the sea.

“What a mighty effort of elevation,” says Mr. Hamilton, “must we not suppose to have been capable of raising a tract of land above 200 miles in length to this great height, without anywhere disturbing the horizontality of the stratification!”—Pp. 346, 347.

In the Holy Land there are tokens of volcanic action within the limits of authentic history; and that such was the case is

rendered probable by the frequent reference to phenomena of this kind in the prophetic writings, as when Nahum says, 'The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at His presence. . . . His fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are thrown down by Him.'

The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and the Dead Sea have given rise to some discussion among geologists. That it was strictly volcanic can hardly be doubted, as the whole valley of the Jordan appears to have been intersected with volcanic products. The slime-pits mentioned in Genesis, which may also be translated *fountains* of bitumen, would show that the valley of Siddim was a volcanic district. Taking, therefore, for granted that the destruction of the cities was the immediate effect of volcanic action, we may account for the existence of the Dead Sea by supposing that the valley of the Jordan was at the same time stopped up, and its waters thereby accumulated till they formed a lake of sufficient extent to exhaust its fresh supplies by the natural process of evaporation; and it also seems probable that the whole valley was sunk beneath its former level; and the basin thus formed received the river, which it afterwards tainted with its bituminous qualities. The latter supposition Dr. Daubeny is inclined to, after a comparison of the elevations of adjoining seas with the river Jordan.

Mount Sinai would appear to be volcanic.

'At Sherm, in the peninsula of Mount Sinai, the hills for a distance of two miles presented, says Burckhardt, perpendicular cliffs, formed in half-circles, none more than sixty or eighty feet in height, whilst in other places there was the appearance of volcanic craters. The rock of which these mountains are composed is black, with a slight tinge of red, full of cavities, and with a rough surface; fragments that had been detached from them were seen lying on the road. The cliffs were covered by deep layers of sand, which also overspread the valleys.

'Burckhardt thinks it probable that other rocks of the same kind may be found near Ras Abou Mohammed, and that the name of Black Mountains (*μελανα ορη*) applied to them by the Greeks, may have arisen from this cause. It should be observed, however, that low sand-hills intervene between the volcanic rocks and the sea, and that above them, towards the higher mountains no traces of the lava are found, which circumstance seems to prove that the volcanic matter is confined to this spot. Burckhardt adds, in a letter to the Association, that the Arabs, as well as the priests of the convent, mention that loud explosions are sometimes heard, accompanied with smoke, proceeding from a mountain called Om Shomnar, eight hours S.W. of Djebel Mousa, where, however, he searched in vain for any traces of the kind.'—Pp. 363, 364.

Those who have seen English soldiers stationed in sentry-boxes on the tops of the rugged peaks of Aden, to guard the great coal-hole of our Indian steamers, may be curious to know the origin of so dismal a place.

'The promontory of Aden, eighty miles westward of the straits of Babel-mandel, consists of a bold cluster of volcanic rocks, with lofty jagged peaks, and is connected with the mainland by a low isthmus. At the extremity of the promontory next the main-land is an immense, nearly circular crater, in the centre of which upon a flat, little raised above the sea-level, stands the town of Aden. The diameter of the crater is about one and a half mile, and it is surrounded on all sides, except the eastern, with precipices chiefly composed of lava, rising from 1000 to 1776 feet in height. The crater has been rent in two places on the north and south, but is elsewhere entire.'—P. 365.

The chain of the Caucasus has been explored by M. Dubois de Montpereux with the greatest energy and perseverance. The result of his enterprise is to mark out the history of this district, as follows:—

'It appears then, that at a period, geologically speaking, not very remote, the whole region comprehended between the Euxine and the Caspian was covered with water, which, as many are led to believe, formed a vast Mediterranean Sea, extending through Central Asia, of which the Lake of Aral, the Caspian, and other large expanses of water now existing, are the remnants.

'The first movement by which any part of the Caucasian range was elevated took place at the period of the formation of the Jurassic limestone or oolitic series, and caused an island to be thrown up between the two seas. Subsequently to this event, a deposition took place of schistous and arenaceous beds, which, from such fossils as Gryphites, Hamites, Ammonites, and others, which they contain, seem capable of being identified with the cretaceous and greensand formations.

'A great eruption of melaphyre, or trap porphyry, then took place, through the instrumentality of which, the chain of Akhaltsikhe, consisting of the above-named secondary deposits, was heaved up above the level of the waters. At this period, then, there would seem to have existed a great tract of water north of the Caucasian range, covering the space now occupied by those vast Steppes that intervene between the two seas, in the 45th parallel from the Sea of Azof to Astrachan.

'South of this sea was the chain of mountains which had been uplifted at the epoch of the chalk formation; then occurred a straight or narrow sea, bounded on the north by this chain, and on the south by the Caucasian island consisting of Jura limestone, the result of a previous upheaval.

'Now it was at this epoch that the volcanic eruptions began, by which the face of the country has been since so much modified.'—367, 368.

To this period are attributed various rocks of basalt, trachyte, and other volcanic products; and also the grand volcanic amphitheatre of Central Armenia, in which is Mount Ararat, 16,254 feet high. The history then proceeds:—

'All this succession of geological epochs appears to have preceded the great elevatory movement to which the Caucasian chain owes its existence. It was then for the first time that Elbrous, Passemta, Kasbek, and the Red Mountains, reared their heads above the surrounding country.

'The first of these, Elbrous, the most northern of the four, and the one nearest to the Euxine, is a vast crater at once of eruption and of elevation. Trachytic porphyries have here been pushed through schistose and perhaps granitic rocks; and the secondary beds adjacent, consisting either of Jura limestone or of chalk, are more and more inclined in proportion as they approach the central mass.

‘Passemta has not been yet explored, but its height is calculated at not short of 14,000 feet.

‘Kasbek, which stands considerably to the east of Elbrous, was also evidently another focus of volcanic operations. Streams of lava proceeding from it have been traced as far as the village of Kasbek situated at its base.

‘The Red Mountains lie above the village of Kachaour, on the road from Tiflis to Wladikavkas. Here there is a vast mural precipice, consisting of black slaty rocks, nine or ten thousand feet in height, on the summit of which two or three cones of volcanic materials, called from their colour the Red Mountains, are placed. Streams of lava which have proceeded from it fill up a large fissure or valley to a considerable height.

‘North of Elbrous lies the vast steppe above-mentioned, which is a tertiary formation in perfectly horizontal strata, deposited from the sea that once covered the whole of the country between the Euxine and Caspian. It is dotted over with detached hills, one of which, Bachetau, 4500 feet above the sea, is composed of trachytic porphyry. This volcano, however, would seem to have been in repose since the tertiary period, as its flanks are covered with undisturbed beds belonging to that class of rocks, but surrounded by a sort of amphitheatre of hills, which consist of cretaceous beds. One of these hills is called Machouka.’—Pp. 369, 370.

We trust, however, that M. Dubois’ observations are more accurate than his speculations, judging from the following extract:—

‘M. Dubois indulges in some bold speculations, with respect to the consequences that may have resulted from the bursting of some one of those great lakes, which we have seen to lie at so great an elevation above the sea, in the midst of the great mountainous tract of the Caucasus.

‘Some such event as this he conceives competent for the production of an aqueous inundation, sufficiently wide-spreading to have swept off the face of the earth all the inhabitants of the plain of Mesopotamia, the cradle of the human race, and thus to have brought about such a deluge as the one which the Scriptures record, supposing that catastrophe to have been no more than co-extensive with the limits within which mankind was at the time circumscribed.’—P. 373.

With regard to Central Asia our information is but obscure:—

‘Cordier observes, “that the existence of two burning mountains in the midst of the immense table-land bounded by the Ural, the Altai mountains, the frontiers of China, and the Himalaya chain, is a fact well worthy of attention. Sal ammoniac is never found in Europe in any but a volcanic rock; it is therefore probable, *à priori*, that the origin of it in Asia is that assigned by the Abbé Remusat, and the professed learning of that scholar gives an authority to the facts detailed.”’—P. 387.

Dr. Daubeny, however, does not consider there is sufficient evidence to prove the existence of these volcanos, and they would rather militate against his theory of the sea being necessary for their operations. He prefers accounting for the presence of sal ammoniac by attributing it to the combustion of coal, as is the case in some parts of Germany.

We now turn to the Indian Archipelago, which presents some remarkable phenomena. A line of volcanic action can be traced more than 3,000 miles long, and somewhat semicircular

in its form, within which, and consequently free from its influence, are the islands of Celebes and Borneo, and the Malayan promontory. It commences with the Philippine Islands, passes between Celebes and New Guinea, then turns to the west, takes in Java and Sumatra, and ends on the coast of Pegu. At the most southern point of this line is the island of Sambawa, where there is perhaps the most terrific volcano on the face of the earth. Sir Stamford Raffles has thus described one of its eruptions :—

‘ Almost every one, says this writer, is acquainted with the intermitting convulsions of Etna and Vesuvius, as they appear in the descriptions of the poet and the authentic accounts of the naturalist, but the most extraordinary of them can bear no comparison, in point of duration and force, with that of Mount Tomboro, in the island of Sumbaya. This eruption extended perceptible evidences of its existence over the whole of the Molucca Islands, over Java, a considerable portion of Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of a thousand statute miles from its centre, by tremulous motions and the report of explosions; while within the range of its more immediate activity, embracing a space of 300 miles around it, it produced the most astonishing effects, and excited the most alarming apprehensions. In Java, at the distance of 300 miles, it seemed to be awfully present. The sky was over-cast at midday with clouds of ashes; the sun was enveloped in an atmosphere, whose “palpable density” he was unable to penetrate; a shower of ashes covered the houses, the streets, and the fields, to the depth of several inches, and amid this darkness explosions were heard at intervals, like the report of artillery, or the noise of distant thunder.

‘ At Sumbaya itself three distinct columns of flame appeared to burst forth, near the top of the Tomboro mountain, (all of them apparently within the verge of the crater,) and after ascending apparently to a very great height, their tops united in the air in a troubled confused manner. In a short time the whole mountain next Sang’ir, appeared like a body of liquid fire, extending itself in every direction.

‘ The fire and columns of flame continued to rage with unabated fury, until the darkness, caused by the quantity of falling matter, obscured it at about 8 P.M. Stones at this time fell very thick at Sang’ir, some of them as large as two fists, but generally not larger than walnuts. Between nine and ten P.M. ashes began to fall, and soon after a violent whirlwind ensued, which blew down nearly every house in the village of Sang’ir, carrying the alaps or roofs, and light parts away with it. In the port of Sang’ir adjoining Sumbaya, its effects were much more violent, tearing up by the roots the largest trees, and carrying them into the air, together with men, horses, cattle, and whatever else came within its influence. [This will account for the immense number of floating trees seen at sea.] The sea rose nearly twelve feet higher than it had ever been known to do before, and completely spoiled the only small spots of rice land in Sang’ir, sweeping away houses and every thing within its reach. The whirlwind lasted about an hour. No explosions were heard till the whirlwind had ceased, at about eleven A.M. From midnight till the evening of the 11th, they continued without intermission; after that time their violence moderated, and they were heard only at intervals, but the explosions did not cease entirely till the 15th of July. Of all the villages round Tomboro, Tempo, containing forty inhabitants, is the only one remaining. In Pekaté no vestige of a house is left: twenty-six of the people, who were at

Sumbaya at the time, are the whole of the population who have escaped. From the best inquiries there were certainly not fewer than 12,000 individuals in Tomboro and Pekaté at the time of the eruption, of whom five or six survive. The trees and herbage of every description, along the whole of the north and west of the peninsula, have been completely destroyed, with the exception of a high point of land near the spot where the village of Tomboro stood. At Sang'ir, it is added, the famine occasioned by this event was so extreme, that one of the rajah's own daughters died of starvation.'—Pp. 402—404.

In the island of Java the following extraordinary and awful event is recorded:—

'The Papandayang, situated on the south-western part of the island, was formerly one of its largest volcanos, but the greater part of the mountain was swallowed up into the earth in the year 1772, after a short but violent paroxysm. The account which has been transmitted of this event asserts, that near midnight, between the 11th and 12th of August, there was observed about the mountain an uncommonly luminous cloud, by which it appeared to be completely enveloped. The inhabitants, as well about the foot as on the declivities of the mountain, alarmed by the appearance, betook themselves to flight; but before they could all save themselves, the whole mass began to give way, and the greatest part of it actually *fell in* and disappeared in the earth. At the same time a tremendous noise was heard, resembling the discharge of the heaviest cannon. Immense quantities of volcanic substances, which were thrown out at the same time and spread in every direction, propagated the effects of the explosion through the space of many miles.

'It is estimated that an extent of ground, belonging to the mountain itself and its immediate environs, fifteen miles long and six broad, was by this commotion swallowed up in the bowels of the earth. Several persons, sent to examine the condition of the neighbourhood, made report, that they found it impossible to approach the spot, on account of the heat of the substances which encircled it, and which were piled on each other to the height of three feet, although this was on the 24th of September, and thus full six weeks after the catastrophe. It is also mentioned that forty villages, partly swallowed up by the ground, and partly covered by the substances thrown out, were destroyed on this occasion, and that 2957 of the inhabitants perished.'—Pp. 406, 407.

The same island also afford two other extraordinary effects of volcanic action. One is the vomiting of mud.

'About the centre of this limestone district is found an extraordinary volcanic phenomenon. On approaching the spot from a distance, it is first discovered by a large volume of smoke rising and disappearing at intervals of a few seconds, resembling the vapours arising from a violent surf, whilst a dull noise is heard like that of distant thunder. Having advanced so near that the vision was no longer impeded by the smoke, a large hemispherical mass was observed, consisting of black earth mixed with water, about sixteen feet in diameter, rising to the height of twenty or thirty feet in a perfectly regular manner, and, as it were, pushed up by a force beneath, which suddenly exploded with a dull noise, and scattered about a volume of black mud in every direction. After an interval of two or three, or sometimes four or five seconds, the hemispherical body of mud or earth rose and exploded again.'—P. 409.

The other is called the Valley of Death, or Poison Valley.

'Amongst the remarkable phenomena connected with volcanic agency

which Java affords, is that same abundant evolution of carbonic acid, which has been already described as occurring in the Lago di Ansanto near Naples (page 189). A similar valley in Java has been called the Valley of Death, or Poison Valley (*Guevo Upas*), and by combining the accounts given of it with those respecting the malignant qualities of a particular vegetable production of the island, called the Upas tree (*Antiaris Toxicaria*), that monstrous fable has been concocted, to which Darwin has given currency in those well-known lines of his "Botanic Garden," beginning

"Fierce in dread silence on the blasted heath
Fell Upas sits, the hydra-tree of death."

Every living thing that enters this fatal valley is arrested there by instant death, and as the same fate awaits any one that may go to the rescue, the ground is covered with the bleached bones of numerous animals, as well as of men, who have from time to time approached the precincts. Here the bones remain, whilst the soft parts have wasted away, as carbonic acid exerts little action upon the earthy constituents; but in another locality, at Talaga-Bodas, a volcano mentioned by Boon Mesch, on the authority of Reinwardt, where the mephitic vapours are apparently accompanied by sulphuric acid, the bony matter of the animals suffocated by the mephitic exhalations is eaten away, whilst the muscles, nails, hair, and skin, remain. The fact at least is vouched for by the Dutch naturalist: the explanation I offer as my own.—Pp. 410, 411.

In the Pacific Ocean nature may appear at first sight under a milder sway, and may seem to be secure from the effects of internal fire. Those islands scattered over its waters, which rest on their foundation of coral, are often the most perfect pictures of safe retirement and happy repose which the world can afford. The Atolls, or lagoon islands, are circles of land, more or less broken, enclosing a portion of the sea, kept in perpetual quiet by the wall around it. There are often islands within this calm retreat, which, consequently, have never felt the roughness of the waves, though in the midst of the greatest ocean of the world. When this last is the case, they are called barrier reefs, as distinguished from lagoon islands.

Quiet, however, as these islands may appear, they owe their very existence to volcanic forces. There are different theories of accounting for the forms in which the coral insects have built these monuments of indefatigable industry, but all agree in supposing that there have been changes in the bottom of the ocean produced by volcanic action. Mr. Darwin's theory of subsidence is considered the most probable.

• He supposes that, at some antecedent period, a large tract of that which now constitutes a part of the Pacific Ocean was dry land; but that it has for many centuries past been slowly subsiding, until at length the upper surface of the rock sunk beneath the level of the waters.

• Whenever this event occurred, the coral animals would commence their labours, and would go on building up to the point at which they were no longer covered by the waves and spray.

• If, therefore, this subsidence be supposed to have continued, a provision would exist for the continuation also of this building process, for the land sinking still further, the corals might go on adding to the bulk of the reef, without ever attaining the level of the water; and in this manner, during a

vast succession of ages, a thickness of coralline matter would be produced, equivalent to the amount of depression which the rock upon which it reposed had in the meantime undergone.

‘The more vigorous growth of the corals on the outer margin, from having space to expand, and from being freely exposed to the open sea, will account for the annular form which the reef usually assumes, with a hollow within filled with sea-water; and this not only where there is a central island, as in the case of a barrier reef, but also where there is none, as in that of the Atoll or lagoon island.

‘The absence of this internal hollow between the land and the growing mass of coral serves to show, that in the third kind, the fringing reef, there has been no subsidence; for, had there been any, the progressive rise of the coral on the margin, in a greater ratio than that within, would have by degrees produce a corresponding hollow.’—P. 419.

More direct volcanic action is not wanting in the Pacific, but the situation of it would rather confirm than interfere with the theory of subsidence.

‘From this statement it appears that volcanic action is still rife in various parts of the Pacific Ocean, included within north latitude 15° and 30° , and in south latitude below the parallel of 16° ; but that there is an intermediate tract, on either side of the equator, over which a number of low coral islands are scattered, entirely exempt from all indications of the kind, at least until we approach the shores of the American continent, where the Galapagos group make their appearance. These latter, however, as well as the islands of Revillagigedo and Juan Fernandez, are so remote, that they will be considered as belonging to another system, and hence we can more easily admit the view for which Mr. Darwin contends, that the tract alluded to is the seat of a vast subsidence, the rate of which may be supposed to keep pace in the main with the rate of growth which the coralline formations are experiencing.

‘This tract is in general avoided by navigators, from the dangers arising from the numerous coral reefs which exist under water, as well as forming islands above it. From these rocks the latitudes to the north and south are in great measure exempt, showing that the formation of coral is in a degree coincident with the area of subsidence.’—Pp. 427, 428.

The lowest point ever reached by man in the southern hemisphere presents a most wonderful example of volcanic fire. Sir James Ross in 1841 discovered a vast continent, now called Victoria Land, in about the same longitude as New Zealand, and $77\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ south latitude.

‘Here two volcanos were observed, the one extinct, called Mount Terror, the other in a state of great activity, called Mount Erebus.

‘The latter was estimated at no less than 12,600 feet above the level of the sea, and makes part of a stupendous chain of mountains, belonging to a new continent of vast but undefined extent, the whole mass of which, from its highest point to the ocean’s edge, is covered with everlasting snow and ice.

‘This icy barrier, running east and west on this parallel, forbids any further progress towards the pole, or any nearer examination of the igneous phenomena there displayed.’—Pp. 431, 432.

A beautiful description of this scene is given by Dr. John Hooker, in a letter published in the *Journal of Botany*, and which forms a note in our present work.

'The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet; and then to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfect unbroken column, one side jet black, the other giving back the colours of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward! This was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we have penetrated, under the guidance of our commander, into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it caused a feeling of awe to steal over us, at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of his hand.'—P. 432.

We have no space for the description of many other volcanic districts scattered over the world. We, therefore, altogether omit the islands of the Atlantic and the continent of Africa, which contain some few examples, without, however, any particular interest. America has a great line of volcanos, more or less developed, in the vast chain of mountains that, under different names, runs from north to south of both continents: otherwise there are not many examples, for great flatness is the prevailing characteristic of the rest of America.

We cannot, however, omit the description of Mount Jorullo.

'The volcano of Jorullo, situated between Colima and the town of Mexico, is of much more modern date than the rest, and the great catastrophe which attended its first appearance is, perhaps, (says Humboldt) one of the most extraordinary physical revolutions in the annals of the history of our planet.

'In the month of June 1759 a subterraneous noise was heard. Hollow sounds of the most alarming nature were heard, accompanied by frequent earthquakes, which succeeded each other for from fifty to sixty days, to the great consternation of the inhabitants of the farm. From the beginning of September everything seemed to announce the complete re-establishment of tranquillity, when in the night of the 28th and 29th the horrible subterraneous noise recommenced. The affrighted Indians fled to the mountains of Aguasarco. *A tract of ground from three to four square miles in extent rose up in the shape of a bladder.* The bounds of this convulsion are still distinguishable from the fractured strata.

'Those who witnessed this great catastrophe from the top of Aguasarco assert, that flames were seen to issue forth for an extent of more than half a square league, that fragments of burning rocks were thrown to prodigious heights, and that through a thick cloud of ashes, illumined by volcanic fire, the softened surface of the earth was seen to swell up like an agitated sea. The rivers of Cuitimba and San Pedro precipitated themselves into the burning chasms. The decomposition of the water contributed to invigorate the flames, which were distinguishable at the city of Pascuaro, though situated on a very extensive tableland 4592 feet above the plains of Las Playas de Jorullo. Eruptions of mud, and especially of strata of clay, enveloping balls of decomposed basalt in concentric layers, appear to indicate that subterraneous water had no small share in producing this extraordinary revolution. Thousands of small cones, from six to ten feet in height, called by the natives *ovens* (Hornitos), issued forth from the Mal-

pays. Although, according to the testimony of the Indians, the heat of these volcanic ovens has suffered a great diminution during the last fifteen years, I have seen the thermometer rise to 212° on being plunged into fissures which exhale an aqueous vapour. Each small cone is a *fumarole*, from which a thick vapour ascends to the height of from twenty-two to thirty-two feet. In many of them a subterraneous noise is heard, which appears to announce the proximity of a fluid in ebullition.

‘In the midst of the ovens six large masses, elevated from 300 to 1600 feet each above the old level of the plains, sprung up from a chasm, of which the direction is from N.N.E. to S.S.W. This is the phenomenon of the Monte Nuovo of Naples, several times repeated in a range of volcanic hills. The most elevated of these enormous masses, which remind us of the Puys in Auvergne, is the great volcano of Jorullo. It is continually burning, and has thrown up from its north side an immense quantity of scorified and basaltic lavas, containing fragments of primitive rocks. These great eruptions of the central volcano continued till the month of February 1760. In the following years they became gradually less frequent.

‘The Indians, frightened at the horrible noises of the new volcano, abandoned at first all the villages situated within seven or eight leagues’ distance of the *Playas de Jorullo*. They became gradually, however, accustomed to this terrific spectacle; and having returned to their cottages, they advanced towards the mountains of Aguasarco and Santa Ines, to admire the streams of fire discharged from an infinity of small volcanic apertures of various sizes. The roofs of the houses at Queretaro, at a distance of more than forty-eight leagues in a straight line from the scene of the explosion, were at that time covered with ashes.’—Pp. 476—480.

We now conclude this part of our subject with the following general notice of the volcanos of South America.

‘The volcanos we are now about to consider are distinguished from those that most commonly meet the eye in Europe, not only by their gigantic proportions, but also by their general conformation and their mineralogical characters.

‘We have, indeed, described, as existing in Mexico and Guatemala, volcanoes nearly rivalling them in point of elevation, and equally distinguished by their pyramidal forms, as well as by being made up of one uniform description of rock, and not of alternating beds of lava and scoriæ; but these characters are to be met with occasionally amongst the volcanos of the old world also, and are not stated to be accompanied, in the case of the Mexican volcanos, with any peculiar mineralogical composition.

‘In the Andes, on the other hand, we observe a long range of conical mountains, forming some of the highest eminences on the face of the globe, often destitute of craters, rarely pouring forth any streams of lava, but emitting from their summits only steam and aeriform fluids, whilst the material of which they are composed is that peculiar description of felspathic rock, which Henry Rose has distinguished, from the circumstance of its occurring in South America, by the name of *andesite*.

‘No wonder that Humboldt, the great and principal explorer of these extensive regions, should have felt himself privileged to protest against theories founded only upon an observation of the puny volcanoes of Italy, and with a pardonable feeling of exultation at the wider field of induction which his own superior opportunities of foreign travel had afforded him, should have compared the geologist who imagined all the eruptive rocks throughout the globe to be moulded according to the model of those he was familiar with in Europe, to the shepherd in Virgil, who supposed, in the simplicity of his heart, his own little hamlet to contain within itself the image of imperial Rome.’—Pp. 485, 486.

We leave now the region of phenomena immediately arising from volcanos, and proceed to the consideration of others supposed to be connected with them, such as earthquakes and thermal springs.

That earthquakes are but volcanos without any vent, there can hardly be a doubt. In dealing, therefore, with the theory of volcanic action, we need scarcely make any distinction between these two exhibitions of the same internal force. We must, however, lay before our readers a few extracts descriptive of the effects of these fearful convulsions of nature. As the accidental bursting of a powder magazine is more dreadful than the firing of the heaviest artillery, inasmuch as the one spreads all round, and the other but in one direction, so have earthquakes ever inspired more terror, and been more destructive of human life, than volcanos. The nature of the earthquake shock is that of waves propagated from a central cause. These are of different kinds.

‘ In Southern Italy, where this is too often the case, the movements of the earth referred to earthquakes, having been carefully observed, are divided into three kinds :

‘ 1st. The undulatory motion, which takes place horizontally and heaves the ground successively upwards and downwards, proceeding onwards in a uniform direction.

‘ 2nd. The successive motion, in which the ground is heaved up in a direction more or less approaching to the perpendicular, as happens in the explosion of a mine.

‘ 3rd. The vorticose motion, which seems to be a combination of the two preceding ones, several undulations taking place contemporaneously, and thus interfering one with the other, so that during its continuance the surface of the land is tossed about somewhat in the same manner as that of the sea is during the prevalence of a storm, when a number of billows travelling in different directions strike one against the other, and thus produce every possible complexity of movement.’—Pp. 508, 509.

Earthquakes of the two latter kinds are the most destructive.

‘ Now this second kind of movement has been noticed with greater or less distinctness by many of those who have observed and reported to us the frightful earthquakes which, on the 1st of November 1755, brought about the destruction of Lisbon. Of the not less terrific, though less widely diffused earthquake, which in February and March 1783 laid waste Calabria and Messina, we have also obtained authentic accounts. Dolomieu, who made observations on it at the very time and place where it occurred, states distinctly, that the movements of the principal shock on the 5th of February were always of a wave-like character, and could be compared to nothing better than to the effect produced, when we place small quantities of moist and slightly moistened sand near each other on a plate which we toss vertically upwards, moving it horizontally at the same time backwards and forwards.

‘ On the 28th of March of that year, a fine example of a movement of succession was perceived ; for, according to Hamilton’s account, the summits of the granitic hills in Calabria were clearly seen to rise and fall alter-

nately, and individuals, and even houses standing by themselves, are said to have been suddenly borne aloft, and then, without any damage being done to them, brought back to a somewhat higher spot than before.—Pp. 509, 510.

Again:—

‘The most frightful, however, of these catastrophes was the earthquake which, in June 1692, ravaged the whole of Jamaica. At Port Royal the entire surface of the ground seemed at the time like a rolling, swelling sea; houses were shifted from their places; men who, at the commencement of the phenomena, had escaped into the streets and open spaces of the town, were thrown down, tossed to and fro, and often bruised and stunned in the most frightful manner; others again thrown aloft and borne to a great distance; so that some, by good fortune, were carried out into the harbour, and, falling into the water, escaped with their lives.’—P. 511.

The following notice of the earthquake of Lisbon seems to prove that its cause was very deep-seated.

‘This earthquake affords the best example on record of the extent of ground over which some of these great natural convulsions diffuse themselves. It has been computed, that the above-named shock pervaded an area of 700,000 geographical miles, or the twelfth part of the circumference of the globe, comprising all the Spanish peninsula—being felt at Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga, Madrid,—and extending to the Pyrenees and to Provence. Shocks sufficient to damage houses were experienced at the same time in many parts of the Alps; slighter ones at Geneva and Neufchatel; but at Como, Turin and Milan, taking place with considerable force. Vesuvius, which had shown signs of commotion previously, became tranquil on the day of the earthquake.

‘North of the Alps it was noticed at Augsburg; the hot springs of Töplitz were disturbed at the same time, though the neighbouring ones of Carlsbad continued unaffected; nay, even in Norway and Sweden the lakes were observed to be in a state of commotion.

‘At Gluckstadt, on the borders of the Elbe, the sea rose and sunk in a remarkable manner; in Cornwall the waters rose as much as eight or ten feet, and swept away several small vessels; whilst on many parts of the coast the same phenomenon was observed, and even in Scotland the waters of Loch Lomond, Lock Ness, Loch Katrine, &c., rose above their banks. On the opposite side, many places in Morocco, such as Tetuan, Tangiers, Fez, &c., were overturned, and shocks were experienced in the Canary Islands and the Azores.

‘But what was more remarkable, the West Indian Islands sympathised in the movement, and the sea surrounding them assumed a black tint, perhaps from bitumen, whilst at the same time Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were sensibly affected.’—Pp. 514, 515.

Yet this earthquake came without a moment’s notice, lasted but five minutes, and the first shock, which was the worst, but five or six seconds. Dreadful, however, was the damage done in this short time: 30,000 were killed in the churches alone; for it happened on the Feast of All Saints, at the hour of service. The progress of an earthquake has been accurately marked out by Mr. Mallet.

‘Without following Mr. Mallet in his detailed explanation of the various accidents of earthquakes, arising from *interferences* in several waves, and

from other causes of the same kind, I will just recapitulate the order of the successive phenomena which present themselves, according to this writer, in the case of an earthquake affecting a maritime tract.

First, we have the earth-sound wave, and the great earth-wave or shock; the sound-wave through the air; the sea-wave occurring at the time, which he calls the forced sea-wave; and the great sea-wave; all originating at the same moment, and produced by one impulse.

'The sound-wave through the earth, and the great earth-wave or shock arrive first, and are heard and felt on land, accompanied, as far as the beach, by the small sea-wave called the forced sea-wave; these are almost instantly succeeded by the sound-wave through the sea; next arrive the aerial waves of sound, and continue to be heard for a longer or shorter time, and finally the great sea-wave rolls in upon the shore.

'Such is the sequence of phenomena when the earthquake takes place under the bed of the ocean; when it occurs on land, the great sea-wave is necessarily wanting, although disturbances may occur in consequence of the falling of masses of rock into the water, which may be mistaken for it.'—Pp. 524, 525.

The shock of an earthquake varies according to the substance through which it is transmitted. Some strata carry it much further than others; and hence it will be felt along a particular line of country, where the stratum is more elastic, when it is not at all perceived at places much nearer its centre.

Of thermal springs we can only remark, that they are looked upon as slight symptoms of volcanic action, chiefly on account of the vapours that accompany them, and the chemical ingredients of the water itself. They are, moreover, generally found in situations favourable to this idea, where other signs of volcanic action, either extinct or present, are also to be found. This need not cause alarm to the frequenters of watering-places at this season of the year, for the difference between a bubbling fountain and a volcano or earthquake is about as great as between a fire in its proper place and a fire enveloping one's house in destruction. The difference in degree is as important in many things, and may be confided in as much, as the difference in kind.

The extracts we have chosen have not been those most calculated to form the basis of an elaborate discussion on the various volcanic theories which are before the world; nor have they been ones particularly connected with Dr. Daubeny's own theory on the subject. The simple reason for this has been, that we have felt it more consistent with our present purpose to avoid as much as possible the details of chemical science, and the hard phraseology by which it expresses its meaning, and in which, consequently, the workings of the chemical theory must be described. We must now, however, come to the theory, with reference to which the book is written. The general statement of the theories by means of which volcanic operations have been accounted for is thus laid down:—

‘The theories which have been propounded with the view of accounting for the existence of volcanic action may be divided into two classes; those which assume some chemical process, of which the heat is merely an effect; and those which, assuming the existence of the heat, deduce the other phenomena from its presence.

In the former in short, which I shall henceforth designate as the chemical class of theories, the heat is one of the *consequences*; whilst in the second, which may be called the mechanical, it is assumed as the *prime mover* of all the phenomena observed.’—P. 594.

Dr. Daubeny’s chemical theory, we believe, he has most satisfactorily proved to be the immediate cause of all the phenomena before us: but we must be allowed to make one observation on the division just quoted. It may be an intrusion concerned with the language, more than with the substantial idea conveyed in it; as Dr. Daubeny only means absolutely to exclude fire as the immediate cause; but we had rather have had it so worded as to leave it open even among holders of the chemical theory, to consider fire, in some ultimate way, the great mover in the production of these phenomena. The division just quoted, states that heat is the *consequence* only in the chemical theory, the *prime mover* in the mechanical. If this is a fair way of stating the different theories, those who believe in the chemical theory are excluded from the idea of original heat being the first cause; and those who hold the mechanical theory, or, as it is defined, start with the belief that heat is the *prime mover*, are likewise excluded from looking on the chemical process as the immediate cause of the phenomena we see. Dr. Daubeny himself allows that there may be internal heat in the globe; yet he says, it has nothing to do with volcanic action. Be the earth hot or cold, he believes his theory to maintain the same position. He is not sure but that the earth has been from creation perfectly cold, except when warmed by chemical combinations. The oblate figure of the globe, which is generally supposed to have arisen from the centrifugal force of diurnal motion when the earth was in a more fluid state, he explains on other grounds. The passage, however, which meets this difficulty had better speak for itself.

‘The other class of theories, which begins by assuming the high temperature, and then deduces from it the other phenomena, seems at first sight to have an advantage over the preceding one, inasmuch as the existence of internal heat may be thought to be in a manner ascertained, whilst that of the alkaline or earthly metalloids, uncombined with oxygen, is at most only probable; and accordingly many have been induced to prefer this mode of accounting for the phenomena, as less hypothetical, and requiring fewer postulates.

‘They forget, however, that the existence of an internal heat is assumed alike on either supposition, and that the true point of dispute is, whether it can best be explained by the presence of a melted or ignited mass in the interior of the globe, or by a process of oxygenation going on amongst its constituents.

‘It is, indeed, a common fallacy to set down *internal* and *central* heat as identical, although a moment’s consideration will convince us that the one is a matter of observation, the other purely of inference, and that the only decisive mode of establishing the latter proposition, would be by demonstrating that the nucleus of the globe either is, or at least once was, in a state of fluidity.

‘Now the only direct argument in favour of the internal fluidity of the globe is deduced from its figure, which has been proved to be that of an oblate spheroid; a form, it is contended, which could not have been imparted to it unless it had been originally liquid, and from whence the advocates of the above hypothesis conceive themselves at liberty to infer, that it is in this state at present.

‘Neither of these propositions, however, can be regarded as demonstrated. Sir J. F. Herschel has shown, in his “Treatise on Astronomy,” that the oblate figure of the globe may only have arisen from its long-continued rotation, this being the point to which, under this condition, it must tend, and which it would ultimately attain, even as its surface is at present constituted.

‘Professor Playfair, in his “Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory,” (p. 435), has also contended, that if the surface of the earth has been repeatedly changed from sea to land, the figure of the planet must in that case have been at length brought to coincide with its actual one.’—Pp. 598, 599.

The mechanical theory, as Dr. Daubeny understands it, is certainly most unsatisfactory. It is simply, that the earth was originally in a molten state; that as it gradually cooled, the surface became hard, and a crust was thus formed; that this crust contracted, thereby pressing on the internal fluid, and causing it to ooze out at whatever vents it could find, or could make for itself. Every volcano would thus be supposed to have uninterrupted communication with the molten mass that constituted the interior of the globe. The acknowledgment that earthquakes and thermal springs have any connexion with volcanos, is expressing a disbelief in the mechanical theory as thus stated: for no one can suppose that every slight tremor of the earth, or every warm fountain, springs direct from a bottomless mass of burning liquid.

The chemical theory, on the other hand, supposes that volcanic action is the result of a process of internal oxidation, which goes on when the oxygen contained in air or water finds its way from the surface to the unoxidized material of the earth. Without entering into the details of chemistry, this principle is obvious enough; and we can readily attribute all volcanic action to some kind of chemical combustion, as its immediate cause.

Such being the outline of these two theories, the products of volcanic action, we think, prove the latter, from their similarity to known chemical results; yet we differ from Dr. Daubeny in this, that whereas he makes the chemical theory independent of original heat, we see no reason why original heat may not be the *prime mover* of chemical action itself; such action being

only the intermediate process between central fire and volcanic action. Dr. Daubeny only *concedes* that the chemical theory is consistent with the belief in a central fire—he denies that it is dependent on it; yet, curious enough, he has no full explanation of his own theory contained in his work, but one which starts, as it were by this concession, from a point in the history of the globe, which the holders of the mechanical theory have made out for him. He offers, in fact, no complete theory from the first, yet builds on the theory of others, and then denies its necessity. We will quote, however, what may be termed his apology for having no theory:—

‘I place but little confidence in those systems of cosmogony which profess to explain the various changes which our planet has undergone, from the first moment at which its materials were launched into space, down to the present advanced stage of its existence.

‘Such pictures of nature have to me rather the aspect of a philosophical romance, than of a series of sober deductions from ascertained facts; and, if advanced with any higher pretensions than as one of many possible modes in which certain natural forces may have operated, lay the theorist open to the charge of presumption, and shake the confidence of his readers in his authority on other points.’—P. 646.

He then proceeds to state that he does not *shrink* from the test of a theory; and in proof of it he adapts his chemical theory to the early part in the history of the mechanical one. This is most ably done, and we think forms one consistent theory, which the Professor impairs by the implication, in other parts, that the chemical action described has no necessary connexion with the idea of central heat.

This adaptation of one theory to another, which strikes us as being the best explanation of the whole subject, as long as we really look on it as one consecutive idea, is contained in the following extract; which, as being the end and object of the whole work, must necessarily be rather long:—

‘Let us, then, take up the subject at the point which cosmogonists of the opposite school are agreed in picturing to us as the primordial condition of our planet—that in which its constituents, from the high temperature they possessed, were in a nebular condition, prevented only by the never-failing force of gravity from being dissipated through space.

‘Under such circumstances, all the elements of matter would remain in a state of chemical indifference, and the law of gaseous diffusion would occasion their intimate intermixture without any union resulting.

‘Let us next suppose a diminution of temperature in the course of ages to arise, which should bring down the volatilizable of these bodies to a state at least of liquidity; and there may then be conceived a certain egregation of the elements, such as should cause the heaviest of them to accumulate in a greater degree in proximity to the centre of the mass.

‘Thus, iron and some of the more ponderous metals might constitute the larger proportion of the internal parts of the earth, the metals of lime and magnesia might occupy a somewhat higher zone, whilst those of the alkalies arranged themselves above; the whole, of course, enveloped in an atmosphere consisting not only of its present constituents, but also of hydrogen and

chlorine, incapable as yet, from the still exalted temperature belonging to them, of entering into combination with the bodies for which they have an affinity.

‘ But let us imagine a further reduction of temperature sufficient to allow these elements to exert their affinities, and it is evident that by the union of hydrogen both with oxygen and with chlorine, a sea would at length be created, strongly impregnated with muriatic acid.

‘ Now this water acting upon the metallic constituents of the superficial coats of the earth, would generate the alkalies and earths, as well as give rise to combinations between the same bases and the chlorine present in the muriatic acid which it held in solution.

‘ Hydrogen would of course be disengaged by both these processes, but no ultimate diminution in the amount of the sea need result, because whatever hydrogen was at first liberated would speedily recombine with oxygen. Thus we should have a zone of salt water interposed between the atmosphere and the solid matter of the globe, whilst the latter would consist of a crust of alkaline and earthy materials enveloping an unoxidized nucleus. If we suppose this crust to contain an excess of silica beyond what could combine with the alumina and alkalies present, a material like granite might result from the intermixture of felspar and mica with quartz or uncombined silica.

‘ I have now brought the earth down to that condition in which cosmogonists of a different school suppose it to have subsisted, when, through contractions in its cooling crust, inequalities of surface would begin to take place, and the “waters be divided from the waters,” by the formation of hollows or depressions, into which the seas might subside. This would take place equally according to the view I have formed of the subject, and would give rise to similar consequences.

Thus the contraction would tend to produce cracks, through which the sea-water might find its way down to the internal portions of the globe; chemical actions would thus be renewed, and fresh volumes both of steam and of hydrogen disengaged. The latter, however, would no longer be able to find a ready vent upwards, and in consequence would rend and fracture the crust in various directions; or, when in the neighbourhood of rocks softened, though not melted, by the internal heat, would swell them out, and form vast hollows or caverns which they would at first distend. The pressure outwards would prevent any more water from finding its way into the interior, and thus for the time put a stop to the action; but no sooner did the heat diminish, than the gases contained in the caverns must contract in volume and become condensed, thus creating a partial vacuum, which would be supplied by water when the communication was with the sea, and by atmospheric air when it was in connexion with the land.

‘ No supposition would seem more natural, though some have made it a ground of objection, than this occurrence of a pressure outwards alternating with one in the contrary direction, according as gaseous matter was generated by the volcanic processes, or condensed by the cooling of the cavities that contained it.

‘ I may fortify these conclusions by the authority of Sir Humphry Davy, who, in a memoir “on the Phenomena of Volcanos,” published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1828, remarks, that there is every reason to suppose in Vesuvius the existence of a descending current of air; that the subterranean thunder heard at such distances underneath the mountain is almost a demonstration of the existence of cavities below, filled with aeriform matter; and that the same excavations, which in the active state of the volcano throw out during so great a length of time immense volumes of steam, must, there is every reason to believe, in its quiet state become filled with atmospheric air.

‘Hence perhaps we may explain a phenomenon that has been noticed during the continuance of an eruption, namely, that of the air being heard to rush through the various spiracles of the mountain with a loud, and, as it is represented, an almost musical sound.

‘In this manner, then, a communication would be kept up between the interior of the earth and the atmosphere, and both air and water would gradually find their way to greater and greater depths, in proportion as the crust continued more and more to contract.

‘At length access would be obtained to that lower zone in which the heavier elements, such as calcium, magnesium, iron, manganese, remained unoxidized, and new products would consequently be formed, which becoming melted along with the more superficial granite, would give rise to combinations of siliceous with lime, magnesia, and the other oxides, and in consequence to the substitution of labradorite for orthoclase, and of augite for quartz. Hence volcanic products, such as greenstones, basalts, or trachytes, would take the place of those granitic ones, which had been the first results of the action of oxygen upon the solid constituents of the globe.’—Pp. 647—649.

Exercising common sense, and bringing analogy to bear, may not an ordinary reader be allowed to associate these two theories together, so that his faith in the one depends on his faith in the other? Every discovery in science seems to point to a time when this earth was fluid from its excessive heat; and to come to any other conclusion involves the philosopher in unintelligible explanations. Internal heat, therefore, being supposed, are we to imagine that the whole surface of the earth has been convulsed by heat, that external heat not being connected with the internal? Is this the philosophy which analogy teaches us—to forget the fountain-head of power, in the more immediate presence of its agent? We may talk of chemical combustions, but do they represent final causes? There must be latent dormant fire within the material of the globe, in order to burst out on accidental contact; and nothing seems more likely to have left this dormant property, which we call chemical action, in the hidden substance of the earth’s crust, than the retreating heat, at depths inaccessible to the process of cooling, with which we are chiefly acquainted.

Taking central heat as the prime mover, it is impossible to suppose, as we have already said, that it is the immediate agent in the present state of the world; for these volcanic phenomena must surely be on a much larger scale than we experience. A crack in the surface of the earth might then bury whole countries in the molten mass; indeed, we cannot imagine such a cause producing such comparatively slight results as we see at present. But the strata of the earth as exposed by geologists, would seem to imply that such was at one time exercised. Here there is an additional argument for the crust having been first but very thin, and having from the process of cooling become afterwards much thicker. The lower we go in the geological

strata, and, consequently, the further back we go in the history of the earth, the more violent are the convulsions, and the more frequent are the ebullitions of internal fluid which hardened down into trap rocks. May we not, then, imagine a time when the purely mechanical theory was in action; that is, when the crust of the earth was so thin that it did give way from contraction? and may we not trace a *gradual* change from this time to the more indirect exercise of central heat in the dormant fire of chemical action?

Holding, then, the chemical theory, we yet consider it an important point not to give up the central heat of the earth as the *prime mover*. This enlarges the whole subject, makes it more intelligible, and opens out to us the consideration of other intermediate agents, which may have their origin in fire, and may also be connected with chemical action. A theory of volcanos is surely imperfect in these days, without leaving some room for the supposition that electricity and galvanism are agents in it. If we know a mysterious power to exist in the many different shapes which electricity assumes—from the northern lights, the thunder of the clouds, to the never-ending still small voice of the magnetic needle, which is probably in some way connected with galvanic influence—is it not natural to prefer a theory of volcanic action which admits of this being considered? Chemical action is believed by many to be connected with galvanism; but, however this may be, is it not probable that all these powers have their origin in fire? The only notice of electricity taken by Dr. Daubeny is the following, and we cannot think he gives this mighty influence its due position, or that he sufficiently appreciates the value of analogy:—

‘The arguments that have been from time to time adduced in favour of the electrical theory are vague and inconclusive: they are drawn from some fanciful analogy between the noise and shock accompanying lightning, and those which are experienced during an earthquake; from the extreme rapidity with which that motion is propagated; from the electrical state of the air both before and after an earthquake; and from the sulphureous smell sometimes perceived, which is thought to resemble that produced by the electrical shock.

‘Electrical phenomena, indeed, are common during the continuance of volcanic eruptions, produced in all probability by the evolution of large quantities of steam and other elastic fluids, the decomposition and subsequent regeneration of water, and other processes that accompany these grand operations of nature.’—Pp. 533, 534.

May not fire, then, be the prime mover of all these forces? And chemical action, electricity, galvanism, and many other active powers, the numerous offspring of their common parent, fire, which might thus be looked on as the vital principle of matter—the very soul of this earth? ‘As for the earth,’ Job says, ‘out of it cometh bread, and under it is turned up as it were fire.’

There is a vestige of a true idea in the worship of fire. It seems to have been our origin, for every rock of the earth bears its stamp, and we are told it will be the end of time, and the preparation for eternity. Everything excellent in the spiritual world, every high gift of intellectual energy, and every strong power of the natural world, is associated, more or less distinctly, with the idea of fire. A thousand instances will at once occur, which it would be rash, or even presumptuous, to write down, but which point out, to our secret conviction, that among the mighty instruments of Providence, fire, in its direct or indirect signification, occupies no small, and no confined position. Is it not almost a forewarning, that as the latter days would seem to be putting forward some of their appointed signs, the study of that earth in which we live, and which is to be passed through the fire, should first have risen up into a science? The discoveries of geology, if some have accused them of want of consistency with the scriptural account of the beginning of the world, can claim a most solemn uniformity of detail with the glimpses which are given us of its end. We find traces of former periods that are most exact types of what we believe will be hereafter. Compare, for instance, the convulsions of the more early geological periods with Isaiah's announcement of the end of the world.¹ 'The foundations of the earth do shake. 'The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, 'the earth is moved exceedingly. The earth shall reel to and 'fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage.'

We will not, however, dwell longer on what are but suggestive ideas, but now conclude with expressing a hope that the study of science will be more generally seen to bear on the development of sacred Truth, than has hitherto been the case. The Church has lost much influence in its day, by too obstinate a refusal to admit the conclusions of scientific pursuits. Every thing which springs as fruit from the working of the human mind merits an examination, which should purge it of its corruptions, and should add its truth to the many human instruments of good which can be made serviceable for the cause of heaven. English philosophers have set the example of a better spirit than those of other nations; for it cannot be denied that scientific speculations have often led to almost unmixed evil. Let our Church, then, exhibit a willingness to accept truth, however brought before it, and to make those discoveries, which are of so much service to the worldly condition of man, give back their share as offerings, of the best gifts which we possess, on the altar of man's eternal interest.

¹ Isaiah xxiv. 19, 20.

ART. V.—*Baptism; or, the Ministration of Public Baptism of Infants, to be used in the Church; scripturally illustrated and explained. By the Ven. C. J. HOARE, A.M. Archdeacon of Surrey, Canon of Winchester, and Vicar of Godstone.* London: Hatchard and Son. 1848.

IN this work there are such passages as the following:—‘The Church signifies that, in her judgment, the actual effect of Baptism is the same to both [infant and adult]. Both alike come to the sacred font, in order to be “born again,” and to be “made heirs of everlasting salvation.” Neither the presumed faith, repentance, and obedience of the adult, previous to that holy sacrament, amount in her language to the privilege of “being born again;” nor does the confessed incapacity of the child for present knowledge, faith, or repentance, forbid the same prayer, and the same hope on its behalf in its infant state.’—P. 99. ‘We find in the Church’s prayers and comments, the necessity of Baptism in the work of salvation.’—P. 293. ‘Till Baptism is administered, where it may be had, salvation itself is in suspense.’—P. 303. ‘Baptism is never mentioned in Scripture, without some great and especial act or grant of grace joined with it.’—P. 316. Speaking of one of the last prayers of the office of Public Baptism, the author says:—‘It supplicates, in behalf of the child, for an advance from that mystical privilege of an inheritance of the kingdom of heaven, which has been now given and conferred in Baptism, to the real inheritance with the saints in God’s everlasting kingdom.’—P. 365. Again:—‘Baptized, or regenerate: they are, in the language of our Church, convertible terms.’—P. 389. Such are examples of the kind of language which this volume exhibits in several places; and we would refer only, without quoting, to the note at p. 25, and to pp. 322, 348, 369. It might perhaps be anticipated, upon the strength of these assertions, that we were about to express our approval of the book: but we may as well say it in the outset, that we have not for a long period fallen in with any work which so positively forbids it. And, strange to say,—as our readers will very soon perceive,—especially *because* it does contain passages so apparently good as the above.

It is, and long has been acknowledged, that the great battle of the Church of England will be fought upon the cardinal doctrine of regeneration in Baptism. All men feel, (at least,

all who have, however superficially, thought upon the matter,) that as this doctrine is determined, whether as held, or as denied, by our Church, so she ceases to be, or so she remains, a branch of the One Holy Catholic Church of Christ. And not only this, but theologians know, and it is well to put it plainly before the world, that all other doctrines of importance stand or fall, with the acceptance or rejection of Baptismal Regeneration: not only the doctrines of Original Righteousness, of the Fall, and of Justification, but, in their full and, therefore, in their true sense and meaning, of Confirmation, of the Holy Eucharist, of Orders, and of Absolution;—nay, the very truth itself of the One Catholic Church. Hence, the fierceness of debate which for years has harassed our people upon the question of Regeneration. Hence, the eagerness and anxiety with which men are now awaiting the course of events, which, at least, appear likely to explain distinctly, by some formal decision, the disputed judgment of the Church. Many may have thought that the strife is about words; others, that it is of no consequence which way it is decided: but they on either side who share in it, and thousands who look on, know (we repeat) very well, that upon no other doctrine do all others, necessary to be believed, so evidently depend. We say, evidently, because it is not to be forgotten, that in fact not a single link of the great chain of the Church's teaching can be broken—no, nor even violently disturbed, without infinite peril to the rest. Hence, also, have arisen among professed members of the Church of England so many attempts to get rid of the plain dogmatic statements regarding Regeneration in Baptism, which are contained in our Ritual and Catechism. The Articles are consistent with those statements, but they do not so openly enunciate them. With the single exception of Absolution, there is probably no doctrine except Regeneration, upon which there would be any reasonable hope, by appeal to the proper tribunal, of showing and proving from her own formularies, what is, and what is not, the exact doctrine of our Church.

Now, among these attempts, we do not remember any which, in common honesty, so loudly calls for condemnation,—and that, we feel confident, by all parties,—as the one which is exhibited in the publication now before us. It is with the deepest regret that we have observed, what we are bound to notice, that it is dedicated, 'in token of the ties of early friendship, and of a debt of personal obligation,' to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Winchester.

A mere selection of extracts, with a very slight illustrative commentary, will enable our readers to form a speedy judgment upon the justice of the conclusion to which, however unwillingly,

we have arrived respecting Archdeacon Hoare's book. The passages which we have already quoted are carefully to be kept in memory.

First, it is a fact of very much significance, that throughout this book Archdeacon Hoare carefully avoids giving to Baptism its own and appropriate name. We do not remember more than one place, where Baptism alone is spoken of, unconnected with any mention of the Lord's Supper, in which the term Sacrament is made use of with regard to it. In the second line of the Preface, we hear of 'the holy rite of Baptism,' p. vii. Again: of the 'Ceremony' of Baptism, p. xi. Again:—'Ceremony,' p. 207. A 'hopeful Ceremony,' p. 258. A 'regenerating Ceremony,' p. 352. A 'Baptismal Ceremony,' p. 320. But not to repeat these phrases, which occur *passim*, it is not to be denied, we suppose, that they have been employed advisedly, and that the title of Sacrament was also constantly and systematically avoided with an object, not so difficult perhaps to divine as it is painful to consider, with the Church Catechism staring in the face, as it were, of both ourselves and the author. Let us, however, remind the Archdeacon, that although the holy sacrament of Baptism may occasionally be very properly termed 'a rite,' yet, that in such a work as his own professes to be, it cannot be justly termed, (not once only, inadvertently perhaps, but over and over again,) a 'Ceremony.' If a writer, being an Archdeacon and a Canon, sits down to explain the ritual of the Church of England, he ought to have at least learned beforehand, the true sense of theological terms: we are unwilling to convict Archdeacon Hoare of ignorance, even of the first steps; but that unwillingness obliges us to accuse him of intentional and disingenuous evasion. If Baptism *is* a Sacrament, (this is the short way to put it,) why not call it so? We would scarcely hesitate to say, that soundness and unsoundness of belief in the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, as held and taught by the Church of England, may be tested by the hearty acceptance and sincere use of the term Sacrament,—a sacrament being, 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us,' &c.; by which definition it is distinguished both from a rite, however holy, and much more from a ceremony, however 'hopeful.' But, before we pass on from this, we may notice the existence, towards the conclusion of the book, of a passage which no man could *possibly* have written, who in any living sense believes Baptism to be more than a mere rite and ceremony; in short, to be a 'Sacrament' in the Church's meaning of that term; a passage, which is not only natural, (though some may still think it irreverent,) as following the use of such names as 'rite,' and 'ceremony,' but which also

explains, if any doubt should still exist, the way in which we are to interpret them. 'Viewed,' (we are told of 'Christian Baptism,') 'in all its naked simplicity, as a plain scriptural command, we may now be quite sure, at least, that in the mind of the Saviour himself, there rested a very sufficient reason for enjoining its practice,' p. 255. Who ever heard of any theologian *excusing* the 'Sacrament' of Baptism?

Being thus prepared, we are not surprised to find Archdeacon Hoare regarding Holy Baptism as a 'covenant,' and continually insisting upon the fact. It is not worth while referring to places in proof of this: they abound. But we do not recollect anywhere to have before seen this notion of a covenant,—a notion not only bare and miserable in itself, but unfounded upon Scripture, and openly contradictory of both the language and the spirit of the formularies of our Church,—so pressed, even to profaneness, as in the following passage:—'In Baptism, as in the solemn and sacred matrimonial tie, may be mystically "signified and represented the spiritual marriage and unity betwixt Christ and his Church;" between the soul of the baptized and the Divine Spouse,' p. 258. Is it possible that the writer of this can have seriously weighed the import of his words? Baptism, a marriage between the soul of the unbaptized—for that is the true word, not 'baptized'—and our Blessed Lord! between a child of wrath; between a soul unregenerate, unpurified, stained and corrupt with at least original sin—it may be, defiled with repeated and heinous actual sin—and Him Who is the Lord of life and glory; Who 'loved the Church, and gave Himself for it,' *in order that* He might sanctify 'and cleanse it with the washing of water, by the Word;' and this, *in order that* 'He might,' then and after purification, 'present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing!' It is in sorrow, and not in anger, that we repeat our question; Can the author of the book before us have seriously weighed the import of his words?

Before we leave this point, there is one other passage which ought to be quoted:—'The Baptismal covenant . . . as an agreement between God and the soul, can only by the same contracting parties be dissolved,' p. 266.

We may now pass on to the consideration of a positive doctrinal assertion, which is very frequently repeated, viz. That prayer is essential to the validity of Baptism. In the first citation on this head which we are about to make, we shall take the liberty of reversing one sentence; putting that at the beginning, which in the work itself is at the end. If the author is illogical and confused, we must try to set him right; but, as there are a method and an aim often in such confusion of argu-

ment, (though, striking as some examples in his book are, we would wish to excuse Archdeacon Hoare from intentional unfairness of this sort,) we must endeavour to prevent the ill consequences of such kind of reasoning:—‘Man may apply the element, but God must impart the blessing:’ [who would deny this?] therefore, ‘for the grant of sacramental grace [in baptism] *‘prayer* is required . . . Neither prayer for this grace [of baptism] without the sign, nor the sign without prayer, has the *‘warrant of God in the Church . . . [The Church] imputes ‘nothing to nature or natural operation, but all to prayer,’* p. 28. And in a few lines after, the XXVIIth Article, (as if its own obscurity was not sufficient for the purpose,) is boldly misquoted and interpolated, in support of this position:—‘As to the *moral* effect [of baptism], “faith is confirmed, and grace increased therein, only by virtue of PRAYER to God.”’ (Art. xxvii.) p. 29. We have heard a good deal lately of making the Articles the test of heresy in our Church, and of their plain, rigid, dogmatic teaching; but are we also to be taught by the same party a new method of quoting them?’¹

Extracting only two other passages to the same effect, namely, that ‘In the Baptismal blessing, prayer constitutes the very essence of the benefit conferred,’ p. 88; and that ‘Our Church knows no effectual instrument but “the virtue of prayer,”’ p. 284; we shall remind the reader, that in these and in all other the like passages of the book, ‘prayer’ is to be understood in its common acceptation, and not in that remote meaning which divines have given to it, in connexion with the sacrament of Baptism, to signify the utterance of the essential form itself, the invocation of the Three Persons of the Undivided Trinity. It is in this sense, that the Latin Articles speak, and truly, of the increase of grace, and of the confirmation of faith, being ‘*vi divinæ invocationis*:’ of which sentence the English, ‘by virtue of prayer unto God,’ is neither a correct version nor an equivalent. The authors of the Latin Articles were read, some of them indeed to a large extent, in the theology of the schools. ‘The divine invocation’ in the administration of Baptism, was a term as well understood by them, as it appears to be little understood by the author of the

¹ Another instance, and on the same clause of the XXVIIth article, occurs in p. 116. ‘Prayer . . . is that in which the grace of sacraments is made by the Church mainly to depend. “Grace is increased therein, by virtue of prayer to God.”’ Whether the Church holds or denies this, is not the question. One thing is certain; the Article does not say so. And if the Article must be perverted, in order to become an authority, we presume there is no other authority to be found. In other words, that it is false to say, that ‘Prayer . . . is that in which the grace of Sacraments is made by the Church mainly to depend.’

production before us; and they both accepted and used that term in its acknowledged and scholastic meaning. With regard to the English version, if it is *not* to be taken in the same light,—and we must frankly confess, that ‘virtue of prayer unto God’ does seem to be something (whatever it may be) different from ‘the Divine Invocation,’—then either it is a simple truism, which may be asserted in connexion with anything and everything, just as truly as it may when joined on to an article about Baptism; or we must suppose, that whilst the rest of the Article has reference to the Baptism of all persons, old or young, the final clause is not to be referred at all to infant recipients, but applies solely to the case of adults. This last supposition is a straining of the plain words of the Article, which is a plan from which we are exceedingly averse; ‘the literal and grammatical’ is *the* sense in which we are desirous, as in duty bound, to accept and to interpret all the thirty-nine. If they do, therefore, sometimes speak truisms—if even they sometimes, as some may think, are so obscure that no certain sense can be attached to them—yet we shall be both unwise and unwarranted in attempting to introduce our own ‘comments.’ ‘His Majesty’s Declaration’ is clear to this effect, and we quote it, not as of authority, but as so far agreeing with it. For example, by the way, if the Articles tell us that justification by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort, as more largely is expressed in the Homily of Justification; we are quite ready to allow the limitation, being certain that if that homily could be found, (and we of to-day are not to blame because it has no existence,) it would assuredly uphold, according to the rest of the doctrine and teaching of our Church, the sense in which, and in which alone, it can truly be asserted that ‘we are justified by faith only.’

Before we proceed, we will give our readers an opportunity of judging not only of the force but of the sort of argument, by which Archdeacon Hoare would support his statements; sometimes sufficiently strange in themselves, and therefore demanding an appearance of support. In further proof of his assertion, that prayer is necessary in the administration of baptism, (when he is commenting upon the Gospel which forms part of the Office,) he says: ‘S. Matthew relates that “they brought young children to Christ, that he should put his hands on them and *pray*.” S. Luke does not relate the act of blessing at all. . . . In [the children’s] approach to Him, the act of “blessing” is, we observe, by S. Matthew made the same with the act of “praying” on their behalf. The authorized blessing, [what does this mean?] then, even of the Saviour himself, seems no other-wise to confer the benefit implied, than as containing a prayer

‘to Him in whose hands alone are the issues of life and death, blessing and cursing.’—Page 70. Now the *animus* of such reasoning as this, if reasoning it may be called, is at once obvious; but as it is not unlikely to have weight with hasty readers, we may briefly examine the truth of it, first quoting also, and fully accepting—if it were necessary, in far stronger words than those of our author—this sentence of his own at the beginning of the same section, with which we are at present concerned. ‘The acts of Christ,’ he tells us, ‘were no less instructive than his words. “I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.” Perhaps we may add, that his very omissions were expressive of great truths.’—P. 68. Now we would first remark, that we do not think the passage of Holy Scripture which is included in the Office of Baptism as the Gospel, a safe ground upon which to rest an argument either for or against the necessity of prayer in the administration of the sacrament itself. If Archdeacon Hoare is a ritualist,—and we do not wish to say positively that he is,—he will at once acknowledge that arguments from Epistles and Gospels, in occasional services, are not to be always rigidly taken as either interpreting or deciding delicate points of theological controversy. Prayers and collects, and dogmatic statements in them, may, and must, be so appealed to; but as regards long passages of Scripture, the main drift of them is alone to be considered, and not each word and sentence as even strictly applicable, to say no more, to the especial object of the office in which they occur. But to pass on from this. Let us allow that in the present case we may justly so argue; and our conclusion, which is the natural one, would be, that because in the Gospel of S. Matthew there is mention made of *prayer*, and no mention of it at all in the account given by S. Mark, but of *blessing* only, and of the request that our Lord ‘would touch them;’ therefore, the selection of the Gospel from the latter evangelist rather than from the other, is a proof that the revisers of our ritual held, and would have us also believe, that *prayer* is not essential to the validity of Holy Baptism. ‘S. Luke,’ says this writer, ‘does not relate the act of blessing at all.’ Why is it pretended to be concealed, that neither does that evangelist relate the act of praying at all? But more than this—and, remembering who the author of this book is, and the natural reliance which his readers would justly have upon the facts of his argument at least, it is a very startling consideration—not one of the three evangelists ‘relates the act of’ praying ‘at all;’ *i. e.* as performed by our blessed Lord. Is it possible that Archdeacon Hoare is ignorant of this circumstance? If he is indeed ignorant of it, we can but recommend him to read the Gospels

carefully before he writes another book. If he knew it, we are unwilling to state plainly the inevitable consequence. Now what is the account which the evangelists give? One, S. Matthew, says, that the people ‘brought unto Him little children, that He should put His hands on them and *pray*,’ (xix. 13;) S. Luke (xviii. 15,) and S. Mark (x. 13,) ‘that He should *touch* them.’ And as we are, according to the Archdeacon’s own most correct principle, bound to receive instructions from our Lord’s acts, we go on *first* to inquire what He did. ‘He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them,’ as it is recorded by S. Mark; ‘He laid His hands on them,’ as it is in S. Matthew. *Secondly*, we ask what He omitted; in other words, what He did *not* do? *He did not pray*, although it was the wish, or rather expectation, of the people; that is, if, as we firmly believe,—what Mr. Hoare is so careful to remind us—that ‘His very omissions were expressive of great truths.’ And how are we to know what our Divine Redeemer either did or did not, except from the statements and omissions of His holy evangelists?

But again. If prayer is indeed essential to the validity of administration of the sacrament of Baptism, then for a thousand years in the Church of England, from the seventh century to the seventeenth, there must have been innumerable baptisms which were utterly invalid; and the teaching of our Church, during the whole period, upon this point must have been heretical and false. No one doctrine of the Catholic Church is more plain and positive than this, namely, that prayer is *not* essential; and that the due administration of the matter with the form, alone and by itself, constitutes the sacrament, and conveys entirely and completely the full and supernatural grace of it. To cease from certain observances, which in their nature are rites, significative only,—such, for example, as the putting on of the vestment, or chrism, or the lighted candle,—does not affect the essence of the sacrament; but how different is all this from making additions to the essential parts; and to say that prayer is essential, is to make a new gospel, and invent new sacraments, teaching for doctrines the traditions of men. What we have now been speaking of, is a most important question; important, not intrinsically, because a very moderate examination into facts soon clears up the difficulty of it; but because many persons, in dependence upon the presumed learning of their teachers, have taken up the notion. Upon this account, and this only, we have been anxious not to forget to notice the only argument which deserves the name, which has been brought to support it; and we may, in connexion with it, avail ourselves of the remarks of a late writer upon Baptism.

‘It is strange,’ he says, ‘that in our times, some of the Clergy who advocate extreme doctrines, will have it that baptism cannot be valid, except with previous prayer to God. This they insist upon, however urgent the necessity, and danger of death These persons have an argument; and we are referred to the rubric. *First, let the minister . . . call upon God, and say the Lord’s prayer, and so many of the collects appointed to be said before in the Form of Public Baptism, as the time and present exigence will suffer.* Certainly, if this were all that we knew of the matter, and if the Clergy were justified in undertaking and continuing to perform the solemn duties of their office, with no more learning than is to be gleaned from the present Book of 1662, the rubric might seem to be ambiguous, and their argument not unreasonable. The Church, however, takes for granted that her Clergy are at some pains to ascertain by study and comparison the real meaning of her rubrics. Now, this one before us is to be traced to the First Book of 1549, in similar but plainer words; *First, let them that be present call upon God for His grace, and say the Lord’s prayer if the time will suffer.* Still, we may be told, the alteration made in 1662 was made for a purpose. If, then, there was any purpose, it must have been to insist upon prayer, as an essential to a valid administration of baptism. Why, therefore, let us ask, was not some mention of it included in the examination ordered to be made of those who bring the child? There is no reference to it; nor is this all. Anciently there was a question, *Whether they called upon God for grace and succour in that necessity?* And this question was actually omitted by the Book of 1662, as if providentially to prevent any reliance being placed upon it, to support so grievous an error. It is indeed most fitting that the Lord’s Prayer and one or two of the collects at the beginning of the Office of Public Baptism, should always be used, according to the rubric, if the exigence will suffer. But the anxiety of the reviewers in 1662 to promote this end, caused the ambiguity of which I have spoken: they wished to insert the words *so many*, and therefore necessarily changed the old clause *if the time*, into *as the time*. They could not possibly foresee the egregious folly and ignorance combined, which some of their descendants would exhibit, in consequence of this alteration.’—*Maskell on Holy Baptism*, p. 241, Note 36.

When people say that prayer is essential to the validity of the sacrament of Baptism, it can, possibly, only mean, prayer offered sincerely and in faith. Hence the ‘hardness’ of that dogmatic statement of our Church, that it is *certain*, that children *which are baptized*, dying before they commit actual sin, are *undoubtedly* saved. For this negatives at once and utterly all notion about the necessity of prayer. But we shall speak a word again presently upon this. We may now advert to a passage or two in which Archdeacon Hoare speaks of Faith. ‘Among all the requisites ‘for Christian Baptism, a profession of faith in “that worthy ‘name by which we are called” has always been deemed most ‘truly essential.’—P. 145. And two pages further on, it is explained, that ‘after the baptism of the infant, the whole work of saving faith has yet to be begun in the youthful soul.’ Again: children, the author says, are, of course, to be baptized as soon as may be: not that the act of baptism itself conveys spiritual blessings, but (if we understand him rightly) that when faith begins, it may not be without the previous reception of

the 'ceremony.' He has fully shown, he tells us, that with the dawn of reason 'must be the dawn of repentance and of faith in order to salvation; and if of faith, then also we are told baptism must accompany it. Hence it would be absolutely impossible to fix any point of time too early, after the smallest development of the powers of reasoning, for the child to be placed under or in Baptism, in order to give effect to its smallest childlike effort of faith, and repentance, and Christian obedience.'—P. 194. This, we are assured, is not only a scriptural illustration of the Office of Public Baptism, but also the doctrine of the Church of England. Children are placed in infancy 'under or in' Baptism, not in order that thereby they may, if they die before actual sin, be *undoubtedly saved*—not that the guilt of original sin may be washed away—not that, being by nature the children of wrath, they may be made therein the children of God,—but *in order* to give effect to their future efforts of faith and repentance. We shall make one more extract: and we know no page of the present volume which will supply a better example of the spirit in which the whole of it is written. 'By faith in Jesus Christ, we become all the children of God. By baptism into Christ, we put on Christ. Here is at once the actual and the mystical relationship existing between God and His Church: neither faith without baptism, nor baptism without faith. Where faith is impossible, as in the case of infants, "before actual sin," then by baptism we become mystically the members of Christ, children of God, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. Where faith is attainable, and sin committed, then by faith and repentance for sin, through grace, we are indeed and in truth children of God, faithful and beloved.'—P. 218. Now, first remarking that the Church does *not* say (although it may be said) that children by baptism become *mystically* the members of Christ, and children of God, let it be well observed how pointedly the distinction is drawn between the mystical relationship to God of the one class by baptism, viz. infants; and the real and true sonship of the other class, adults, 'by faith and repentance, through grace.' And why was it not expressed, 'through grace, *with baptism?*' Will Archdeacon Hoare say, that, *where baptism may be had*, such adults, so qualified by faith and repentance, are *not* indeed made the children of God *without* baptism? This is a plain question. Take another. Will he,—we speak not of his own belief,—say, that the Church of England holds infants to be made by baptism, 'members of Christ, children of God, and heirs of the kingdom,' in the same sense, and in the same sense only, in which she holds adults so to be made, by baptism, if they receive the sacrament worthily? Are these questions im-

proper to be asked? Would any honest man have written, and so carefully worded the extract which has just been laid before our readers, if he could not at once, and without evasion, answer them both in the affirmative?

We shall not be detained long upon what we propose further to say: the extracts which we shall give will almost sufficiently speak for themselves.

It is only common justice to let Archdeacon Hoare explain in his own words the blessings which accompany, when duly administered and received, the 'ceremony' of baptism. 'There is, it is true,' we are told in one place, 'a fulness of Church privileges into which the baptized immediately enters from the moment of his sacramental regeneration. He is from that moment entitled to all the promises of the new covenant of grace upon faith and repentance. He is entitled to the full privilege of prayer, and may look up penitentially from the depths of sorrow for sin, or of afflictive sufferings the fruit of sin, and in "the spirit of adoption" may "cry, Abba, Father." The Church, the hearing of God's word, the other sacrament, and all other means of approach, are fully and completely open to the baptized or regenerate person.'—P. 208. Again: 'From henceforth, [*i. e.* after baptism and public reception,] the child may be regarded as consigned through grace to act its destined part in the membership of Christ's body It can now be admitted to the happy circle [not of church-prayers and sacraments, but] of family prayer; and is taught itself from the earliest dawn "to lift up holy hands, without wrath or doubting."—P. 266. These passages are the most full which we have remarked, and even these are qualified by some observations immediately succeeding, which we have omitted. But now take another passage, in which first we are told generally that there is some grace and privilege in baptism, and secondly what this grace is not. The reader will observe how confusedly blessings which the Church holds are the effects of this sacrament, and blessings which she does not hold so to be, are mixed together—a common device with many writers of a certain sort. 'Mis-stated or mis-applied views of this and the other sacrament, may be regarded as especially Satan's work.—To make a nullity of baptism, and no account of its graces, privileges, and responsibilities, is to give to Satan his triumph over the word and promises of the Most High.—But, on the other hand, to make Baptism a substitute for the thing it represents,—for blessings unspeakable and eternal, pardon, reconciliation, holiness, election unto obedience, and perseverance to the end, with everlasting felicity,—or even to make it a security for its attainment, otherwise than through

‘faith as the channel,—[how, then, in the case of infants dying ‘in infancy?']—and Christ applied by faith, as the spring of all ‘blessing; this is a course, by which Satan again is working his ‘own purpose.’—P. 283.

And here we may observe, that in no one place throughout his book, does Archdeacon Hoare acknowledge that, which is the great doctrine of the Church in regard to the sacrament of Baptism, viz. that in it, and by it, as an instrument, is conveyed to man ‘pardon’ and ‘remission of sin.’ The total and very pointed silence upon this head is so remarkable, that it cannot fail to be perceived even by the most cursory reader. In the extract last given, if it has any meaning at all, ‘pardon,’ ‘reconciliation,’ are expressly specified as blessings, which it is the craft of Satan to declare to be effects of Holy Baptism. So, once more, the ‘real meaning of the baptismal ceremony’ is thus explained: ‘It is a ceremony intended, not to bring ‘down the grant of a new nature, and of our deliverance from the ‘curse of the fall, and from the consequent ruin of soul and body, ‘—to the mere fact of water-affusion or sacramental grace.’—P. 320. Let the force here of the disjunctive *or* be well considered. And again, in an earlier part, these are said to be the ‘privileges’ of ‘a believing reception of the appointed rite of Baptism. The inheritance of peace and love, the fruit of faith here ‘upon earth; the inheritance of heaven, or “our fruit unto holiness, and the end, everlasting life,” hereafter; such are the hopes, ‘the privileges, the birthright, sealed to us in the one baptismal ‘covenant.’—P. 106. *Sealed*, be it observed—not given; no, not even this grace of adoption and of inheritance is more than ‘sealed,’ notwithstanding that the Church Catechism declares Baptism to be that sacrament ‘wherein’ the baptized is ‘*made* the child of God, and inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.’

It is to be remembered, that this book professes to be ‘a scriptural illustration of the Office of Public Baptism of Infants.’ The whole Office is reprinted in its due order, with a running commentary. Of course, therefore, there comes presently this passage in one of the prayers of our ritual: ‘Sanctify this water to the mystical washing away of sin.’ A very awkward wording indeed: how is it met? We will not keep our readers in anxiety, but lay before them one of the (shall we say?) happiest evasions of the great Catholic truth, with which it has ever been our lot to meet. ‘What must we consider,’ asks Archdeacon Hoare, ‘to ‘be the blessing here implored? *Not*, it appears, the *actual*, but ‘the “mystical,” washing away of sin. . . . Applied to *infants*, ‘guilty as yet of no actual sin, . . . it implies that they, as ‘infants, have a full share in God’s favour . . . Again, as *adults*, ‘having been in the commission of many actual transgressions,

'... they, too, here find the "mystical washing away of sin:" 'coming in *true faith*, it is to them a blessed *token*, a sure *evidence*, 'a *manifestation* of pardon.'¹ Presently after it is continued: 'We may be sure that no such holiness is given to the water, as 'at any time to transmit through itself *actual* holiness to the 'baptized. . . . In the case of the infants, it is evidently premature; in that of the adult, either it is existing beforehand in him; [*i.e.* either he is already *holy*, already *sanctified*, already 'saved;] or, if he shall have been insincere, then wholly impossible. . . . To the holy alone it is that "faith is confirmed, 'and grace increased" in that holy sacrament, "by virtue of 'prayer to God."—Pp. 200—203. There is no mention made in these passages of original sin; nor need there have been; because a page or two before it is plainly asserted, (and we can only wait for the writer's explanation of an assertion so grave,) 'The guilt of original sin shall be no bar to the child, if dying in infancy, being undoubtedly saved.'—P. 189. And in order to clear up any obscurity about the meaning of this, earlier in the book it had been already distinctly said,—by way of a scriptural illustration of that prayer, We call upon Thee for this infant, that he coming to Thy Holy Baptism may receive remission of his sins by spiritual regeneration,—' "Remission of 'sins," here implored by invocation upon God, refers prospectively to the time when the growing or adult Christian shall 'need forgiveness for actual transgression: and "spiritual regeneration" also, in all its accomplished work, is doubtless to be 'likewise referred to the same period. As applied to "this 'infant, coming to God's Holy Baptism," it but alludes to that 'gracious favour, which we supplicate for the infant before the 'commission of actual sin. It denotes not any "spiritual" or 'moral change actually passed upon the mind or soul of the 'child, since it is as yet subject to no law, and conscious of no 'transgression.'—P. 61. The Nicene Creed declares that there is 'one Baptism for the remission of sins:' the Office for the administration of the Holy Sacrament itself, again and again, insists upon the same truth, as a chief and prime effect of its reception: but nevertheless, and at all risks, it is not a doctrine which the author of this book thinks himself bound to accept: nay, rather, is to be denied; in the case of adults (receiving worthily), sins (this is the only sense in which we can understand him) are not forgiven in and through the sacrament of Baptism, because they are 'holy' already, 'holy' before the washing of the laver of regeneration; in the case of infants, because they 'are as yet subject to no law, and conscious of

¹ The three last Italics (and the three last only) are our own.

no transgression :’ because ‘the guilt of original sin shall be no bar to their being undoubtedly saved, if dying in infancy.’ Now whether this be, or be not, *heresy*, it is not within our present purpose to inquire ; let that pass : such, whatever it may be, is the doctrine, such is the theology, of an English archdeacon and canon of a cathedral church in the nineteenth century, as expressed and explained in a work dedicated to his own Bishop, and to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Regarding the Nicene Creed, no allusion, however distant, is made to it : not that there could have been any difficulty in easily contradicting it, and ‘getting over’ its assertion, to one so marvellously careless about consequences as Archdeacon Hoare ; but we wish that he had deigned to give it some passing notice, slight though it may have been. We have still some little curiosity to learn how he would have ‘got over’ the fact, that the one especial purpose, end, and object of Holy Baptism, is, (not for regeneration, or sanctification, or for adoption to be made the children of God, or for conveying a title to the inheritance of the kingdom of heaven, or for the reception of the fulness of Divine grace, or for any other the like gifts and graces ; but, as if in one gift alone summing up the rest, which follow or must accompany it, especially and above all,) ‘for the remission of sins.’

Here we would remark also, that the positive declaration of our Church, *It is certain by God’s word, that children which are baptized, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved*, is no stumbling-block in the Archdeacon’s path ; it presents not even a shadow of a difficulty ; it is beneath consideration ; it requires not one word of explanation. Now, once more, let our readers recollect that the book before us (392 pages) is a long exposition of the whole Office of Public Baptism. This declaration comes last of all, followed only by a short reference to the Thirtieth Canon, about the use of the sign of the Cross. We rather wonder that it was thought worth the reprinting ; but, however, printed it is upon the last page, the 392d, and this is the comment : ‘The above notices we may consider as rubrical.’ This, we repeat, is the comment, and this is all. What Archdeacon Hoare’s notion about ‘rubrical’ things is, we cannot pretend to say ; but he knows, as well as we do, that the question is not whether it is ‘rubrical,’ but first, whether it is the doctrine of the Church of England ; and, secondly, whether it is true. We shall quote three passages only which bear upon this point ; in numberless places, from the first page of the book to the last, this declaration is felt, though not acknowledged, to be hard of acceptance, and harder to be explained away ; but it would require more space than we are inclined to

furnish, to show this fact at length. Nor indeed is there any real necessity for such detail. These three following passages will most amply suffice; concerning the first of which, it is not our fault if it is not quite so plainly written as it might have been. 'Regeneration . . . is not a regeneration considered in itself abstractedly, but in all its consequences . . . The single exception provided for, is that of children dying in infancy. But even here every thing is required that *can* in the possibility of things concur with the one regenerating act; and only *then* when nothing else *can* do so, we deem the simple application of water in the name of the Sacred Three an honour sufficient to be rendered to Christ's own all-embracing ordinance.'—P. 300. Baptism of infants 'an honour sufficient to be rendered to Christ's own all-embracing ordinance'! Have these words any meaning? Again: In Baptism, 'we have a seal set to the "undoubted safety" of little children dying before the commission of "actual sin,"' p. 314. That is, according to his own distinct doctrine, above quoted, about original sin being no bar to salvation, infants are already 'undoubtedly saved' with or without the seal. But, once more, from this next extract all again seems not to be 'undoubted.' We find 'the particular benefit of a child' baptized 'dying in infancy, to be, having the hope of its eternal salvation to be enjoyed through Christ thus sealed and confirmed,' p. 326. The hope, and not the certainty; but then the Church's declaration at the end of our Office is merely 'rubrical.'

We had marked some parts of the book for extraction, to show that in the Archdeacon's judgment, (whatever 'regeneration' may mean) all the blessings, gifts, and graces of baptism are future and prospective; dependent upon the after-faith of the recipient. In a word, we may here mention, that however involved and confused the language of this book is about 'regeneration,' it amounts to this; that baptism simply means regeneration, and regeneration is but another term for baptism: this, not in the primitive and catholic sense; not in the sense in which it is truly and most distinctly held and taught by the Church of England, but in such a sense—if sense it is—as this; that baptismal regeneration merely means baptismal baptism. But we do not deem it necessary now to produce these passages. Enough has been already quoted, both to show and to condemn the opinions advanced in the book; we shall content ourselves, therefore, with one extract, which would, by itself, sufficiently exhibit the spirit in which this 'illustration' has been written. It is the 'exposition' of that part of the Office, *Ye have prayed that our Lord Jesus Christ would vouchsafe to receive him.* The author says:—

“To receive him:” this is the immediate blessing prayed for. We can have no hesitation in offering such a prayer as this, and suggesting at once its reply. God *hath vouchsafed* to receive him; Christ hath lovingly looked upon him. We feel a confidence not to be shaken, that *the blessing of Baptism is thus far* graciously vouchsafed; and that the will of our heavenly Father is “that not one of these little ones should perish,” and *from this time* takes effect, [*i. e.* from the time of the offering of this prayer.] in regard to such a child dying in its infancy, that it “shall be undoubtedly saved,” “embraced in the arms of His mercy;” and made “partaker of everlasting life.” But also, “to release him of his sins.” Here the prayer had been in part prospective. Sins he had not committed. His age presumes, according to the Church, that no actual sin had been committed; else repentance must have followed. But whatever of original guilt *would have stood* in the way of the child’s final salvation *has been* included in this act of intercession; and we cannot but understand by its acceptance with God that imputation of sin *is* remitted; *is* so far withdrawn, at least, as to be no bar to the “sure and certain *hope*” of everlasting salvation.”—P. 117.

The italics in the above passage are our own: for there is a curious obscurity in it, which seems to call for them. Let, then, our readers carefully weigh these statements; let them consider to what extent they reach; and then remembering that Baptism, the Sacrament of Baptism, has yet, in such a case, to be performed, let them ask, what will be the effect of its administration? What, except the name, is the regeneration which shall then take place?

Other opinions advanced by Archdeacon Hoare are, in comparison with what has already been discussed, scarcely worth the mentioning. Such, for example, as that ‘the solemn rite of Confirmation’ is but a ratification by the child of his own obligations: and that the chain of Christian doctrine is ‘consummated’ in its vows. (Carrying out, we presume, the notion of the character of *marriage* which exists in Baptism.) Or, although regeneration, one would think, mean it what it will, must at least mean new *life*, yet, that ‘the dawn of reason is the dawn of a spiritual life.’ Or, that the inspired Epistle of the apostle S. James is a ‘memorable dissertation on faith and works.’

A single word remains by way of conclusion. And in so saying it, we would first state, that if in anything we have misrepresented Archdeacon Hoare’s meaning, it has not been purposely. We have very carefully read his volume: and, so far as we are able, we have endeavoured both to discover (no easy task) the real signification and intention of his book, and to give our readers correct grounds upon which they may form their own judgment. If Archdeacon Hoare does not believe that prayer is essential to the validity of the administration of Holy Baptism; if he does not believe that it is a ‘rite’ and ‘ceremony,’ rather than a ‘sacrament;’ or, that *regeneration* and *to be regenerate* mean only *Baptism*, and *to be in the state of having been baptized*; or,

that the spiritual blessings, and gifts, and graces of Baptism, are, in the case of infants, future and in prospect only; or, that original sin puts no bar in the way of the undoubted salvation of infants; or, that adults are 'holy' before they are baptized; or, once more, if he does not believe that remission of original sin in infants, and that remission of all sins, both original and actual, in adults who receive worthily, is not given in and by the act of Baptism itself; then let him plainly and distinctly say so, and we shall rejoice to be assured that we have done him wrong. His book, however, must be re-written.

We have noticed this work in so prominent a department of this Review, rather than contented ourselves with a simple expression elsewhere of condemnation, not because of any talent or ability displayed in it, for it does not reach mediocrity in a literary point of view, but because of the position of its author, the dignified station of the persons to whom it is ostentatiously dedicated, and especially on account of the character of those very remarkable extracts which we cited at the beginning of our article; so especially, that we do not hesitate to say, that except upon their account, we should have passed over this book, as merely one in a very numerous class of similar publications. Archdeacon Hoare might otherwise have silently floated to oblivion, with Mr. Brooke, elsewhere noticed, and with the herd of obscure writers on this subject. But those passages give to the present work a distinctive character of its own, and would perhaps serve, if permitted to escape exposure, to recommend to the acceptance of hasty readers other parts which, if they stood alone, would carry with them their own condemnation. Such statements about regeneration, in the mouth of any one who can also write as does Archdeacon Hoare, prove, in the very nature of the thing, that the writer either means by them nothing at all, or something worse. Let the reader, now, once more refer to the first page of this article. We do not so much inquire or dispute whether the peculiar doctrines advanced by Archdeacon Hoare are, in themselves, true or untrue; as we plainly assert this; that they are not the doctrines held and taught by the Church of England, and that, in his own heart, he himself knows well that they are *not* so held and taught by her. Can Archdeacon Hoare honestly declare, that in his conscience he believes, that the Church of England holds that remission of sins is not given in baptism? that adults are 'holy' before they are baptized? that children dying before they commit actual sin are undoubtedly saved? that regeneration is a name, and a name only? that the blessings and graces and gifts of the sacrament of Holy Baptism, are prospective and dependent upon future faith? Can Archdeacon Hoare truly

declare, that in his conscience he believes, that, to the best of his ability, he has given to the people of the Church in which he holds so high and responsible an office, an honest exposition of her ritual, and that in that ritual, his opinions and doctrines are fairly and justly, nay, in any way, to be found? There are silly birds, who are said by naturalists to suppose, that if they hide their heads in the sand, they are secure from detection. So is it with Archdeacon Hoare: he may think that people will read his book, and, because he has ventured to make the statements which are in it, that they will give him credit for being himself assured, not that his doctrines are true (this is another and a very different question) but, that they are the doctrines of the English Church. Let him not be so mistaken: if he had desired this; if he had wished to go down to the grave with that character of honesty which most men covet; if he had not been prepared to hear and to be told plain but unpleasant truths, he should not have put pen to paper in such a cause. We deliberately repeat our firm conviction, (referring to his own work in proof of it,) that Archdeacon Hoare does not himself believe that the exposition, the 'scriptural illustration' of the Office of Public Baptism, which he has published, is, indeed and truly, in the spirit, and according to the doctrine, of the Church of England.

ART. VI.—*Final Memorials of Charles Lamb.* By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, &c. London: Moxon. 1848.

THE title of these volumes must ensure them a welcome with all who have enjoyed Charles Lamb's former works. A man who can say things as no one else can say them, who possesses the charm of a perfectly original and characteristic style, who sees by the light of his own eyes, and expresses himself in the unhackneyed coinage of his own brain, is secure of readers. A fresh style is more than a new subject. There are minds of such inherent staleness that all they touch takes that complexion. They start on their career like the Gibeonites, with old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and dry provisions for the way. It matters not how new the topic, with them it is old, we seem to have heard it all before, and are already weary. In gay contrast with these dull journeyers are others to whom the common way-side, the worn-out paths of life, furnish variety enough and matter for their genius. They find novelty and dignity in what we had hitherto passed over as common and trivial: they show us distances bathed in light, a foreground picturesque and fantastic, in scenes till now too familiar for any definite impressions; but henceforth never to be looked on without interest, and for ever associated with their memory. And this gift of theirs is a real power of perception, it is no exercise of mere fancy. It is not a delusion substituted for the reality, but the reality itself, which our careless unobservant glance had failed to discern before in its true intricacy and grace.

Of such we reckon Charles Lamb. How many common familiar things are linked with recollections of his humour, his quaint wisdom, his tender pathos! And looking for no more than additional traits of these characteristic qualities in the present volumes, we yet hailed them as ensuring amusement to their readers, and something worthy a better name. But these final memorials are of a deeper interest, and for higher reasons will be most welcome to such as could not help loving the author as well as his genius, even while half ashamed of the sentiment. It cannot be denied that his admirers have sometimes been brought to a difficulty in defending their favourite against those who disputed the intellectual rank to which they would raise him. If the objectors, proof against the fascinations of his style, assured us that they saw no fun in his humour, and

only affectation in his quaintness, we felt ourselves, so far, more enlightened and fortunate than they; but if they further asked how a man who yielded to the vulgar temptation of strong drinks could be supposed gifted with delicate moral perceptions? regarding this quality only in its intellectual light, we yet own to having felt the difficulty; as firmly believing that nothing so dulls and obscures right reason as a life of self-indulgence. It was an anomaly. We felt, in spite of many things we wished away, that he had this sensitiveness unblunted; but how it remained there in companionship with so glaring and degrading a frailty was a perplexity.

Serjeant Talfourd's present narrative furnishes some solution of this difficulty, and the best justification of those who have always thought they saw something in Lamb's writings higher than his apparent self. The present true and finished picture of his life presents a strange contrast—a depth of unconscious self-sacrifice, of which all but his friends were ignorant, with a surface of conscious self-indulgence known to all the world. We call his self-denial unconscious from the humility which would not allow him to regard it as such, and because the purest, most disinterested affection, made it necessary and inevitable to him. Both for the sacrifice itself, and for the affection which prompted it, Charles Lamb must henceforth be regarded as the type and hero of fraternal love.

Twelve years ago, in giving his letters and some account of their writer to the world, Sergeant Talfourd pointed to a time when he hoped, by the publication of further letters and details then necessarily withheld, to enable the reader to form a more complete estimate of his friend's singular and delightful character. That period is now arrived, and the death of Mary Lamb, the object of her brother's lifelong solicitude, has removed the only obstacle to this fuller knowledge. It would indeed have been a false delicacy to have withheld, after this event, the circumstances of a history so necessary to the full appreciation of the brother's character, and reflecting no disgrace on his unhappy sister, the unconscious actor in the frightful tragedy which it discloses.

The volumes open with the year 1795, when Charles Lamb was living in straitened circumstances with his father, mother, and sister—ten years older than himself, in lodgings in Holborn. He was then just twenty, and a clerk of three years standing in the India House. Incited by some stirrings of genius, the example of his friend Coleridge, and chiefly by his admiration for a certain fair young lady of Islington, he was beginning to write verses. But this 'fair-haired maid' was not to be his destiny; how he sped, or might have sped, in his wooing, is not known;

for he was soon called upon to resign all youth's gay visions to devote himself to the demands of a less selfish affection. He had at this time few friends; Coleridge, whose society had always such a charm for him, had quitted London, leaving him with a heavy sense of loneliness. This, and, we may gather, the anxieties of his attachment, for he seems to have been a desponding lover, combined to develope a constitutional tendency to insanity, a malady from which his sister had already suffered more than once. The scourge now fell upon him, and for a few weeks he was under confinement. 'The wonder is,' says his biographer, 'that amidst all the difficulties, the sorrows, and the excitements of his succeeding forty years it never recurred. Perhaps the true cause of this remarkable exemption—an exemption the more remarkable when his afflictions are considered in association with one single frailty—will be found in the sudden claim made on his moral and intellectual nature by a terrible exigency, and by his generous answer to that claim; so that a life of self-sacrifice was rewarded by the preservation of unclouded reason.' Some allusions to his attack occur in letters to Coleridge in the course of the same year, after which he was never known to speak or write of it to his dearest friends. Immediately after his restoration to reason he writes thus:—

'Coleridge, I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was, and many a vagary my imagination played me The sonnet I send you has small merit as poetry, but you will be curious to read it when I tell you it was written in my prison-house in one of my lucid intervals.'

We quote it, not simply for its poetical merits, but as an example of the sincerity which marks his character—of the dependance that might be placed on his professions. Though many acknowledge 'a mighty debt of love,' and think they mean what they say, how few are ready to pay it in such true heart's coin as his:—

'TO MY SISTER.

'If from my lips some angry accents fell,
 Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
 'Twas but the error of a sickly mind,
 And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer well
 And waters clear of Reason; and for me
 Let this my verse the poor atonement be—
 My verse, which thou to praise wert e'er inclined
 Too highly, and with a partial eye to see
 No blemish. Thou to me didst ever show
 Kindest affection; and wouldst oft-times lend

An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,
Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
Mary, to thee, my sister, and my friend.'

It was in the autumn of the following year (1796) that the terrible event occurred which from henceforth separated this brother and sister from all the common hopes and wishes belonging to their age, to bind them by sad and indissoluble bonds to each other. Their mother was suffering from ill-health and infirmity, and Miss Lamb devoted herself to her with the most affectionate and constant attention. Her days were spent in needlework, by which she wearied herself to add to her family's small means, while her nights were broken by incessant watchings, and the needful attentions which her mother's infirmities required. It is no wonder that, thus tried by anxiety and over fatigue, the dreadful malady inherent in her constitution should break out. She suddenly lost her senses, and in a fit of frenzy, seizing a knife which unhappily lay at hand, killed her mother with her own hand. The newspapers of the time contain the report of the inquest. Her miserable brother writes the following account of the calamity, and of his own state under it, to his friend Coleridge:—

'My dearest Friend,—White, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines: my poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence, I fear, she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses,—I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris of the Blue-coat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but thank God I am calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me "the former things are passed away," and I have something more to do than to feel.

'God Almighty have us well in His keeping.

'C. LAMB.

'Mention nothing of poetry. I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please, but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

'Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family, I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me—write. I will not see you if you come. God Almighty love you, and all of us.

'C. LAMB.'

The letter which Coleridge wrote on this occasion will be read with interest, as that for which Lamb so warmly expresses his

gratitude. Although often seen in MS., we are not aware whether Serjeant Talfourd has met with it. We take it from the affectionate, though not very artistic, work, ‘Gillman’s Life of Coleridge,’—p. 338.

‘Your letter, my friend, struck me with a mighty horror. It rushed upon me and stupified my feelings. You bid me write you a religious letter; I am not a man who would attempt to insult the greatness of your anguish by any other consolation. Heaven knows that in the easiest fortunes there is much dissatisfaction and weariness of spirit; much that calls for the exercise of patience and resignation; but in storms, like these, that shake the dwelling and make the heart tremble, there is no middle way between despair and the yielding up of the whole spirit unto the guidance of faith. And surely it is a matter of joy, that your faith in Jesus has been preserved; the Comforter that should relieve you is not far from you. But as you are a Christian, in the name of that Saviour who was filled with bitterness and made drunken with wormwood, I conjure you to have recourse in frequent prayer to “his God and your God,” the God of mercies, and Father of all comfort. Your poor father is, I hope, almost senseless of the calamity; the unconscious instrument of Divine Providence knows it not, and your mother is in heaven. It is sweet to be roused from a frightful dream by the song of birds, and the gladsome rays of the morning. Ah, how infinitely more sweet to be awakened from the blackness and amazement of a sudden horror, by the glories of God manifest, and the hallelujahs of angels!

‘As to what regards yourself, I approve altogether of your abandoning what you justly call vanities. I look upon you as a man called by sorrow and anguish, and a strange desolation of hopes, into quietness, and a soul set apart and made peculiar to God. We cannot arrive at any portion of heavenly bliss without in some measure imitating Christ; and they arrive at the largest inheritance who imitate the most difficult parts of his character, and, bowed down and crushed under foot, cry in fulness of faith, “Father, thy will be done.”

‘I wish above measure to have you for a little while here: no visitants shall blow on the nakedness of your feelings—you shall be quiet, and your spirit may be healed. I see no possible objection, unless your father’s helplessness prevent you, and unless you are necessary to him. If this be not the case, I charge you write me that you will come.

‘I charge you, my dearest friend, not to dare to encourage gloom or despair: you are a temporary sharer in human miseries, that you may be an eternal partaker of the Divine nature. I charge you, if by any means it be possible, come to me.

‘I remain, your affectionate,

‘S. T. COLERIDGE.’

A verdict of lunacy had, of course, been returned on the inquest, and Miss Lamb was immediately removed to an asylum, where she soon recovered her reason. The following are extracts from Lamb’s next letter to Coleridge on this ‘brightening of their prospects,’ as he terms it. For there was no selfishness in his grief; from the first he thought most of Mary, felt for her, identified himself with her, and in such a spirit prepared solemnly to devote his life to save her from the dreary fate which was the natural consequence of her misfortune.

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

My dearest Friend,—Your letter was an inestimable treasure to me. It will be a comfort to you, I know, to know that our prospects are somewhat brighter. My poor dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments upon our house, is restored to her senses; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has passed, awful to her mind, and impressive (as it must be to the end of life), but tempered with religious resignation, and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder. I have seen her. I found her this morning calm and serene; far, very far, from an indecent forgetful serenity; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind, and religious principle to look forward to a time when even she might recover tranquillity. God be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? I allow much to other favourable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying,—my father with his poor forehead plastered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly,—my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room—yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used not to rest on things of sense,—had endeavoured after a comprehension of mind, unsatisfied with the “ignorant present time,” and *this* kept me up. I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties, and I was now left alone. One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue which we had had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down a feeling like remorse struck me;—this tongue poor Mary got for me, and I can partake of it now when she is far away! A thought occurred and relieved me,—if I give in to this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not want of true feeling. I did not let this carry me, though, too far. On the very second day (I date from the day of horrors), as is usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room; they prevailed with me to eat *with them* (for to eat I never refused). They were all making merry in the room! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest; I was going to partake with them, when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room;—a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion, I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered

me, and I think it did me good. I mention these things because I hate concealment, and love to give a faithful journal of what passes within me.'

It seems cold-blooded to dwell on the *force* of such a passage as this, but it is not often that real grief is so piercingly described. We read fictitious scenes, highly wrought and exciting, and we say, How true to nature! from vague impressions of what might be;—but this is nature itself. It was an alleviation to such a mind to analyse sensations, to live them over again, and, as it were, to face them; he threw himself upon his friend in intense desire for his sympathy, and painted his sufferings in vivid truthful colours that he might win it. The busy thoughtless crowd of friends, the homely supper, the 'making merry,'—who has not recollections of that dreary mirth and sad festivity, which, in some form or other, seem the inevitable accompaniment of mourning? as Shakspeare sets clowns and jesters beside his graves.

The letter, after some minor domestic details, given with much feeling and simplicity, goes into the question of means. What an interest his calculations and plans of economy possess with us, when we bear in mind that it was for his unfortunate sister he formed them! They were plans and calculations for a life, and he never broke them, but uniformly made every expense defer to her wants present and in possibility.

'Reckoning this, we have, Daddy and I, for our two selves and an old maid servant to look after him when I am out, which will be necessary, 170*l.*, or 180*l.* rather, a year, out of which we can spare 50*l.* or 60*l.* at least for Mary while she stays at Islington, where she must and shall stay during her father's life, for his and her comfort. I know John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital. The good lady of the madhouse and her daughter, an elegant sweet behaved young lady, love her and are taken with her amazingly; and I knew from her own mouth she loves them, and longs to be with them as much. Poor thing, they say she was but the other morning saying, she knew she must go to Bethlem for life; that one of her brothers would have it so, but the other would wish it not, but be obliged to go with the stream; that she had often as she passed Bethlem thought it likely, "here it may be my fate to end my days," conscious of a certain flightiness in her poor head oftentimes, and mindful of more than one severe illness of that nature before. A legacy of 100*l.* which my father will have at Christmas, and this 20*l.* I mentioned before, with what is in the house, will much more than set us clear. If my father, an old maid-servant, and I, can't live, and live comfortably, on 130*l.* or 120*l.* a year, we ought to burn by slow fires; and I almost would that Mary might not go into an hospital. Let me not leave an unfavourable impression on your mind respecting my brother. Since this has happened he has been very kind and brotherly; but I fear for his mind—he has taken his ease in the world, and is not fit himself to struggle with difficulties, nor has much accustomed himself to throw himself into their way; and I know his language is already, "Charles, you must take care of yourself, you must not abridge yourself of a single pleasure you have been used to," &c. &c. in that style of talking. But you, a necessarian, can respect a difference of mind, and love what *is amiable* in a character not perfect. He

has been very good, but I fear for his mind. Thank God, I can unconnect myself with him, and shall manage all my father's moneys in future myself, if I take charge of Daddy, which poor John has not even hinted a wish, at any future time even, to share with me.'

He goes on with further arrangements for his sister, and how much he hopes to be able to spare for her comforts:—

'She will, I fancy, if she stays, make one of the family rather than of the patients; the old and young ladies I like exceedingly, and she loves dearly; and they, as the saying is, take to her very extraordinarily, if it is extraordinary that people who see my sister should love her. Of all the people I ever saw in the world my poor sister was most and thoroughly devoid of the least tincture of selfishness. I will enlarge upon her qualities, poor dear, dearest soul, in a future letter, for my own comfort, for I understand her thoroughly; and, if I mistake not, in the most trying situation that a human being can be found in, she will be found (I speak not with sufficient humility I fear, but humanly and foolishly speaking,) she will be found, I trust, uniformly great and amiable. God keep her in her present mind, to whom be thanks and praise for all His dispensations to mankind.

'C. LAMB.'

The postscript to this remarkable letter expresses a religious hope and confidence, as well as a devout acknowledgment and submission to the source of all our trials and blessings, which we look for, alas! in vain in our author's later years; not, we would trust, that he had wholly lost them, but they were commonly clouded over by the 'false kind solaces and spells of earth' in which he took refuge from his troubles.

'I hope, (for Mary I can answer,) but I hope that I shall, through life, never have less recollection, nor a fainter impression, of what has happened than I have now. It is not a light thing, nor meant by the Almighty to be received lightly. I must be serious, circumspect, and deeply religious through life; and by such means may *both* of us escape madness in future, if it so please the Almighty!'

In the meanwhile he was unwearied in his dutiful attendance on his father, now wholly dependant on him for such needful cares. He tended him with a patient indulgence which might have furnished the model for Emilia Wyndham. The poor old man was in his dotage, and needed constant humouring and attention. So short, it is said, was his memory, that a friend was occupied in playing at cribbage with him to amuse him, at the very time that the inquest over his wife was sitting; and his son deprived himself of the most precious moments of his leisure, to enable him to pass the long evenings more pleasantly. 'I am got home at last,' he says, 'and after repeated games at cribbage, have got my father's leave to write awhile; with difficulty got it, for when I expostulated about playing any more, he aptly replied, "If you won't play with me you might as well not come home at all." The argument was unanswerable, and I set to afresh.' We have seen how cheerfully he took the whole burden of his only remaining parent upon himself—

his old aunt Hetty he feels for in the same way. ‘My poor ‘old aunt,’ he says to Coleridge, ‘whom you have seen, the ‘kindest, *goodest* creature to me when I was at school; who ‘used to toddle there to bring me good things, when I, school-boy like, despised her for it, and used to be ashamed to see her ‘come and sit herself down on the old coal-hole steps as you ‘went into the old grammar school, and open her apron, and ‘bring out her basin, with some nice thing which she had ‘caused to be saved for me; the good old creature is now lying ‘on her death-bed. I cannot bear to think on her deplorable ‘state. To the shock she received on our evil day, from which ‘she never completely recovered, I impute her illness. She ‘says, poor thing, she is glad she is come home to die with me. ‘I was always her favourite.’ His father died in January, 1797, and with him ceased an annuity of 100*l.* per year, an important part of their income. The aunt lingered on. Mary lived up to this time at the asylum, though perfectly calm and rational. Her brother, who was ‘passionately desirous’ of obtaining her liberty, a measure opposed by John Lamb and other members of his family, had, as may be supposed, some difficulty in obtaining her discharge; it was only by his solemn promise to all parties to take her under his own charge for the remainder of his life, that he carried his point, and brought her home. ‘For her sake, at the same time, he abandoned all ‘thoughts of love and marriage, and with an income of scarcely ‘more than 100*l.* a year, derived from his clerkship, set out on ‘the journey of life at two-and-twenty, cheerfully with his ‘beloved companion.’

Poor Mary had returned home to another sick-bed; her attendance on her poor aunt was too much for her reason, and before long she had again to be placed under medical care and restraint. Soon after Lamb wrote the following letter:—

TO MR. COLERIDGE.

‘My dear Coleridge,—I don’t know why I write, except from the propensity misery has to tell her griefs. Hetty died on Friday night, about eleven o’clock, after her long illness; Mary, in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, is fallen ill again, and I was obliged to remove her yesterday. I am left alone in the house, with nothing but Hetty’s dead body to keep me company. To-morrow I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone, with nothing but a cat to remind me that the house has been full of living beings like myself. My heart is quite sunk, and I don’t know where to look for relief. Mary will get better again, but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils, that her case, and all our story, is so well known all around us. We are in a manner *marked*. Excuse my troubling you, but I have nobody by me to speak to me. I slept out last night, not being able to endure the change and the stillness, but I did not sleep well, and I must come back to my own bed. I am going to try and get a friend to come to be with me to-morrow. I am com-

pletely shipwrecked; my head is quite bad. I almost wish that Mary were dead. God bless you. Love to Sara and Hartley. 'C. LAMB.'

Nothing is more striking than the humility of the misery here so keenly portrayed. It is the desolation of a child who has no thought of escaping from the sorrow that weighs it down further than hiding its face in its mother's lap. His sense of loneliness, his shrinking confession of fear, his heart-sinkings are all detailed so simply to his magnificent friend! Who knows but it may have been the entire absence of *pride* which preserved his reason untouched in the conflict of such severe suffering? But, indeed, this quality of humility, as contrasting with the proud self-dependant mind, comes out most admirably in his whole view of his sister's insanity. It stirs up none of the common, selfish, natural emotions of shame with which men ordinarily regard such afflictions, and which so inconceivably add to their bitterness. 'We are marked people,' he says, and he feels for her under this aggravation of her calamity—

'The general scorn of men which who can bear?'—

but the thought of it only associates her more closely with himself. The accumulated sorrows of their position he feels with an acuteness ordinary minds are not capable of; he realises the full grief; he sits down, like Job, amongst the ashes, but he is spared the anguish of pride—he is never *ashamed* of the peculiar character of their affliction. He feels it as a trouble, never as a degradation—and so in after years, he never shrinks from his share of the sorrow, nor seeks to forget it in other companionship. The passages in his correspondence are innumerable where he alludes to her sad absences from him. Twenty years after the 'evil day,' he says, 'Mary has been ill, and gone from home these five weeks; she has left me very lonely, and very miserable. I stroll about, but there is no rest but at one's own fireside, and there is no rest for me there now.' Again, on another occasion, a friend met them slowly pacing together a little footpath in the Hoxton fields, 'both weeping bitterly! and found, on joining them, that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum.' What a picture of humble, patient sympathy and suffering does this last scene present; so true is it that 'a friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.'

The object of such affection as this we feel can have been no common person; though we have not much to guide us in our estimate beyond her brother's letters, who speaks of her with a sort of enthusiasm of regard, not only when his mind was exalted by his recent devotion of himself to her, but throughout the forty years of their inseparable after-connexion. Serjeant Talfourd,

who enjoyed her friendship, tells us in his brief notice, that no one observing the habitual serenity of her manner would guess the calamity of which she had been the instrument, or the malady that so frightfully chequered her life. It seems that on the subsiding of the attack after her mother's death, she described herself as having experienced 'such a conviction that she was absolved in heaven from all taint of the deed she had done—such an assurance that it was a dispensation of Providence for good, however terrible—such a sense that her mother knew her entire innocence—that she was not sorely afflicted at the remembrance.' She never shrank from the mention of her mother's name, nor spoke of her as if her image were associated with any painful recollection; so that some even of her intimate friends believed her to be ignorant of her share in her death.

'Miss Lamb would have been remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition, the clearness of her understanding, and the gentle wisdom of her acts and words, even if these qualities had not been presented in marvellous contrast with the distraction under which she suffered for weeks, latterly for months, in every year. . . . In all its essential sweetness her character was like her brother's; while, by a temper more placid, a spirit of enjoyment more serene, she was enabled to guide, to counsel, to cheer him. . . . To a friend in difficulty she was the most comfortable of advisers, the wisest of consolers. Hazlitt used to say that he never met with a woman who could reason, and had met with only one thoroughly reasonable—the sole exception being Mary Lamb. She did not wish, however, to be made an exception, to a general disparagement of her sex; for in all her thoughts and feelings she was most womanly—keeping, under even undue subordination, to her notion of a woman's province, intellect of rare excellence, which flashed out when the restraints of gentle habit and humble manner were withdrawn by the terrible force of disease. . . . Her ramblings (then) often sparkled with brilliant description and shattered beauty. She would fancy herself in the days of Queen Anne or George I., and describe the brocaded dames and courtly manners as though she had been bred among them, in the best style of old comedy. . . . As a mere physical instance of deranged intellect, her condition was, I believe, extraordinary; it was as if the finest elements of mind had been shaken into fantastic combinations like those in a kaleidoscope.'

The few letters given of hers are most pleasing, and there is a family likeness to her brother's in the style, though without his salient points. The following from a letter to Miss Wordsworth, is a short example of what we mean:—

'Charles has had all his Hogarths bound in a book; they were sent home yesterday, and now that I have them altogether, and perceive the advantage of peeping close at them through my spectacles, I am reconciled to the loss of them hanging round the room, which has been a great mortification to me—in vain I tried to console myself with looking at our new chairs and carpets—for we have got new chairs, and carpets covering all over our two sitting-rooms; I missed my old friends, and could not be comforted,—then I would resolve to learn to look out of the window, a habit I never could attain in my life, and I have given it up as a thing

quite impracticable—yet when I was at Brighton last summer, the first week I never took my eyes off from the sea, not even to look in a book: I had not seen the sea for sixteen years.’

This gentleness and sedateness of manner for which she was distinguished, were peculiarly fitted to tranquillize and give a tone of serenity to their happier hours. No experience can quite neutralise the confidence inspired by a composed demeanour. So that while she *was* herself the relief and enjoyment may have been less tinctured by fears and apprehensions than we can suppose, or than seem implied when he writes of her under her attacks: ‘Heaven,’ as he says, with a characteristic private application, ‘tempers the wind to the shorn Lambs.’ Her reasonable self being thus separated, as if altogether another existence, from her state of distraction, there was nothing in the one to recal the other, and the fervour of his respect was spared any rude checks. It was thus that he could write of her to Miss Wordsworth during one of their sad temporary separations:—

‘To say all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could believe, or even understand; and when I hope to have her well again with me, it would be sinning against her feelings to go about to praise her; for I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older, and wiser, and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me; and I know I have been wasting and teasing her life for five years past incessantly with my cursed ways of going on. But even in this upbraiding of myself, I am offending against her, for I know that she has cleaved to me for better, for worse; and if the balance has been against her hitherto, it “was a noble trade.”’

But even in her aberrations, she was everything to him. When in later years her attacks increased in length and frequency, he deliberately gave up his home to live constantly with her, where she was placed under medical care, thinking changes and removals injurious for her. In writing to a lady, who seems to have expressed condolence with him under this painful arrangement, he says:—

‘Be less uneasy about me; I bear my privations very well; I am not in the depths of desolation as heretofore. Your admonitions are not lost upon me. Your kindness has sunk into my heart. Have faith in me! It is no new thing for me to be left to my sister. When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world.’ . . . I could be nowhere happier than under the same roof with her.’

Throughout he made his dearest tastes defer to her welfare:—

‘Mary is recovering,’ he says to Coleridge; ‘your invitation went to my very heart; but you have a power of exciting interest, leading all hearts captive, too forcible to admit of Mary’s being with you. I consider her as perpetually on the brink of madness. I think, you would almost make her dance within an inch of the precipice; she must be with duller fancies and cooler intellects.’—

And throughout there are intimations of his giving up the precious intercourse of friends, which he of all valued so highly:—

‘I want to see the Wordsworths, but I do not much like to be all night away. It is dull enough to be here together, but it is duller to leave Mary; in short, it is painful.’

And, again, in speaking of an unusually bad attack:—

‘Here she must be nursed, and neither see nor hear of anything in the world, out of her sick chamber. The mere hearing that Southey had called at our lodgings totally upset her. Pray see him, and excuse my not writing to him. I dare not receive or write a letter in her presence; every little talk so agitates her.’

Here, in the excessive tenderness and consideration of his later years, we see the fruits of that early sentiment expressed in the first glow of his devotion:—‘I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasures I take without her.’

We will not apologise for having dwelt so long on this one fact,—this new feature of Charles Lamb’s life and character. For let our readers consider, if anywhere, or under any circumstances, he can recal an affliction more meekly borne; a trial more nobly sustained; a generous youthful impulse more fully acted out; a life-long sacrifice more heroically achieved—if anywhere he has seen an affection more pure, unselfish, constant, tender, devoted. It was a love and a sacrifice to have shone in the records of saints; but, alas! in his case, these virtues are more intimations of what he might have been than signs of what he was. For, with deep religious impulses, he yet was not religious; and thus, defenceless and unarmed, the lower qualities of his nature, repelled at one point, asserted themselves and gained a firm footing in another, indemnifying themselves for the privations they were forced to by a licence of unrestrained indulgence where they were unopposed. Only these habits of excess never trenched on the one great excellence. *It* was allowed to stand out prominent and complete. No temptation ever led him to neglect his sister, or to forget her; for her he was frugal, wise, and provident; thoughtful for her future exigencies, as well as for her present wants; though these are qualities least to be looked for in connexion with his peculiar infirmity. There were no failings and shortcomings in this one virtue; here, in spite of all his weakness and frailty, he was permitted to shine, a bright example.

It is much to be regretted, if such is a suitable expression, that at a time when religious impressions were almost forced upon him, when the occasion prompted them as the only consolation, and the heart was softened and ready for their influence, the hard, dry forms of Unitarian opinion should by the

circumstances of his position have been presented to his mind. Coleridge, his great idol, was then a Unitarian, and he had been fascinated earlier by Priestley himself and his writings. His real belief, though vague, was evidently superior by far to his professed creed; but in a sense he did profess it, while seemingly conscious of its inefficiency. His reason in a careless sense acquiesced; his feelings rebelled. So that while on one occasion he announces himself a Unitarian, we find him in another offended by, and fully alive to the irreverence his professed opinions lead to. As where he describes a man writing of death and all its attributes 'as glibly as Unitarian Belsham will discuss you the attributes of the word "God" in the pulpit.' It was clearly not the creed to satisfy such a heart and understanding; but instead of seeking for a truer and fuller one, he rested content, or rather he resigned himself to vague generalities; reverence for those of stricter views than himself; horror and contempt for infidelity; and professions, sincere no doubt, of his own unworthiness. In illustration of this sense of unworthiness, we cannot resist extracting the following beautiful lines, written in a glow of feeling within a year of his mother's death, and, as he says, with unusual celerity. His later correspondence contains no such record of impressions, but we need not conclude them to be necessarily absent from his heart because no longer matter for his pen:—

'WRITTEN A TWELVEMONTH AFTER THE EVENTS.

'(Friday next, Coleridge, is the day on which my mother died.)

'Alas! how am I changed! where be the tears
The sobs and forc'd suspensions of the breath,
And all the dull desertions of the heart
With which I hung o'er my dear mother's corse?
Where be the blest subsidings of the storm
Within; the sweet resignedness of hope
Drawn heavenward, and strength of filial love,
In which I bowed me to my Father's will?
My God and my Redeemer, keep not thou
My heart in brute and sensual thanklessness
Seal'd up, oblivious ever of that dear grace,
And health restor'd to my long-loved friend.
Long lov'd and worthy known! Thou didst not keep
Her soul in death. Oh keep not now, my Lord,
Thy servant's in far worse—in spiritual death
And darkness—blacker than those fear'd shadows
Of the valley all must tread. Lend us Thy balms,
Thou dear Physician of the sin-sick soul,
And heal our cleansed bosoms of the wounds
With which the world hath pierc'd us through and through;
Give us new flesh, new birth; elect of Heaven
May we become, in Thine election sure
Contain'd, and to one purpose steadfast drawn—
Our soul's salvation.

'Thou and I, dear friend,
 With filial recognitions sweet, shall know
 One day the face of our dear mother in heaven,
 And her remember'd looks of love shall greet
 With answering looks of love, her placid smiles
 Meet with a smile as placid, and her hand,
 With drops of fondness wet, nor fear repulse.¹
 Be witness for me, Lord! I do not ask
 Those days of vanity to return again,
 (Nor fitting me to ask, nor Thee to give,)
 Vain loves, and "wanderings with a fair-hair'd maid,"
 (Child of the dust, as I am,) who so long
 My foolish heart steep'd in idolatry,
 And creature-loves. Forgive it, O my Maker!
 If in a mood of grief I sin almost
 In sometimes brooding on the days long past,
 (And from the grave of time wishing them back,)
 Days of a mother's fondness to her child—
 Her little one! Oh, where be now those sports
 And infant play games? where the joyous troops
 Of children, and the haunts I did so love?
 O my companions! O ye loved names
 Of friend, or playmate dear, gone are ye now.
 Gone divers ways: to honour and credit some;
 And some, I fear, to ignominy and shame!
 I only am left, with unavailing grief
 Am left, with a few friends, and one above
 The rest found faithful in a length of years,
 Contented as I may to bear me on,
 I' the not unpeaceful evening of a day
 Made black by morning storms.'

There is something in that keen enjoyment of the small delights of daily life which was one of Lamb's characteristics,—constitutional probably, and not wrong in itself,—which yet may have tended to make him satisfied with the present. It is good to be content with small pleasures; it is ill to be satisfied with them. Such full apprehension of the things that we see may stand in the way of realising the things that are not seen. Towards such a state of feeling he had no ordinary temptations. The temporal future with which most men console themselves, was full of fears for him. He could entertain no bright hopes on this side the grave, they were not within the range of his possibility. But the present was his, and all his gifts and powers of mind formed him to appreciate it with a feverish, tremulous satisfaction. The transient gleam of sun shone all the brighter for the black clouds through which it forced its way. And we would add, this is a state of mind which no one has a right to despise whose hopes stop short of heaven. A mere earthly future is no better than an earthly present, and

¹ 'This is almost literal from a letter of my sister's—less than a year ago.'

has beside less contentment in it. In his case there is *something* in his most pathetic plea—‘I am determined to take what snatches of pleasure we can between the acts of our most distressful drama;’ and this was the rule of his life.

In this view, we cannot esteem his friendship with Coleridge to have been so great an advantage to his character as at first sight might be supposed. He learnt other things beside divine philosophy in those evenings at the ‘Salutation,’ which left such a trail of glory behind them in his youthful imagination. They were not wholly spent by the poet in discussing a glorious future, or in planning mighty works. It was not all a feast of reason. The lower nature had its indulgences, the present hour its delights. ‘Egg-hot, punch,’ and such inferior joys, live in the fond pupil’s memory, for ever coupled in unworthy alliance with poetry, metaphysics, and the noblest speculations of genius. In plain English, Coleridge drank as well as talked, and the sublime stream of eloquence may have justified in his enthusiastic admirer’s judgment the potations which sustained it, and seemed its necessary concomitant. And yet what a friendship it was, at least on Lamb’s part! It warms the heart to contemplate such a full outpouring of feeling, such exuberant love, such unbounded admiration. Perhaps the present day is not favourable to the full development of this virtue, or more likely it is rare in all ages; but certainly, as we read Lamb’s letters to Coleridge, we can recal few similar examples. We think of Damon and Pythias, or even of David and Jonathan, sooner than of any parallel in our own day, and among our own acquaintance. Perhaps an orthodox exemplary friendship, one to live in books, and be celebrated in song, requires great powers (and *such* a friendship implies these) to be joined in one of the actors with something feminine and dependent. Charles Lamb’s certainly assumes this tone. Men do not throw their heart into letters now-a-days, they have something else to do. So that with ladies commonly rests *les frais*, as our neighbours express it, of this virtue; the fulfilment of its more tender duties and exactions. Not that we would admit ourselves insensible to the pleasure, familiar and close intercourse brings. Men like one another, and so long as they are together they tell each other their thoughts; but that delicacy of the sentiment which is implied by the epistolary form of it, is left generally to the gentler sex. We find ourselves content, during the longest ‘*long*’ to know of our dearest friend’s well-being, either by a few lines, or at second hand; or we even trust confidently in the cool, steady aphorism of no news being good news; and our friends in their turn manifest the same sensible and self-possessed state of mind towards ourselves. Charles Lamb showed a different

estimate of the daily duties and requirements of this virtue. With him it was a passion. He apostrophizes Coleridge; he raves of him; he triumphs in his success; he idolizes his gifts; he feels the pains of absence; he dwells on their last meeting; he yearns to meet once more. 'Are we never to meet again?' he asks. 'I have never met with any one—never shall meet with any one—who can compensate me for the loss of your society.' 'Pray write to me,' he says, on another occasion; 'if you knew with what an anxiety of joy I open such a long packet as you last sent me, you would not grudge giving a few minutes now and then to this intercourse, this conversation with your friend,—such I boast to be called.' Again, 'Coleridge! it may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness.' 'So frequently,' he writes, once more, 'so habitually as you dwell in my thoughts, 'tis some wonder those thoughts came never yet in contact with a poetical mood. But you dwell in my heart of hearts. I love you in all the naked honesty of prose.' 'I long, I yearn, with all the longings of a child do I desire to see you, to come among you.' There is no doubt youthful ardour in all this; but it was also a necessary part of his gentle dependent character, clinging to what it held to be higher and nobler than itself. And as far as it was possible to be constant to Coleridge in the moral wreck of his later years, he was constant through life; for his friendships were as lasting as they were ardent. 'Yours with fervour of friendship for ever,' he signs himself to Wordsworth; and it was no high sounding profession, but the simple truth. His friends, and even most of his acquaintance, he kept through life.

And how many graces and good qualities—how many of the passive gentler virtues are implied in 'a friend for life!' Such an one must be patient under many a transient neglect and forgetfulness; not jealous, though newer intimacies gain an apparent ascendancy; not resenting small provocations, nor bitter under them; not disputatious, but content to seem in the wrong in minor things, trusting, in his conscious integrity, to time to clear all. Alive to excellences, tolerant of weaknesses, full of sympathy in his friends' joys and sorrows, and making no unreasonable demands in his own; giving more than he looks for again; open, candid, indulgent, and above all unselfish.

There is a certain dogged, unreasoning fidelity necessary to this character—the constant friend,—answering to a parent's love for his child, which lasts not only while he is good, but at all times. For on this subject there are two conditions of feeling which seem to justify two opposite lines of conduct. Some think it a just ground for breaking with their friends, that they are,

or that they esteem them to be, inconsistent; every transient coldness, each smaller fault will be judged by its own light, and visited by the penalty of separation; and these will enjoy a succession of intimacies making a fair show for a season, but having no lasting root, and nipped by the first rough weather. Others deem the mere fact of friendship an argument for its continuance, and hold it inconsistent to break with their friends; with them, present neglects will be lost in the remembrance of former faithfulness, smaller errors in the thought of atoning good qualities. These are the perennials, the constant flowers, caring for neither heat nor rain, nor yet afraid of the snow, and blooming out year by year, the strength and dependence, the grace and pride, of our life's garden.

It is a difficult question, for no doubt there are abundance of legitimate causes for the separation of chief friends—but the constant heart is slow to recognise and acknowledge them; his prayer will rather be 'Grant me, Lord, to love those who love me, my own friend and my father's friend, and my friends' children never to forsake.'

But to return to our subject. It is a considerable trial to independence of mind, to be gifted as Lamb was with friends of great intellectual eminence. The rushing mighty flood of Wordsworth's or Coleridge's thoughts might well swamp the smaller streams of their intimates. But he was too much himself really to incur this danger, though he professes to have felt it. In a letter to Wordsworth he makes the following naïve confession—

'Coleridge is absent but four miles, and the neighbourhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons. 'Tis enough to be within the whiff and wind of his genius, for us not to possess our souls in quiet. If I lived with him or the *author of the Excursion*, I should in a very little time lose my own identity, and be dragged along in the current of other people's thoughts, hampered in a net. * * *

'N. B.—Nothing said above to the contrary, but that I hold the personal presence of the two mentioned potent spirits at a rate as high as any; but I pay dearer; what amuses others robs me of myself; my mind is positively discharged into their greater currents, but flows with a willing violence.'

The feeling is well described, yet we cannot imagine any serious ground for the alarm, nor suppose his conversation and manner, which we take on hearsay, to have had any closer affinity to his great associates than his style, of which each of us can judge for himself. Simplicity is probably the true safeguard in all cases. If a man does not think of his manner, it is very sure to be his own; and that must be a very bad manner indeed which is not better than any imitation: and so in all matters where the less powerful mind is prone to lose its identity. A living dog is better than a dead lion. The mastiff is a nobler

brute in himself than assuming the mane and tail of his majestic friend; these external attributes are nothing in themselves when severed from the spirit which makes them terrible.

But, indeed, Lamb had too keen a sense of fellowship with mankind at large to be in danger of being hampered, as he says, in the net of one great man's thoughts. All people, with him, were worth pleasing, not only a few choice spirits. Spheres, sets, circles, parties, were not in his way, he desired a more universal sympathy. This was the object for which he wrote; as some men write for influence, some for money, some for fame, some to do good,—he wrote for sympathy, to enlist men's tastes and fancies and feelings on his side, to get them to think with him, to feel with him, to laugh with him, to like what he liked, to enjoy what he enjoyed, to appreciate in literature what he admired; and whoever did this, he admitted to a full equality with himself. We are never repelled by any assumption of superiority. No writer less sets himself above his readers. He acknowledges the popular voice to be a true critic, and its appreciation a just test of merit; and this as much when he fails as when he succeeds. 'I like,' he candidly says to Miss Wordsworth, 'to be liked, and what I do to be liked.' Again, 'Those mighty spouters out of panegyric waters' (the Reviews) have, two of them, scattered their spray even 'upon me, and the waters are cooling and refreshing.' When his farce failed, more celebrated in its failure than others in their success, he is not angry but really sorry. He wanted so much to amuse people, and because they were not amused he gave up his farce. Instead of denouncing the public according to the approved method of authors, he makes a good resolution, 'I am going to leave off tobacco,' he says, 'and then we must thrive; a smoking man must write smoky farces.' 'A hundred hisses,' he pathetically exclaims, '(hang the word, I write it like kisses,—how different!) outweigh a thousand claps, the former comes more directly from the heart.'

It is said of Coleridge that his conversation did not vary with his hearers; he talked the same, let who would listen. Eloquence is always compared to a stream, and his had the still closer resemblance to flowing waters, that it rolled on the same, whatever spectators witnessed the glorious torrent. This is the reverse of the sympathetic,—he was self-sufficient. The opposite frame of mind, so evident in Lamb's correspondence, claims more of our regard, as having more of human feeling in it. There we see always that he is addressing an individual mind, that he is acquainted with and mindful of its characteristics, that he has, as it were, his friends' countenance before him, and is watching the effect of each turn of humour, each happy thought.

He exerts himself to please for love, not for display, and in this temper he thinks no trouble superfluous, no pains too great. What elaborate jests, what felicitous hoaxes, what sparkling fun, he lavishes on his correspondent Mr. Manning! in society, we are informed, only a quiet courteous gentleman, more disposed to listen than to talk; though Lamb said, marvellous in a tête-à-tête; knowing, no doubt, how fully his sedate friend would enter into and enjoy them. All his letters vary with the receiver, yet all are equally characteristic. There is a peculiar grace in those to his lady friends, of whom he had many, a nice comfortable domestic tone, mingled with pleasant confidences about himself. To Coleridge, again, he has another vein—to Wordsworth another, and to great or obscure the same deferential consideration joined to perfect freedom of thought and expression. There are some grotesque examples of ease and coolness towards his grand intellectual friends—as if, indeed, their lofty eminence gave a zest to the indulgence of any absurd passing whim—as where he takes the trouble to write a long letter to Wordsworth in alternate lines of red and black ink, a labour which he carries on with all gravity, and almost without comment,—only in one place congratulating himself that a passage of strong vituperation against the satirists of Peter Bell falls upon a red line, as making it ‘the more bloody,’—till the end, when he quietly inquires of the inspired poet, ‘How do you like my way of writing with two inks? I think it is pretty and motley. Suppose Mrs. W. adopts it the next time she holds the pen for you.’ Following out the same conceit, he pathetically commences a letter to Coleridge, ‘A letter in the blood of your poor friend would indeed be of a nature to startle you; but this is nought but harmless red ink, and, as the witty mercantile phrase hath it, Clark’s blood.’

The elaborate criticisms which occupy many of the present letters upon the subject of his friends’ poems,—always acute,—are as sincere and uncompromising as in some cases they are enthusiastic. A few examples, taken almost at random, will be interesting, as showing his instant appreciation and just view of works which, by slow degrees and against fierce opposition, have since won a world-wide fame. In acknowledging an early copy of the *Excursion*, he says to Wordsworth:—

‘It is the noblest conversational poem I ever read—a day in Heaven.
* * * I don’t know what to pick out of this best of books upon the best of subjects for partial naming. That gorgeous sunset is famous. I think it must have been the identical one we saw on Salisbury Plain five years ago, that drew P—— from the card-table, where he had sat from the rise of that luminary to its unequalled setting; but neither he nor I had gifted eyes to see those symbols of common things glorified, such as the prophets saw them in that sunset—the wheel, the potters’ clay, the wash-

pot, the wine press, the almond-tree rod, the baskets of figs, the four-fold visaged head, the throne, and Him that sat thereon.

‘One feeling I was particularly struck with, as what I recognised so very lately at Harrow Church on entering it after a hot and secular day’s pleasure, the instantaneous coolness, and calming, almost transforming properties of a country church just entered; a certain fragrance which it has, either from its holiness, or being kept shut all the week, or the air that is let in being pure country, exactly what you have reduced into words—but I am feeling that which I cannot express. The reading your lines about it fixed me, for a time, a monument in Harrow Church; do you know it? with its fine spire, white as washed marble, to be seen by vantage of its high site as far as Salisbury spire itself almost.’

Again, on receiving Wordsworth’s second volume, he enumerates some poems that please him most.

‘I will mention one more—the delicate and curious feeling in the wish of the “Cumberland Beggar,” that he may have about him the melody of birds although he hear them not. Here the mind knowingly passes a fiction upon herself, first substituting her own feelings for the Beggar’s, and in the same breath detecting the fallacy, will not part with the wish. The “Poet’s Epitaph” is disfigured, to my taste, by the common satire upon parsons and lawyers in the beginning, and the coarse epithet of “pinpoint” in the sixth stanza. All the rest is eminently good, and your own. I will just add, that it seems to me a fault in the “Beggar” that the instructions conveyed in it are too direct, and like a lecture: they don’t slide into the mind of the reader while he is imagining no such matter. An intelligent reader finds a sort of insult in being told “I will teach you how to think upon this subject.” This fault, if I am right, is in a ten thousandth worse degree to be found in Sterne, and many novelists and modern poets, who continually put a sign-post up to show where you are to feel. They set out with assuming their readers to be stupid; very different from “Robinson Crusoe,” the “Vicar of Wakefield,” “Roderick Random,” and other beautiful bare narratives. There is implied an unwritten compact between author and reader: “I will tell you a story, and I suppose you will understand it.”’

Of the beautiful poem called ‘the Force of Prayer,’ developing the depths of a mother’s grief, he says—

‘Young Romilly is divine; the reasons of his mother’s grief being remidiless—I never saw parental love carried up so high, towering above the other loves—Shakspeare had done something for the filial, in Cordelia, and, by implication, for the fatherly too in Lear’s resentment; he left it for you to explore the depths of the maternal heart. I get stupid, and flat, and flattering: what’s the use of telling you what good things you have written, or—I hope I may add,—that I know them to be good? apropos—when I first opened upon the just mentioned poem, in a careless tone I said to Mary, as if putting a riddle, “*What is good for a bootless bene?*” to which with infinite presence of mind, (as the jest book has it) she answered “a shoeless pea.” It was the first she ever made. Joke the second I make. You distinguish well in your old preface, between the verses of Dr. Johnson, of the “Man in the Strand,” and that from “The Babes in the Wood.” I was thinking whether taking your own glorious lines—

“And from the love which was in her soul,
For her youthful Romilly,”

‘ which, by the love I bear my own soul, I think have no parallel in any, the best old ballads, and just altering it to—

“ And from the great respect she felt
For Sir Samuel Romilly,—

‘ would not have explained the boundaries of prose expression, and poetic feeling, nearly as well. Excuse my levity on such an occasion. I never felt deeply in my life if that poem did not make me, both lately and when I read the MS.. No alderman ever longed after a haunch of buck venison more than I do for a spiritual taste of that “White Doe” you promise. I am sure it is superlative, or will be when *dressed*, i.e. printed. All things read raw to me in MS.; to compare *magna parvis*, I cannot endure my own writings in that state. The only one which I think would not win very much upon me in print is Peter Bell. But I am not certain. You ask me about your preface. I like both that and the supplement without an exception. The account of what you mean by imagination is very valuable to me. It will help me to like some things in poetry better, which is a little humiliating in me to confess. I thought I could not be instructed in that science (I mean the critical), as I once heard old obscene, beastly Peter Pindar, in a dispute on Milton, say he thought that if he had reason to value himself upon one thing more than another, it was in knowing what good verse was.’

It was something for the reader, the literary man, the critic, to live in those days when the young century started as a giant refreshed. From Wordsworth we pass on to different short comments and criticisms in Coleridge’s verse. It is pleasant to know that these poets were cheered on by contemporary applause. The following on the ‘Ancient Mariner,’ is in a letter to Wordsworth.

‘ I am sorry that Coleridge has christened his “Ancient Mariner,” “a Poet’s Reverie,” it is as bad as Bottom the Weaver’s declaration that he is not a lion, but only a scenical representation of a lion. What new idea is gained by his title but one subversive of all credit,—which the tale should force upon us—of its truth?

‘ For me, I never was so affected with any human tale. After first reading it, I was totally possessed with it for many days. I dislike all the miraculous part of it, but the feelings of the man under the operation of such scenery, dragged me along like Tom Pipes’s magic whistle. I totally differ from the idea that the “Mariner” should have had a character and profession. This is a beauty in “Gulliver’s Travels” where the mind is kept in a placid state of little wonderments, but the “Ancient Mariner” undergoes such trials as overwhelm and bury all individuality or memory of what he was—like the state of a man in a bad dream, one terrible peculiarity of which is, that all consciousness of personality is gone. Your observation is, I think, as well, a little unfounded: the “Mariner,” from being conversant in supernatural events, *has* acquired a super-nature, and strange cast of *phrase*, eye, appearance, &c. which frightens the “wedding guest.” You will excuse my remarks, because I am hurt and vexed that you should think it necessary with a prose apology to open the eyes of dead men that cannot see.’

To Coleridge himself his comments are characterised by a candour unusual in the friendly intercourse of author and critic. The following passages are from early letters:—

'Southey,' he says, 'certainly has no pretension to vie with you in the sublime of poetry, but he tells a plain tale better than you. I will enumerate some woeful *blemishes*.'

He then adduces a number of lines with such dashing comments as 'unsufferable,' 'abominable,' 'what shocking confusion of ideas,' 'a woman with six children, (by the way, why not nine children, it would have been just half as pathetic again?') and so on, ending by enthusiastic praise of the Religious musings; telling him,

'The loftier walks of Pindus are your proper regions, there you have no compeer in modern times: leave the lowlands unenvied, in possession of such men as Cowper and Southey. Thus am I pouring balsam in the wounds I may have inflicted on my poor friend's vanity.'

Coleridge's delineations of common natural feeling remind him of Montauban dancing with Roubigné's tenants, *much of his native loftiness remained in the execution*. For 'Christabel,' in MS., he makes the following appeal:—

'Another volume will clear off all your anthologic Morning-Postian epistolary miscellanies; but pray don't put "Christabel" therein; don't let that sweet maid come forth attended with Lady Holland's mob at her heels.'

He is jealous of these inharmonious associations, as in another instance where he thus apologizes to Coleridge for the expense his particularity puts him to.

"A London letter—Ninepence halfpenny!" Look you, master poet, I have remorse as well as another man, and my bowels can sound upon occasion, but I must put you to this charge, for I cannot keep back my protest, however ineffectual, against the annexing your latter lines to these former, thus putting of new wine into old bottles.'

Most people have tried to make out some meaning in Kubla Khan. It is satisfactory to find one's own dim suspicions thus sanctioned.

'Coleridge is printing Christabel with what he calls a vision, "Kubla Khan," which said vision he repeats so enchantingly, that it irradiates and brings heaven and elysian bowers into my parlour while he sings or says it; but there is an observation, "Never tell your dreams;" and I am almost afraid that Kubla Khan is an owl that wont bear daylight. I fear lest it should be discovered, by the lantern of typography and clear reducing to letters, no better than nonsense, or no sense. When I was young I used to chant with ecstasy "MILD ARCADIANs, EVER BLOOMING," till somebody told me it was meant to be nonsense. Even yet I have a lingering attachment to it, and think it better than "Windsor Forest," "Dying Christian's Address," &c.'

Of Cowper he is a warm and tender admirer, talking of his 'divine chit-chat.'

'What is become of Cowper?' he asks Coleridge. 'Lloyd told me of some verses on his mother: if you have them by you, do pray send 'em me. I do so love him! never mind their merit,

‘may be *I* may like ’em, as your taste and mine do not always identify.’

The religious novel was not likely to meet with much favour from him. The following is his respectful notice to Coleridge of ‘*Cœlebs*,’ one of the first and most popular of this class.

‘Have you read “*Cœlebs*?” It has reached eight editions in so many weeks, yet, literally it is one of the very poorest sort of common novels, with the drawback of dull religion in it. Had the religion been high and flavoured, it would have been something. I borrowed this, “*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*,” of a very careful, neat lady, and returned it with this stuff written in the beginning:—

‘If ever I marry a wife,
I’d marry a landlord’s daughter;
For then I may sit in the bar,
And drink cold brandy-and-water.’

There is one point on which the humblest are vulnerable, which would seem to furnish the last trial of self-control and resignation. Men who can bear with meekness any personal slight or misapprehension, receiving it, though unmerited in the individual instance, as no more than their deserts, assume another aspect towards their works, and are keenly sensitive to all injustice towards them. It is often less trial to an author to have his character tampered with than the labours of his brain—it gives him less pain to find his motives misinterpreted and undervalued than his writings; these are his children, his dearest self, ‘his ewe lambs,’ as our present author calls his sonnets (‘I charge you, Coleridge, spare my ewe lambs’). And yet this sensitiveness is not incompatible with a writer’s just and due estimate of the value of his performances. Lamb, for instance, never overrated his powers, he could make confessions which would demand no small effort. His letters on literary subjects contain abundant evidence of this, and we may always believe *him* that he says what he means, and is not angling for compliments, in return for his modest disclaimers. ‘At length,’ he cries, ‘I have done with verse making, not that I relish other people’s poetry less—theirs comes from ’em without effort, mine is the difficult operation of a brain scanty of ideas.’ ‘As to my blank verse,’ he says elsewhere, ‘I am so dismally slow and sterile of ideas (I speak from my heart), that I much question if it will ever come to any issue.’ He criticises his prose too with the same candour. But though thus modest for himself, there were limits to his forbearance when others took it in hand to show his deficiencies, or, as they thought, to supply them. For example, the *Monthly Review*, misunderstanding something he has said about Milton, ‘sneers’ at him; when he thus apostrophises his friend: ‘Oh Coleridge! do kill those reviews, or they will kill us; kill all we like! Be a friend to all else but their foe.’ And, to give a more

serious instance of our meaning, he would admit with ready contrition to his friends, 'I want more religion,' 'I am altogether corrupt and sinful; this is no cant, I am very sincere.' 'A careless and a dissolute spirit has advanced upon me with large strides.' But who does not remember his splendid burst of re-criminating wrath against Southey, his friend, for using his powerful engine the Quarterly, to cast some slur on the religious tone of his Essays, printed in hot anger the very day he read the insult, and repented of and humbly apologized for almost as soon?

The present volumes contain almost as eloquent an example of vituperation against the then editor of the Quarterly for having mutilated his review of the Excursion; and in this instance, with all his natural tolerance and gentleness, the indignation remained unquenched through life. In extenuation of this implacable spirit, we must however bear in mind that he was wounded in his friendship as well as in his vanity. All writers in reviews, at least, will sympathize in his grievance. We give the letter entire. It is long, but we have a sort of conscientious scruple against breaking the continuity of its flow; and honesty will not allow us to curtail it of one or two expletives foreign to his usual style.

'Dear Wordsworth,—I told you my review was a very imperfect one. But what you will see in the "Quarterly" is a spurious one, which Mr. Baviad Gifford has palmed upon it for mine. I never felt more vexed in my life than when I read it. I cannot give you an idea of what he has done to it, out of spite at me, because he once suffered me to be called a lunatic in his review. The *language* he has altered throughout. Whatever inadequateness it had to its subject, it was, in point of composition, the prettiest piece of prose I ever writ; and so my sister (to whom alone I read the MS.) said. That charm, if it had any, is all gone; more than a third of the substance is cut away, and that not all from one place, but *passim*, so as to make utter nonsense. Every warm expression is changed for a nasty cold one.

'I have not the cursed alteration by me; I shall never look at it again; but for a specimen, I remember I had said the poet of "The Excursion" "walks through common forests as through some Dodona or enchanted wood, and every casual bird that flits upon the boughs, like that miraculous one in Tasso, but in language more piercing than any articulated sounds, reveals to him far higher love-lays!" It is now (besides half-a-dozen alterations in the same half-dozen lines), "but in language more *intelligent* reveals to him;"—that is one I remember.

But that would have been little, putting his shoemaker phraseology (for he was a shoemaker) instead of mine, which has been tinctured with better authors than his ignorance can comprehend;—for I reckon myself a dab at *prose*—verse I leave to my betters: God help them if they are to be so reviewed by friend or foe as you have been this quarter! I have read, "It won't do." But worse than altering words, he has kept a few members only of the part I had done best, which was to explain all I could of your "Scheme of Harmonies" as I had ventured to call it, between the external universe and what within us answers to it. To do this I had accumulated a good many short passages, rising in length to the end, weaving in the extracts as if they came in as part of the text naturally, not obtrud-

¹ The article in the Edinburgh, commenced 'This will never do.'

ing them as specimens. Of this part a little is left, but so as, without conjuration, no man could tell what I was driving at. A proof of it you may see (though not judge of the whole of the injustice) by these words. I had spoken something about "natural methodism;" and after follows, "and *therefore* the tale of Margaret should have been postponed" (I forget my words, or his words); now his reasons for postponing it are as deducible from what goes before, as they are from the 104th Psalm. The passage from whence I deduced it has vanished; but clapping a colon before a *therefore* is always reason enough for Mr. Baviad Gifford to allow to a reviewer that is not himself. I assure you my complaints are founded. I know how sore a word altered makes me; but indeed, of this review the whole compliance is gone. I regret only that I did not keep a copy. I am sure you would have been pleased with it, because I have been feeding my fancy for some months with the notion of pleasing you. Its imperfection or inadequateness in size and method I knew; but for the *writing part* of it I was fully satisfied, I hoped it would make more than atonement. Ten or twelve distinct passages come to my mind, which are gone, and what is left is, of course, the worse for their having been: the eyes are pulled out, and the bleeding sockets are left. I read it at Arch's shop with my face burning with indignation secretly, with just such a feeling as if it had been a review written against myself, making false quotations from me. But I am ashamed to say so much about a short piece. How are *you* served! and the labours of years turned into contempt by scoundrels! But I could not but protest against your taking that thing as mine. Every *pretty* expression (I know there were many), every warm expression (there was nothing else), is vulgarized and frozen. If they catch me in their camps again let them spitcock me! They had a right to do it, as no name appears to it; and Mr. Shoemaker Gifford, I suppose, never waived a right he had since he commended author. Heaven confound him and all caitiffs! C. L.'

The main reasons for publishing these 'final memorials' being more to throw new light on Lamb's character and moral nature than to illustrate his genius, we have allowed these objects to occupy our space, to the exclusion of much that is interesting, but which our limits now will only allow us to glance upon. The editor in his preface apologizes for the insertion of some fragments of correspondence, which he owns he had before thought insignificant; but the eager appreciation with which the former correspondence was received, has induced him to withhold nothing; feeling, as he says, that there is scarcely a note Lamb ever wrote which has not some tinge of that quaint sweetness, some hint of that peculiar union of kindness and whim, which distinguish him from all other poets and humorists. Though these volumes have thus a fragmentary character, and cannot compete, in a literary point of view, with their predecessors, there are yet many happy traits of Lamb's peculiar style, which, if our space would allow, we would bring before our readers. As, for example, his various notices of his eccentric friend, George Dyer, celebrated in the *Essays* for his absent feat of walking into the New River in broad daylight; himself the 'learned quintessence of common-place,' and, we should guess, to less indulgent tempers, simply a bore, but furnishing

his good-natured friend with great entertainment, which is here transferred to the reader. Also we must resist the insertion of two letters, felicitous in their style of wild fun, to a friend suffering under rheumatism, where in the first Lamb affects himself to have the disorder, and describes all the excruciating symptoms his friend was probably enduring, with a sort of poignant self-pity; and in the next owns the mischief, and boasts of his own immunity. Some shorter passages we may adduce as specimens of his manner—he was skilful in slight sketches of character, which bring the man before us. Many will sympathise with his feelings towards the ‘well-informed man.’

‘We travelled,’ he writes, ‘with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage-coach, that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriages by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when, getting into Bishop’s Stortford, my gentleman spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me—“What sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year?” Emma’s eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say, and she burst into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied,—“that it depended, I believed, upon boiled legs of mutton.” This clenched our conversation, and my gentleman, with a face half wise, gave in scorn, troubled us with no more conversation, scientific or philosophical, for the remainder of the journey.’

Who, again, is not acquainted with some wrong-headed seeker after prosperity like the following?—

‘N—Y—, is as good and as odd as ever. We had a dispute about the word “heir,” which I contended was pronounced like “air;” he said that it might be in common parlance, or that we might so use it in speaking of the “Heir-at-Law,” a comedy; but that in the law courts it was necessary to give it a full aspiration to and to say *hayer*; he thought it might vitiate a cause, if a counsel pronounced it otherwise. In conclusion he would consult Serjeant Wilde, who gave it against him. Sometimes he falleth into the water, sometimes into the fire; he came down here and insisted on reading Virgil’s *Æneid* all through with me, (which he did,) because a counsel must know Latin. Another time he read out all the Gospel of St. John, because quotations are very emphatic in a court of justice. A third time he would carve a fowl, which he did very ill-favouredly, because “we did not know how indispensable it was for a barrister to do all those sort of things well! those little things were of more consequence than we supposed!” So he goes on, harassing about the way to prosperity, and losing it with a long head, but somewhat a wrong one—*harum scarum*.’

As a brother-poet, Wordsworth had sent George Dyer a copy of his poems through Lamb; he thus announces the fulfilment of his commission in the ‘pretty and motley’ letter:—

‘I have delivered over your other presents. To G. D. a poem is a poem, his own as good as anybody’s, and, God bless him! anybody’s as good as his own; for I do not think he has the most distant guess of the possibility of one poem being better than another. The gods, by denying him the

very faculty of discrimination, have effectually cut off every seed of envy in his bosom. But with envy they excided curiosity also; and if you wish the copy again that you destined for him, I think I shall be able to find it again for you, on his third shelf, where he stuffs his presentation copies uncut.'

Here, again, is an experimental agriculturist struck off in a few lines:—

'George brought Dr. A. to see me; a very pleasant old man, a great genius for agriculture—one that ties his breeches-knees with a packthread, and boasts of having had disappointments from ministers.'

The following is a graceful mode of asking a small favour; from the opening of a letter to Mr. Manning:—

'I am going to ask a favour of you, and am at a loss how to do it in the most delicate manner. For this purpose I have been looking into Pliny's Letters, who is noted to have had the best grace in begging of all the ancients (I read him in the elegant translation of Mr. Melmoth); but not finding any case there exactly similar with mine, I am constrained to beg in my own barbarian way. To come to the point then, and hasten into the middle of things: have you a copy of your Algebra to give away? I do not ask it for myself, I have too much reverence for the Black Arts ever to approach thy circle, illustrious Trismegist! but that worthy man and excellent poet, George Dyer, made me a visit yesternight, on purpose to borrow one, supposing, rationally enough I must say, that you had made me a present of one before this; the omission of which I take to have proceeded only from negligence, but it is a fault.'

After hearing an author read his own MS tragedy, where some 'heroic touch' had betrayed him into a burst of laughter, he draws the following moral from the misfortune.

'A poet who chooses to read out his own verses has but a limited power over you, there is a bound where his authority ceases.'

Being himself a *lender* in all ways, he was qualified to speak upon the subject of borrowers: he threatens to chain Wordsworth's poems to his shelves:—

'For of those who borrow, some read slow; some mean to read but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow to leave you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say, that there is nothing of this caprice or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow my money they never fail to make use of it.'

It is remarkable, indeed, how much he did in the way of lending money. With his limited income, the constant expenses of his poor sister's illnesses, his own hospitality, which, though simple, seems to have been unbounded—bewitched by a fatal habit besides, which commonly keeps men poor, he seems always to have had money to spare. He never, as his friend assures us, exceeded his income—when scantiest—by a shilling, he had always a reserve for Mary's periods of seclusion, and something in hand beside for a friend in need. Some of his least worthy literary associates seem to have taken undue advantage of

his kind and easy temper, importuning him for assistance in the difficulties their own folly had brought them into; and he gave, even when quite aware that he was doing them no good by his compliance. 'Heaven,' he would say, 'does not owe me sixpence for all I have given, or lent (as they call it), to such importunity; I only gave it because I could not bear to refuse it, and I have done no good by my weakness.' He did not wait to be *asked* when he thought his real friends needed his assistance, but would press loans of 50*l.* or 100*l.* upon them, keeping that sum for days in his pocket, waiting for a favourable moment, when he might assure them of his difficulty of disposing of a little money, stammering out, 'I don't know what to do with it—pray take it—pray use it—you will do me a kindness if you will.'

Our business being only with Lamb himself, we pass over an account by the editor of some of his more distinguished friends—Hazlitt, Godwin, Thelwall, &c. &c.—a dangerous brotherhood, disputers of creeds, and starters of 'new theories,' in morals, religion, and politics. Their tacit influence must have been injurious to Lamb's tone of mind, and no doubt contributed towards that deadness to religious truth which seems to have invaded his later years. But their speculations were rather tolerated than entered into, much less shared by him. We are earnestly assured that for the new theories of morals which gleamed out in the conversation of some of his friends, he had no sympathy: that never, either in writing or in speech, did he purposely confound good with evil; and though in his boundless indulgence to the perversities and faults of those whom long familiarity had endeared to him, he did not suffer their frailties to impair his attachment to the individuals, he never palliated the frailties themselves.

Serjeant Talfourd also describes with interesting minuteness the 'two circles of rare enjoyment,' which were at that time open to men of letters, distinguished by points of resemblance, and of difference so striking, as so make them fit subjects for comparison—the Saturday dinners at Holland House, the Wednesday suppers of 'the Lambs' at the Temple. The luxury of Holland House, the high-bred courtesy of the hosts, the splendour of the entertainment, the rank of the guests, the political importance of some, the literary reputation of others, evidently made a great impression. There is considerable unction in the description, though tempered by a certain tone of moralizing.

'All are assembled for the purpose of enjoyment; the anxieties of the minister, the feverish struggles of the partisan, the silent toils of the artist or critic, are finished for the week; professional and literary jealousies are hushed; sickness, decrepitude, and death, are silently voted shadows; and

the brilliant assemblage is prepared to exercise to the highest degree the extraordinary privilege of mortals, to live in the knowledge of mortality without its consciousness, to people the present hour with delights, as if a man lived, and laughed, and enjoyed this world for ever. Every appliance of physical luxury which the most delicate art can supply, attends on each; every faint wish which luxury creates is anticipated; the noblest and most gracious countenance in the world smiles over the happiness it is diffusing, and redoubles it by cordial invitations and encouraging words, which set the humblest stranger guest at perfect ease. As the dinner merges into the dessert, and the sunset casts a richer glow on the branches, still, or lightly waving in the evening light, and on the scene within, the harmony of all sensations becomes more perfect; a delighted and delighting chuckle invites attention to some joyous sally of the richest intellectual wit, reflected in the faces of all, even to the favourite page in green, who attends his mistress with duty like that of the antique world; the choicest wines are enhanced in their liberal, but temperate use by the vista opened in Lord Holland's tale of bacchanalian evenings at Brookes's, with Fox and Sheridan, when potations deeper and more serious rewarded the Statesman's toils, and shortened his days; until at length the serener pleasure of conversation, of the now carelessly scattered groups, is enjoyed in that old, long, unrivalled library, in which Addison drank, and mused, and wrote; where every living grace attends, "and more than echoes talk along the walls."

From this picture, a very Rubens for gorgeousness, we turn to the Rembrandt hues of the Temple—the old furniture, the smoky walls, and the bright winter fire of the Lambs' chambers. The hearth is swept, the whist tables are spread, all things, in spite of the dinginess, wear an air of comfort, and that great equalizer of mere external distinctions—the salt of all entertainments—a hearty welcome, awaits the guests. There assemble in the course of the evening poets, authors, critics, actors, philosophers, politicians, dreamers; some who come to talk, and some to listen, and each in their department knowing his place, and all there for enjoyment. Happily, people can enjoy themselves without every appliance of physical luxury; and for want of the 'delicate art' of Holland House, and the intellectual page in green, Becky, who spreads the side table with a liberal supply of cold meat, heaps of smoking potatoes, and vast jugs of porter, does very well. It must be a melancholy thought to a *chef-de-cuisine*, if he has ever time to think, that people can luxuriate in such barbarian entertainments as these. Miss Lamb gliding about, setting her guests at ease, listening, pressing the hungry or more timid to partake of her good cheer, is a full equivalent for her titled rival; and her hospitable solicitations seem to have been as effectual; for talking makes most people hungry, especially where they are put upon their mettle, and called on to do their best. The hot water 'and its accompaniments' appear; whist relaxes, and the talk thickens; Lamb begins to stammer out puns 'suggestive of wisdom,' and to delight his hearers by those alternations between the intense

and the grotesque; eccentric bursts of wild mirth, changing suddenly from the serious to the farcical, which seem to have been the characteristics of his conversation. 'His whim,' however, it was said of him, 'almost always bordered upon wisdom, 'his serious conversation, like his serious writings, was the best. 'No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent 'things in half-a-dozen sentences; his jests scalded like tears, and 'he probed a question with a play upon words.' This is better than Lord Holland's bacchanalian stories. There is certainly something more of freedom, heartiness, and comfort, in the idea of these Wednesday evenings, than in their aristocratic Saturday rivals. They are pleasanter to the fancy, more a flow of soul. Luxury, refined to the eye, has a touch of sensuality to the ear; the simpler fare has the advantage in description; it is impossible to set the mind in the same way upon it; it would be easier to enter into a jest or a new idea, while partaking of these primitive viands, than the elaborate *entrées* of the other banquet, which for their appreciation demand a fuller and more engrossing attention. Yet, in the partaker of the Holland House festivities, we can imagine a wavering judgment. A perfect dinner leaves (as is evidently the case in this instance,) a memory, a fragrance behind it, which hangs around the broken vase of pleasure, and which time even cannot destroy. It is, we confess, easy to despise a dinner in description, but philosophy itself might have been put to the proof had it been there.

Lamb, at least, would have enjoyed his own circle best. The luxurious on a large scale, would have oppressed him like the future he so much feared. All pleasure with him must wear a domestic impress; something of the homely, though not inelegant, was needful to keep his nervous shivering spirit warm. The net was homespun, not golden, which held him down to earth. That beloved sister, those sympathizing friends, the old familiar faces, the whist table, with 'the rigour of the game,' and all its friendly bickerings; the social intercourse, the wit, the jest, the banter, these altogether satisfied him, and he shrank from higher things as a child trembles at a ghost story told on a winter night, to whom everything beyond that glowing hearth and that cheerful crowding circle seems dark and vague, and peopled with gathering unknown terrors, till the simple homely comfort of the present scene gains an undue, strange fascination, not so much for its own delights as for what it hides. This 'social 'comparison' is in both cases a melancholy one. The spirit of the one circle was to defy the future; of the other, to shut the eyes to it. Both scenes of pleasure—clung to so eagerly, enjoyed so resolutely—have passed away.

In his summary of Lamb's character, his affectionate biographer is tempted to palliate some errors and peculiarities,—to speak of them in the mildest phrase—on the ground of the constitutional tendency once manifested having permanently affected the construction, as it were, of his mind—not his reason, which ever after remained clear and unclouded, but—the framework through which it acted; and we own it is an appeal to which we are disposed to listen.

His were no ordinary troubles, and the sensitiveness of his nature inclined him to be keenly impressed by them. The recollection of what had once befallen himself—the constant apprehension of a return of his sister's malady—the sudden demands sometimes made upon his energy—the presiding 'giant sorrow' lowering over his happiest, brightest hours—a man under so awful a discipline cannot remain like his fellows. Where he fails he will be weaker than other men, where he endures he will have a strength beyond theirs. As he says of the 'Mariner' conversant with the supernatural, he must needs acquire a strange cast of phrase, answering to the strangeness of the trials he has undergone; he will not see things under our light; what startles us as a new or a false juxtaposition will be natural to him, accustomed to strange transitions and conjunctions; hopeless, or terror-struck, he may sometimes yield to temptations which we spurn, and in the midst of our triumph rise to a height of which we are incapable.

We would not palliate Charles Lamb's errors; he had faults, indeed, beyond any one's will to excuse. But who, after knowing all, but must feel tenderly towards *him*, pitying him for his trials, reverencing him for his heroic self-devotion, grieving over his failings—not excusing his frailties, but thankful to Heaven, which has imposed on us a lighter burden, and mercifully bestowed on us helps and guidance, which from him were, in God's inscrutable providence, apparently withheld.

- ART. VII.—1. *Defence of the Thirty-Nine Articles: in reply to the Bishop of Exeter.* By WILLIAM GOODE, M.A., F.S.A. Rector of St. Antholin, London. London: Hatchard. 1848.
2. *The Christian Observer for May and June,* 1848.
3. *An Appeal to the Laity, &c.* By a Presbyterian. London: Masters. 1848.
4. *The Thirty-Nine Articles no Test of Heresy, &c.* By the Rev. F. W. TRENOW, B.A. Curate of Manningford Bruce. London: Masters. 1848.
5. *A Charge delivered at the Triennial Visitation, &c.* By HENRY, Lord Bishop of Exeter. London: Murray. 1848.
6. *Observations on the Standard of Doctrine, &c.* By PETER HOLMES, M.A. Curate of Egg Buckland. London: Rivingtons. 1848.
7. *Examination before admission to a Benefice, by the Bishop of Exeter, followed by refusal to institute, &c.* Edited by the Clerk examined, G. C. GORHAM, B.D. Vicar of S. Just, &c. London: Hatchards. 1848.
8. *Vindication of the 'Defence of the Thirty-Nine Articles, &c.' in reply to the Bishop of Exeter.* By WILLIAM GOODE, M.A. &c. London: Hatchard.

IN our number for July¹ we very briefly directed attention to the change which has passed upon the ecclesiastical policy and measures of the party now in office in the State; but the importance of the subject as well as the subsequent course of events require that we should return to it. Fifteen years ago, these very men were assailing us with open legislative attacks. They abolished Bishopricks first in Ireland, then in England. They passed acts for marriage and registration, which could answer no conceivable object, (beyond that general one of creating patronage for the minister, which is common to all Whig legislation,) except that of injury to the Church and gratification to the dissenters. They attacked church-rates, they pressed forward 'appropriation clauses.' These measures more than any thing else caused the removal of the Whigs from office in 1841. They have evidently returned with another mind. They appreciate far more justly than before the power and influence of the Church. They no doubt feel, that in these days of revolution so powerful a conservative institution is not without its value. It is not, indeed, to be expected that they would sacrifice any party object, or shorten their own tenure of place for a day, to save it from utter destruction; but, on the other hand, they have no intention or wish to assail it. Thus, the Whigs of 1848 are

¹ See Christian Remembrancer, Vol. XV. p. 448, &c.

good Establishment men. We wish we could call them better Churchmen than they were, but we do not believe it. Indeed, the events of the last fifteen years must, almost of necessity, have made our Establishment politicians worse Churchmen than before. Those who assailed the Church in 1833, hardly knew that she had any transcendental or mysterious claims to make. So far from being objects of jealousy and dread, those claims were unknown and unthought of. When their minds first grasped the idea, it was with simple amusement. But the notion that the Church has a real distinct existence and vitality of her own, not derived from the State, and separate from it, can no longer simply amuse any man living. It is held as a sacred truth by thousands of laity as well as Clergy. It is abhorred and detested probably by many more; but, for good or evil, it is a fact that such a claim is earnestly and seriously maintained and denied. This fact has mixed itself with great political movements; it has decided the conduct of parties; it has dictated government measures and the opposition to them; it is one of the great facts of the day.

Thus much we suppose every thinking man must feel, whatever be his own opinion as to the justice and final determination of the claim. But our object is to impress upon Churchmen the real and important difference which it has wrought out in our relation to the secular power, and specially to the statesmen (so to call them) now in administration. The Melbourne administration of 1833 was known by its members and all other men to be opposed to the Established Church. But the nature and objects of that opposition cannot be too carefully distinguished from those of that which we have lately experienced in 1848, and have yet to fear. No one believed that the government-leaders of 1833 had any real religious object of their own to serve by assailing the Church. They had miscalculated her political strength, and that of her opponents. They had to satisfy clamorous supporters, whose open cry was 'Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.' Their anti-Church measures were so many concessions to 'pressure from without.' And thus, (without, indeed, any of the deep pain which religious and conscientious men would have felt at the sacrifice of a great and holy institution to political expediency,) but yet, not without regret, they inflicted what they themselves felt to be injury upon the Church. Two sayings of the good-natured premier characterized his Church measures. His public admission that, by the suppression of the ten Irish Bishopricks, 'he had inflicted upon the Church a severe blow and heavy discouragement,' showed plainly that he was not deceived into any belief that he was serving her, or promoting (though against

her own will) her own best interests. He was notoriously her enemy, but it was equally notorious that he was her enemy against his will. He would rather have left her alone. He had no wish to weaken her, and even as to the abuses of pluralities and the like, in his secret heart he would much rather have made gain of them than have reformed them. Thus, he was known to have declared in his own peculiar phraseology, impossible for us to quote, that 'he did not see why men called for Church reform; and that for his part he thought the Church a — good Church as it was.' We need hardly say, that no state of mind could well be more loathsome than this to every earnest Christian, of whatever class. If the Church of England had really deserved Lord Melbourne's praise, such men would have felt that she was no longer worth defending. But the times are gone by when she had enemies like this. We need not fear reluctant persecution from timid friends, or insulting, polluting praise from those who are dealing to her 'severe blows and heavy discouragements.' Such men have found her stronger than they expected; they have discovered that they were 'kicking against the pricks.'

Have we, then, no opposition to fear from such politicians? The events of the last year may well answer this question for us. It is no doubt true, that if the Whigs of 1833 had believed the Established Church to be both able and willing to give them more powerful support than the bodies who dissented from her could lend, they would have supported instead of assailing her; for they would have valued her as a useful political instrument. Her value, in this respect, we believe they do now feel; but meanwhile, as her secret strength showed itself, the secret principles of that strength developed themselves more and more. It was no mere 'venerable Establishment' with which they had to do; but a Church claiming to be as old as the times of the apostles,—to have in her the apostolic authority still existing and in exercise,—to have powers and principles and objects of her own, which might be widely different from those of the rulers in the State, but which she might not abandon or compromise. Now, claims like these are in open, sharp, and irreconcilable collision with the fundamental principles of the political supporters of our venerable Establishment; and thus, strange to say, the very men who in 1833, when they believed our Church principles to be the same as their own, but thought us too weak to defend ourselves, assailed us unwillingly for their own political purposes, are now seriously bent to oppose and undermine our claims and principles, although they have learned by experience enough of our strength to be careful in boasting all the while of their attachment to the

Church. We have no longer reason, for the present, to fear that Government will attack the Establishment, acknowledging the while their agreement with us as regards the Church; the same individuals, indeed, are still our antagonists, but they are now bent upon assailing the vital principles and doctrines of the Church, while they proclaim themselves (and we believe sincerely) to be warm supporters of the Establishment.

This curious change illustrates the great revival of the true principles of the Church which, by the blessing of God, has taken place among us of late years. Those who at first were honestly ignorant that the Church of England claimed to be a Church at all, and who, when they knew the fact, regarded it as simply ridiculous, are now heartily frightened, and anxious above all things to oppose and refute, if it be possible, her transcendental claims, while they would gladly strengthen her Establishment.

That this must needs be the change of feeling in irreligious men, who regard the Church merely as a political instrument, it cannot need many words to show. We have seen it illustrated in minds of a much higher mould. We should be ashamed¹ to class the late Dr. Arnold with the politicians of the present day, who share with him nothing but his hatred of the true principles of the Church. Yet in this point they are alike. In 1833, he felt nothing but contemptuous pity for all who believed in the Holy Catholic Church. In his postscript to the '*Principles of Church Reform*' (p. 13), he says he was aware there were some 'extraordinary persons who gravely maintain that primitive Episcopacy, and Episcopacy as it now

¹ As we have mentioned Dr. Arnold, we beg to enter our protest against the notion advanced by Lord John Russell, and taken up by others, that Churchmen have changed their minds about him in his ecclesiastical speculations. That a great change has taken place in the feelings of churchmen with regard to him, is, indeed, certain, and we would not wish it to be otherwise. Fourteen years ago, he was known only by those very speculations, and by the pamphlets in which he had published them. Churchmen, in consequence, felt towards him only unmixed disapprobation. At this moment, we do not believe that that feeling is in any degree diminished, as far as regards his speculations. But those who have read his *Memoirs*, not to mention many of his sermons, regard them as the errors of an able and gifted man. There is another circumstance which ought to be considered: the very same cause which embittered Dr. Arnold against Churchmen, softened their feelings towards him, for they had done something more than stood their ground, and he had failed. There is an interesting letter, in which he explains that he must have been nearly insane, had he published his '*Principles of Church Reform*' in any year after 1834. That which the author felt to have been thus rendered absurd by the mere course of events, generous minds may well be content to forgive and forget, when he has been long taken to his rest. At the same time, they may not be prepared to extend the same favour to men who are still living and acting—acting, too, only for evil; who are obtaining unmerited advancement by advocating the theories which he felt to have thrown him into the shade, and who, in adopting the most offensive part of his system, have never resembled him in either his gifts or virtues.

exists in England, are essentially the same;’ and he goes on to say, that, as such persons were ‘not apt to think for themselves,’ he was going to suggest some topics of thought for them. But amid all this contempt, there was really nothing of bitterness. Time went on, and in 1834 he began to think the Oxford Tracts might be worth answering, till he was assured by the far-sighted Provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, that there was no fear whatever of their attracting any attention, if he did not bring them into notice by an answer. His reply was worth remembering. He wrote, April 14, 1834: ‘Of course, I do not suppose that any man, out of the Clergy, is in the slightest danger of being influenced by them, except so far as they may lead him to despise the clergy for countenancing them.’ (*Life*, vol. i. p. 374.) Before long, however, almost the whole soul of this man, who was by Nature formed to love rather than hate, was absorbed in actual hatred of the claims of the Church, (apostolical succession, unity, sacramental grace, &c.) Nay, he carried on his hatred, we are sorry to add, even against the persons of their supporters. He longed ‘to fight with them in a saw-pit;’ he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* an article (*The Oxford Malignants*, April, 1836,) which consists chiefly of many pages of hard, personal, railing abuse of all who advocated these views. He styles them throughout ‘conspirators,’ ‘whose censure was to be coveted by every Christian minister;’ ‘obscure fanatics’ upon whom he would not ‘confer, by naming them, that notoriety for which nature has not designed them.’ ‘The Hophni and Phinehas school on the one hand—the mere low, worldly Clergy, careless, and grossly ignorant—ministers not of the Gospel, but of the aristocracy, who belong to Christianity only from the accident of its being established by law; and of the formalist Judaizing fanatics on the other hand, who have imbibed even of fanaticism itself nothing but the folly and the virulence.’ He goes on to say, ‘Once only in the history of Christianity do we find a heresy—for never was this term more justly applied—so degraded and low-principled as this;’ that he is not illiberal in his censure because the men are not in ‘intellectual error,’ but in ‘moral wickedness.’ We might quote whole pages in this strain. To estimate this aright, the reader must remember that it was written expressly of all who led the opposition to Dr. Hampden in 1836; that is, of Mr. Keble, Mr. Davison, Mr. Newman, Dr. Pusey; and that the writer had had the advantage of living on terms of personal intimacy and affection with some, at least, of them—nay, that he had been abundantly able to enter into and appreciate the depth of their holiness, their matchless humility, as well as their high

gifts and endowments. Whence, then, this change? Why was he unable any longer to extend to one loved and deserving to be loved like Mr. Keble, even the benefits of contemptuous compassion? Evidently, it was but the bitterness of disappointment; it was because what he had despised he now feared, and fear makes even generous hearted men, (as he was by nature,) cruel as well as weak; it was because, as he himself complained in the preface to one of the later volumes of his sermons, those 'opinions were at the top of the tide.' Nay, so far did he carry this, that within three weeks of his death, he writes to Judge Coleridge, refusing to share in the project of extending our Colonial Episcopate, because 'I cannot but know 'that the principal advocates of the plan support it as enforcing 'their dogma of the necessity of a Succession Episcopacy to a 'true Church.' (Vol. ii. 313.) Now, if such a mind as Dr. Arnold's had thus passed from contempt and pity to anger and hatred, is it wonderful that minds of a different range and cast from his have undergone the same change? That politicians especially should be affected, according to their several natures, in somewhat the same manner, was to be expected.

And expected it was. An able writer in the British Critic, as long ago as October 1837, predicted that we had to fear from Government attacks upon the Church rather than upon the Establishment; that it would be their object rather to enslave than to overturn it. He wrote, vol. xxii. p. 278.—'We 'may observe that in England we have nothing to fear for the '*Establishment* from the party now in power. If any party will 'fight sincerely and stoutly for it, it is that party. They fear the 'Church too much to let her go. At present they are but 'weakening her, as they hope, while they retain her. It is the 'kind and considerate office you perform to birds when you clip 'their wings, that they may hop about upon a lawn and pick up 'worms and grubs. Liberals do but want a *tame* Church.'

If these considerations are just, they are certainly most important, for they warn us that the danger of the Church is not over, because we hear nothing of Government measures for her spoliation. It may be that we have much more reason to fear now than we had before. For it is no wonder if attacks which originated (as we have seen) in no principle on the part of our assailants, were foiled and abandoned as soon as they knew our real strength. But when their hostility arises from a real, distinct, conscious opposition of fundamental principles, then the stronger we show ourselves, and the more resolved to act upon principle, the more shall we be feared, and if feared, the more hated. It will not, therefore, be surprising if we avow our belief, that the Church has at this moment to fear from politicians

a hostility more inveterate than that which she baffled in 1833 and the following year—because founded upon principles, and not on mere political expediency—and more dangerous, because more supple, and because it is directed, not against our temporal privileges and position, but against our spiritual character and our means of serving God faithfully, and discharging the duties which He has laid upon us.

We believe, then, that if the fiction of the Nag's Head ordination could be shown to be true, it would give even greater delight to Lord John Russell and many others who think themselves model Church and State men, than to Bishop Wiseman himself. For the same reason, we believe that such Churchmen are by no means ill content that secessions to the Church of Rome have occurred among those who were lately the ablest advocates of the spiritual independence of the Church of England. Neither do we believe that they would be very hearty mourners if their Church measures and their Church appointments should drive others of the same character to follow in their wake. These things, we suspect, would be far from unacceptable to many political supporters of 'our venerable Establishment,' because they would visibly tend—to borrow an expression of Lord John Russell's, in speaking of the effects of his nomination of Bishop Hampden—to 'strengthen the Protestant character of our Church.' And at a moment when the defection of some of those whom the Church trusted and honoured has left her comparatively naked and open to attack, it might naturally be expected that such men would snatch at the golden opportunity of passing, if it could be safely done, any measure which might accomplish what the Nag's Head fiction vainly attempted, by separating her from times gone by, from the Church of the middle ages, from the Holy Fathers, from the Apostles, and from the Lord of Fathers and Apostles. Thus changed, she would be a safe, and quiet, and serviceable drudge of the State.

Now, we would ask every Churchman to consider whether, among the many vacillations of the Whigs for the two or three last years, any one other line of policy has been in fact so steadily pursued, as that which we have described. We have no room for particulars, but we would remind them first of the whole management of the National Education question, under the administration of Mr. Kaye Shuttleworth. For several years past, a course of 'unostentatious,' *i.e.* stealthy encroachment has been going on, with the view, as we have already shown, of bringing the whole management of this momentous affair into the hands of the Secretary to the Education Committee of Privy Council. Look again at the Madeira Chaplaincy. This particular case curiously illustrates the change of policy on the part of Her

Majesty's ministers, which we have already mentioned. A set of regulations, drawn up by Lord Palmerston himself, at a period when he would be commonly considered much more opposed to the Church than he now is, and when he actually was openly assailing the Establishment, provided, that on all spiritual matters the chaplains at the consular stations should be subject only to the Bishop of London, whose licence should be required at their appointment, and that the secular matters of the congregation, and these alone, should be managed by a committee of British subjects, resident at the port. A dispute arose upon purely religious matters, between the majority of the committee of Funchal (most of whom were dissenters of different classes, and one was a Roman Catholic), and the chaplain, supported by almost every communicant and the great majority of the congregation. The Bishop decided against the Committee, and in favour of the congregation and their pastor. Lord Palmerston, upon his own authority, removed the chaplain, who still holds the Bishop's licence, appointed another to minister to such Churchmen and dissenters as prefer his licence to that of the Church, and in order, as he expressed it in Parliament, 'to avoid all future trouble about Licence,' has cancelled the regulations which recognise any authority in the Bishop over the spiritual concerns of the congregation. There are at this moment at Funchal two English congregations; one authorized by the Bishop of London, the other by Lord Palmerston. It is unimportant that the person who ministers in the latter is a clergyman ordained by a Bishop. He has published a pamphlet, in which he avows that his mission—his authority to minister at Funchal—is derived only from the crown, *i.e.* from Lord Palmerston, and maintains the same to be the origin of all spiritual authority among us. It would be more honest, and by no means more unecclesiastical, if Lord Palmerston ordained his chaplains with his own hands, as he licenses them himself. He who has power to give mission, has power, if he pleases, to confer orders.

Then let the whole affair of Bishop Hampden be well remembered; the claim, now advanced for the first time, as we hope to show hereafter, that the political minister of the crown shall nominate—not, as has been pretended in times past, a person duly qualified in the eyes of the Church, and who may be politically useful to the State,—but one whose religious views he approves. The old theory, which we do not of course defend, at least recognises that the political servants of the crown acted in this matter in a political, and not an ecclesiastical, character; but Lord John Russell, in selecting one who was known to be religiously offensive to the Primate, the great

body of the Bishops, clergy, and laity, expressly declared the appointment to be, not political, but theological; that he nominated the man in all England most offensive to the whole Church, because his theology was approved by the political leader of the House of Commons, who may be of any religion except a Jew; who may be of none; and who was actually at the moment attending the Presbyterian Meeting in Exeter Hall. Then trace the matter through all its stages—the arrogant assumption of the illegality of any hesitation or examination on the part of the Chapter; (an assumption, as we need not say, which the legal proceedings were far from supporting;) the argument on behalf of the crown before the Court of Queen's Bench, that all depended upon the simple will of the minister, and neither Chapter nor Archbishop had any thing to do but to obey—even if an open heretic, a professed infidel, or a notorious profligate were appointed: above all, perhaps, the opinion of the Lord Chief Justice, and his subsequent speech in Parliament, where he rested his conduct, not upon any legal ground, (which, indeed, could hardly be pretended,) but upon his full conviction that he was doing service to the Church,—and say whether by 'serving the Church' the politicians of the day do not mean the reducing her more and more to the condition of the religious organ and instrument of the State; turning her out tame, with clipped wings, upon the lawn.

Under these circumstances it is an ill-omened conjunction of affairs, that a strong party should exist within the Church itself, desirous of obtaining an alteration of her doctrines. For, supposing the disposition of the civil government to be such as we have described, the existence of such a party would offer to it a temptation almost irresistible, to interfere in a manner destructive to the spiritual character and claims of the Church. The government, indeed, has no wish to renew relations of hostility to the Church; but to undertake the cause of a strong party *in* the Church is another matter, and one which presents no difficulty whatever. The assertion therefore is in the highest degree probable, *à priori*, and although not officially confirmed, it rests, we fear, upon too good authority, that the proposal lately made by the party in the Church, which styles itself 'Evangelical,' to alter the standard of doctrine in our Church, was to have been supported, or even moved in the House of Lords, by the Lord Chancellor, on behalf of the government. It is for this reason that we feel this proposal to be most serious and alarming; for we cannot conceal from ourselves that the spiritual interests of the English Church were never so seriously threatened as they would be were that proposal to become law. The provision which it was lately

proposed to introduce as an amendment into the 'Clergy Offences Bill,' and which, though abandoned for the moment, is sure to be again pressed forward with great zeal and earnestness, is as follows:—

'That nothing shall be adjudged in any court of this land to be Heresy, or false or unsound doctrine, on any point treated of in the Articles of Religion agreed upon at the Convocation holden at London, in the year 1562, commonly called the Thirty-nine Articles, that is not contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England, as there declared.'

This clause (we need not remind our readers,) was laid before a meeting of the Bishops in London, in the commencement of April in the present year, as one which would be proposed to be added to the 'Clergy Offences Bill' in the House of Commons. It was brought before the Church at large by the Bishop of Exeter, in a letter to his Archdeacons, dated April 5; and in consequence of the proposal, the 'Clergy Offences Bill' was afterwards postponed for the present year. It was stated at the time, that the motion was to be made in the House of Commons by Lord Ashley, and it now appears to be supported by a large body of Clergy in different parts of the country.

Such a measure, under such a combination of events, is, to say the least of it, not altogether unlikely to pass into a law, unless the body of the Church, Clergy and laity, at once exert themselves in behalf of her purity of doctrine. The existing government have a direct temptation to effect the proposed innovation. The case of Dr. Hampden alone has clearly proved how grievously statesmen are offended at the claim of the Church to examine the fitness, and in particular the orthodoxy, of those who are presented by the ministers of the crown for Church preferments. To require proof of orthodoxy, is in their judgment at once to interfere with the rights of patronage and the royal supremacy—to revive the bigoted dogmatism of ages gone by for ever—to restore the Inquisition, and what not. We may be sure dogma, as dogma, is sufficiently offensive to them: opinions they can tolerate; dogma is as smoke to their eyes and as gravel between their teeth. This feeling was unequivocally manifested by Lord John Russell, when he said, that if the objections to Dr. Hampden had related to his moral character, he would have hesitated, but that, relating only to doctrine, he pressed his nomination. Thus indisposed to the whole question of orthodoxy, and believing in the first article of the Whig creed, that patronage is in itself the *summum bonum* of man, and specifically the final cause of the existence of the Church Establishment, how can we expect them to endure that a nominee of the Crown should be,

as Mr. Gorham is at this moment, under the episcopal sentence of rejection for unsoundness of doctrine? Can we wonder that they are ready to strain every nerve to prevent the possible recurrence of anything so monstrous? Still more prompt will they be to do it, by supporting a measure highly popular with a large party of Clergy and laity of the Church itself—a measure, moreover, which, if admitted by the Church, will amount to the abandonment of all claim to be anything more than a creature of the State, a government organ; highly honoured indeed and respectable—a national estate of religion—the instrument of the ruling power in teaching their people in all that relates to religion, but with no power of choosing its own doctrine; bound to hold and teach whatever the legislature shall from time to time determine, and with no more power to choose what that shall be, than judges and jurymen to determine what shall be the laws which it is their office to administer.

It is this conjuncture of parties which alone renders the present proposal really formidable. For no government could easily carry an Act of Parliament to alter the religious doctrines of the Church, unsupported by a considerable party within her pale; and assuredly the party which now desires to free itself from the yoke of a Catholic Liturgy and Catholic Faith, would have no reasonable hope of success, if their plan had not fallen in with the wishes of a great political body. In truth, but for this circumstance, we do not believe that party would have ventured upon making the attempt at all. That burden which the Baptismal and other offices, and the Church Catechism, must always have been felt to be, by men who openly deny their plain doctrinal statements, has never led to any attempt of this sort, until the circumstances which we have already unfolded gave a hope of efficient support from the dominant political party. Then all at once we find men starting up in every county and diocese, whose consciences, indeed, allow them to use the offices of the Church, but are pained at being required to believe them. That we have heard nothing of this before is not surprising. It is a very awkward and difficult position which a clergyman assumes, who comes forward to complain that his conscience is burdened by declarations and subscriptions which he has voluntarily made as the conditions of his present ecclesiastical position, or by formularies which that position obliges him continually to use. At the very best, it lays him open to a very unpleasant question: How came it that your conscience has borne this burden so lightly hitherto? And if it so happen that the attempt is unsuccessful, the position of the complainant is obviously made singularly unenviable for the time to come, when he has himself made public the contradiction

between his obligations and his convictions. Hence we suppose no sensible man who intended to continue the use of the Prayer Book, would petition to be released from the necessity of believing it, unless under some combination of circumstances which induced him to suppose that his success was pretty certain. Taking these things into consideration, we cannot but feel it a some sort of serious fact, that so many men of some sort of character have already pledged themselves in favour of the agitation now commencing, and which has for its avowed object to make the Thirty-nine Articles for the future the only standard of doctrine in the Church of England. We trust they have miscalculated their strength, but the public step which they have taken witnesses unequivocally that they are sanguine of success.

To remove a little the unpleasantness of the position in which these gentlemen have placed themselves, a happy expedient has been devised. While an active and organized agitation is in progress, as we shall presently show, to procure an alteration of the law, it is accompanied by the declaration that no change at all is desired or contemplated. It seems that we have always been living unconsciously under this marvellous state of law—That clergymen have always been at full liberty to deny any doctrine or revile any practice of the Church, if that doctrine or practice chance not to be unequivocally declared in the Thirty-nine Articles. Of course the question naturally occurs, If this be so indeed, then why throw the whole Church into agitation to obtain an Act of Parliament to declare that which you say is already the law of the Church, and confirmed by the authority of the State? How violent must be your love of State legislation in religious matters, if you are anxious for an Act of Parliament to declare that to be true doctrine, which you assure us has always been so declared both by the Church and by the State, when the Parliament consisted only of lay members of the Church! Would you think the Apostles' Creed, or the Scripture itself, derived any new authority, if an Act of our Parliament of mixed religionists should declare them true?

The conclusion to be drawn from this agitation is inevitable. Disguise it as they may, those who are throwing the Church into confusion to obtain this new Act of Parliament, know well that the present law of Church and State is against them; and all this profession is but idle talk, a vain attempt to represent themselves as having been hitherto good members of the Church as it is, while they are doing all that lies in their power to secure, that such as it is now it shall hereafter be no more.

Mr. Goode devotes the first five-and-twenty pages of what he calls a 'Defence of the Thirty Nine Articles'—a document which

nobody had attacked except in the way of defending the Prayer-Book—to an elaborate argument designed to show that the law is already all that he wishes. The fallacy of this conclusion might easily be shown, and we had prepared to do it, but the Charge of the Bishop of Exeter, delivered June 19, renders it needless for us at present to enter at length upon this part of the subject. The argument, so far, is at an end: it were superfluous in us to dilate, as it were unnecessary to enlarge on, perhaps, the most complete argument which even the Bishop of Exeter ever delivered. The Bishop shows at length that the Articles never were considered, and were never designed, to be the sole test of doctrine among us—that this is proved by the Canons of the Church, accepted and agreed to by the Crown and by Parliament—that the principle has been consecrated by precedents in cases decided long ago. He insists on the doctrinal value both of the Prayer Book and of the Catechism, and declares,

‘ I have dwelt on these cases at greater length than was necessary, on the present occasion, not only because of their own important and deeply interesting character, but also because, at a time when every attempt to enforce discipline over the Clergy is represented, by some even of that very body, as an act of tyranny, if not of usurpation, I think it right to show how different was the judgment of Convocation itself at so recent a period as the early part of the last century. Had Convocation been admitted to continue its sittings: were it now permitted to sit and to perform its just and constitutional functions, we can hardly doubt, that much would have been done, and would now be doing, to check the spread of heretical and unsound doctrine in the Church. But the silencing of Convocation is only an additional reason why all those who cannot be silenced, or restrained, except by passing such laws as the one suggested—those, to whom the laws of God, and of the Church, have committed authority and jurisdiction in these matters,—should not be deterred from the discharge of an onerous duty, by the clamour of interested partizans—by the petulance and wilfulness of ignorant multitudes, of both sexes, assembled in one of the Halls of Declamation, under the nominal guidance, it may be, of some not less ignorant, though more exalted individual, than the most ignorant of the crowd before him;—no, nor even by the threat of costs, which, in every case necessarily great, may be swelled to the most extravagant amount by the reckless profusion of party subscriptions, and the vexatious astuteness of those who profit by them.’—*Charge, &c.* pp. 29, 30.

We hope that this assertion will hardly be repeated, and that those who desire a change of law, will be sufficiently manly to avow their wish. But, however we may now be assured that no change is desired, and that Parliament is merely prayed to declare the law as it has always existed, we are very sure, that should the provision once be passed, we should hear no more of these professions. It would be, and would be felt to be, a real revolution in the whole doctrine and position of the English Church. In this light alone, those who know its nature would now regard it, and thus alone would history record it.

For suppose this law passed and acquiesced in by the Church, although in the form desired, of a mere declaratory act, asserting on the authority of Parliament that such is and ever has been the law of the Church of England, from that hour it is the British Parliament, and not the Church of England, upon whose authority the doctrines of the Church are propounded. Even those doctrines which are most necessary and true will then be held, not as the doctrine of the Church, received from Christ through His apostles, and witnessed by the Church, 'the pillar and ground of the faith,' but upon the authority of a body which is not even in name and profession composed of Churchmen, not even exclusively of baptized men. This is so plain as hardly to require proof. The declaratory nature of the act would make no difference: a declaratory act is an exertion of sovereign power, else there would be no invasion of national right, should the French National Assembly pass an act declaring the law of England upon any disputed question, or even on this very point. But if the assembly of mixed religionists which is the highest legislative court of this land, and which, in matters secular, we are bound to obey and revere, may exercise any one act of sovereign authority in matters of Christian doctrine, then is there no one degree of sovereignty over doctrine which it may not exercise whensoever it will. If the Church admits the right of Parliament to pass without full and free consent of Convocation such an enactment as that now proposed, she holds all doctrine at the will and by the permission of Parliament. She ceases to be the Church of Christ among us, and becomes the servant of men. Let the change be ever so little and unimportant, yet, by acknowledging the right of Parliament to effect it, the Church would deny her Lord, and admit the spiritual sovereignty of another. It would be the act of feudal homage, slight in itself, but recognising in him who received it, powers and rights which penetrated every relation of life. 'If I yet please men, I am not the servant of Christ.'

And thus would this glorious Church of England be severed at once from our fathers in the faith who have gone before us. To us would it signify nothing what had been held by Churches throughout all the world, by saints and fathers, confessors and martyrs, evangelists and apostles; our tradition would be the tradition of men, our Scriptures the statutes at large; the voice of any set of men, of whatever religion, or of none at all, who might at any time obtain the mastery in Parliament, would be to us what the voice which rent the rocks of Horeb was of old.

With these convictions, there are, we trust, thousands in our Church, both clergymen and laymen, who are ready to resist even to blood, were it possible, the competency of the Parliament to pass any such law as that now proposed. If passed, they

would feel it to be a nullity, except so far as it was presumptuous and impious. But we would earnestly entreat all such persons to observe, that in Parliament itself the battle must in truth be fought. For the present proposal is in its nature so insidious, that if once passed, it would, in spite of all we can say and do, gradually enfold the Church herself, clinging to her like the venomed robe of Hercules. There is hardly any other act of State usurpation which would be in this respect so dangerous. Parliament might indeed pass an act to deprive us of the Athanasian creed; but in that case we trust every clergyman would continue to repeat it on the appointed days, and only by a series of arbitrary and persecuting interference could the impious decree be enforced. Such would be the result of every aggressive law which required on our part any active obedience. We should obey God rather than man. But suppose the Parliament to declare that the Church should not for the future be allowed to enforce any doctrine beyond the letter of the Articles, and no opportunity of resistance would be in the power of the Church at large. The Courts of Law, we fear, would obey the statute. Protest, indeed, we might, and go our way, and the protest would gradually be forgotten and wear out. So that unless it pleased God to stir up some Bishop to obey His law by active disobedience to the unholy laws of men, it is hard to see what could be done. And thus there is too much reason to fear that by degrees the innovation would be acquiesced in, and the position of the Church would be changed, by admitting the doctrinal power of Parliament, although it would be impossible to say on what particular day or hour she did acquiesce.

Our meaning will be plain if we suppose Parliament, instead of passing the proposed enactment, should permit all future clergymen to deny some doctrine which we all feel to be essential. Let us suppose, then, to test our argument, that it were declared that no Bishop shall hereafter refuse to license or institute, or otherwise proceed against, any clerk who shall deny the incarnation and divinity of our Lord. The mere passing of such an act would not, of course, make us Socinians; but if passed by the legislature, if acknowledged by all the Courts and enforced by them, if not disobeyed by the Bishops, it would gradually become the Common Law of the Church as much as if it had been passed by Convocation, and the Church would be gradually Socinianized.

We have enlarged upon this point, because some good men have consoled themselves by maintaining that such a law, if authorized merely by the State, would be simply null and void, and would not commit the spiritual authority of the English Church. In form and name we admit this to be true, but in form and name only; practically, we fear that the day on which

it should obtain State sanction, would hear the passing knell of the Church of England. For we see no reason to think, that after having obtained that sanction, it would be heartily, earnestly, and perseveringly disregarded and treated as a nullity by the rulers of the Church. We do not believe that the Bishops in general would proceed to censure those who maintained false doctrines, which the new law allowed because not contrary to the Articles, and if the interference of Courts of Law were obtained to carry out the license granted by Parliament, we do not think it likely that they would proceed to vindicate their independent spiritual authority by spiritual censures, and, if necessary, by excommunication. Moreover, we are not sure that in every case the laity of the Church would avoid a clerk so excommunicated, if the State maintained him, as she must in consistency, in possession of his benefice and of the sacred fabric. Nothing less than these violent measures could preserve the Church herself from the guilt of acquiescence, were the proposed law once enacted; and without adverting to the strife and division which such measures must produce, we cannot calculate the chances of their being carried out with any degree of unanimity and firmness, without feeling that the day which rendered them indispensable, would indeed be a fatal day for the Church of England.

We have assumed that no serious change of doctrine would result, were the proposed enactment accepted by the Church, because it seemed essential to observe the effects which must of necessity follow if any such sovereignty in matters of doctrine were acknowledged in our legislature, however slight might be the particular point upon which it were exerted. But we need hardly say that the changes which would in fact be effected by the proposed change, would be so momentous, that if authorized by the legitimate authorities of the Church, it would seem to deprive her of her fundamental character. The Bishop of Exeter most truly says,—

‘The proposed innovation, however innocent may be the intention of those who will introduce it, is, in my judgment, one of the most perilous suggestions which could be brought forward. It directly and manifestly tends to rob the Church of its most sacred and dearest privilege—reliance on the truly Catholic principles on which are based the worship of Almighty God, the administration of the sacraments, and the instruction of the young and the ignorant in the essential and fundamental particulars of Christ’s saving truth amongst us.’—Bishop of Exeter’s Letter to his Archdeacons, as cited by Goode.—*Defence*, &c. p. 6.

These are strong expressions; Mr. Goode remarks upon them:—

‘Such is the opinion which the Lord Bishop of Exeter hesitates not to express of the Thirty-nine Articles,—that if these were made the standard and test of doctrine, even in the points treated of in them, (for that is the pro-

posal objected to,) the consequences would be most disastrous, tending "to rob the Church of its most sacred and dearest privilege," to the injury of even "the essential and fundamental particulars of Christ's saving Truth amongst us." Remarkable language this, surely, to be used of that Document which has been for nearly three centuries the only standard of faith which the Church of England has ever offered to her members! And it is impossible not to perceive, that from such language one of these two conclusions must necessarily follow—either that the Church has been grossly negligent in the discharge of her duties, in drawing up such a poor, uncertain, imperfect, and defective standard of doctrine, or that those who drew them up did not take the same view of the Church's "most sacred and dearest privilege," and "the essential and fundamental particulars of Christ's saving Truth amongst us," as the Bishop of Exeter does.—*Ibid.* p. 6.

Let us say one word in passing, upon these remarks. If the Church of England had ever declared that she holds and teaches nothing more than is contained in the Articles, thereby maintaining that they do contain all the truths necessary to be taught in the Church, we should, indeed, pronounce upon her the most severe censure. But in truth, this is a mere groundless assumption of Mr. Goode's opinion, we were about to say, but we shall express the truth more clearly if we say, of his wishes,—'The wish was father to that thought;' and inasmuch as the Articles were never composed or promulgated as a complete system of Christian doctrine, but rather as a particular protest upon particular points, which were in controversy at a particular period, we do not censure either them or the Church when we say, that they are not and should not be made, what they do not profess to be. Mr. Goode, indeed, does most audaciously condemn the Church of which he is a minister when he calls the Prayer-book—

'A collection of national formularies of devotion, written at a period when a large proportion of the people were inclined to Romanism, and at the same time compelled to attend the service of the national churches, and consequently carefully drawn up so as to give as little offence as possible to Romish prejudices.'—*Ibid.* p. 10.

but to say the Articles are not fit for a purpose for which they were never designed, is no more dishonour to them than it is an insult to Scripture when we say that men should not use it superstitiously for soothsaying, after the manner of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. That they must be unfit for such a purpose is plain, *a priori*. No human wit could devise a short formulary so comprehensive as to deny not only every form of error existing in an age of great controversy and dispute upon every subject of Christian doctrine, but also all possible errors which may at any future period be invented or revived upon any one of them. No human production ever professed power so miraculous; if any had, it would but have exposed the presumption of its authors.

That this is true, a slight examination of the Thirty-nine Articles themselves will evince. There is no doubt, that the real reason why many of the Clergy desire to limit the doctrines of the Church to the Articles, is because the Articles speak in general and vague, although in perfectly true, language upon the Blessed Sacraments. General language is often true, and so it is here; yet '*in generalibus latet error*,' and those who desire that these errors should not be brought to the light, would confine us to general phrases. Now, why are the Articles general upon this subject? They speak the truth, no doubt; but why do they speak it in terms so general, that those who desire to evade it prefer the wording of the Articles to that of the Catechism and Offices, which they are continually obliged to use? The Bishop of Exeter says:—

'Now at the time when the Articles were first compiled, in 1552, and even ten years afterwards, when they assumed their present form, the point on which, of all others, there was the least of difference either between us, or even the German Protestants, and Rome, was the doctrine of *Baptism*, to which this '*Defence of the Articles*' is mainly directed. On that all were in the main agreed—the voice of controversy was almost, or altogether, unheard. Look at the formularies set forth in this country during the reign of Henry the Eighth, in all of which Cranmer, the compiler of our Articles, had the principal hand; look at the early Confessions of Faith of Foreign Protestants, the Helvetic, that of Augsburg, the Saxon, the Belgic, and the Catechism of Heidelberg¹—all of these, on this great particular, agreed not only with each other, but with Rome itself. Of Baptism, every one of them asserted the cardinal doctrine of its being the blessed instrument by which God worketh in us spiritual regeneration. Therefore, just as Jewell, in his *Apology for the Church of England* against the slanders of the Papists—a work adopted, I need not remind you, by the Convocation of 1571—while he enlarges on every particular in which we differ from Rome, disposes of Baptism, on which we agreed, in a very few lines, merely showing that on this point we hold the faith of the Catholic Church; so our Twenty-seventh Article, "Of Baptism," having little to controvert, expressed the same doctrine briefly without contemplating an adversary. The Twenty-fifth had already asserted generally of Sacraments, that they are "sure witnesses and effectual signs of Grace and God's good will towards us, by the which He doth work invisibly in us." For, as Jewell says, "They are not bare signs, it were blasphemie so to say. The grace of God doth alway work with His Sacraments." And the Twenty-seventh Article says of Baptism, in particular, that it is such "a sign," that is an *effectual* sign—*efficax* signum, a sign effecting that of which it is a sign, namely, "Regeneration or New Birth."—*Whereby*, "as by an instrument," that is, *by which sign, signum per quod, tanquam per instrumentum*, "they that receive baptism rightly, are grafted" by Him who "doth work invisibly in us" "into the Church;" "the promises of

¹ [This statement, the Bishop of Exeter, in the second edition of his Charge, has seen reason to withdraw. He finds out that the foreign Protestants were less orthodox than he gave them credit for being. And should the Bishop's opponents be disposed to triumph at this trifling error in the historical argument, they are welcome to the fact, which simply amounts to this, that the German and Dutch Reformers were worse than his Lordship thought them to be.]

forgiveness of Sin," "and of our adoption to be the sons of God, by the Holy Ghost, are visibly signed and sealed; Faith is confirmed, and Grace increased by virtue of Prayer unto God." All these blessed effects are wrought by God in Baptism, according as the suscipients are capable of them; some, and the greatest, namely, "the being grafted into the Church," which is the "Body of Christ," "the forgiveness of Sin, and adoption to be sons of God," in all of every age, infant or adult—for all are capable of these: the "Confirmation of Faith, and the increase of Grace," are wrought in adults. Now, that such must have been the intended meaning of the Twenty-seventh Article, will be plain to every one who has at all enquired into the state either of opinions or of facts, at the time when the Article was composed. If one or two of our early Reformers had rashly put forth statements of a different kind—statements which are directly, though quietly, repudiated in the Article, yet our Church herself had always uniformly maintained the same unvaried doctrine. Through all her previous declarations, the "Articles about Religion in 1536," "the Institution of a Christian Man in 1537," the "Articles agreed upon by Cranmer with the German Reformers in 1538," "the Necessary Doctrine" of 1543—all not only expressed, but largely dilated on, the same blessed effects of Christian Baptism, being put forth for popular use for the instruction and edification of the unlearned. Cranmer, I repeat, had the chief hand in all of these, and Cranmer's opinions on this point never changed; as is apparent from his Catechism set forth in 1548, his defence of the Catholic doctrine of the Sacrament, and his answer to Gardiner, extending even beyond the year 1552, when the Article of Baptism was first drawn by him in the very terms in which, with a slight verbal difference, it has ever since continued. Such a chain of external testimony in illustration of the real meaning of a doubtful document (if the meaning of the Twenty-seventh Article be in itself indeed doubtful) it would be difficult, if it be not impossible, to adduce. But, more than this; the language of the two Prayer-books of King Edward VI., and the Catechism of 1549, 1552, 1559, all concur in expressing the same great truth of *Spiritual Regeneration in Baptism*. Even this is not all; other of the Articles themselves, especially of the *Latin* Articles, incidentally attest the same truth. Thus the 15th, after speaking of "Christ alone without sin," says, "All we, the rest (although *baptized and born again in Christ*) yet offend in many things." The 16th Article, "of sin after Baptism," first states, "Not every deadly sin committed *after Baptism*, is *Sin against the Holy Ghost*, and unpardonable." How could such an imagination have entered into the mind of any one, unless it were a known and acknowledged truth, that the Holy Ghost is the special and appropriate gift in Baptism? The very phrase "*deadly sin*," implies that there was "*Life, spiritual Life*" in the soul before the sin was committed. The Article proceeds, "Wherefore the grant of repentance is not to be denied to such as fall into sin *after Baptism*"—in the *Latin*, *lapis a Baptismo in peccata*, fallen from Baptism—from that Blessed State, the State of Grace, in which they were placed in Baptism. Accordingly, it continues, "*After we have received the Holy Ghost we may depart from Grace given, and fall into Sin.*" The phrases "after we have received the Holy Ghost," and "grace given," express the same idea, as "*born again of the Spirit.*" There remains one passage in the Ninth Article—"original or birth sin"—of which it should seem impossible that any one not wilfully blind should fail to see (whether he will or will not acknowledge), that in the contemplation of its compilers the terms "regenerated" and "baptized" were convertible or equivalent. We read in the English Article, as it now stands, "This infection of nature doth remain, yea in them that are *regenerated*; and although there is no con-

demnation for them that *believe and are baptized*," &c. (Even here, Baptism is implied to be necessary to regeneration.) But in the English Article of 1562, the word in the former clause, as well as in the latter, was "baptized," not "regenerated:" it was the same in the English Article of 1552. Yet, in all these six instances, the word in the Latin is uniformly "*renatis*," which is, as we have seen, in the English rendered literally "*regenerated*" but once, and *baptized* five times. Is it possible to resist the manifest inference, that the compilers of the Articles regarded "baptized" and "regenerated," as both implying the same thing?

'Yes: it is possible. "The defence of the Thirty-nine Articles" has altogether repudiated the Latin Articles, and has ventured to maintain "that the English Articles of 1571 are alone of any authority, for they are the translation offered by the Bishops to Parliament in that year, and confirmed by the statute which then passed." Now, without enquiring into the accuracy of this statement of the fact, I must yet question the soundness of the law which is here set forth. The Articles were passed, recorded and ratified, in 1562, in *Latin* only; and those being the Articles, of which the book presented to Parliament in 1571 (13th Elizabeth), and subscription to it commanded by the statute of that year, professed to be a translation, we are bound to understand the book so commanded, to be a faithful version of the *Latin* (unless we gratuitously ascribe to PARKER and JEWELL and the other Bishops of 1571, either ignorance or dishonesty beyond all example); and, therefore, in any case in which the meaning of the words of the English admits of doubt, we may, and ought, and every honest man most readily would, have recourse to the original. Even therefore if the matter rested here, the clergy would be bound to subscribe the Articles in the sense of the *Latin* of 1562. But let this pass. If any clergyman can bring himself to think that he may, without violating his personal faith, subscribe to the *English* words, knowingly fastening upon them some other sense than that of the original—(a plea which, for aught I know, might avail at the Old Bailey)—yet, in the present question, "What is the doctrine of the *Church*, as expressed in the Articles?" no such cavil can be listened to. Whatever may become of the matter of subscription—the full legal validity of the Canon of 1562, passed by Convocation, and ratified by the Queen, remains untouched. It was, is, and, until repealed by equal authority, will ever remain, the law of the Church, and the true meaning of the Articles must be judged of accordingly. But why does this writer go out of the way to decry the Latin Articles, and confine all authority to the English? *He gives no reason*; he states no instance in which there is the slightest difference of doctrine, resulting from the different language, of the two. We can therefore hardly doubt that he was aware of the argument, which might be drawn, as above, from the Latin, and which, as it is not equally striking in the English, considered by itself, he was desirous to shut out.'—*Charge, &c.* pp. 10—18.

Here we have a case in point: the meaning and intention of those who composed the Article is known—the words express that meaning adequately but generally. If they had foreseen that perverse men would ever arise to deny it, they would no doubt have been more particular; they were not so because there seemed no need. But men have arisen who deny the doctrine they taught; and these men, while they are able to twist from its true meaning the general language of the Article, are much burdened because the Catechism and Offices speak, as is natural in teaching the ignorant and applying the doctrine in

practice, not anything different from the Article, but the same truth more fully and particularly.

Mr. Goode ventures to say:—

‘ One great advantage, however, has already arisen out of the discussion produced by this clause. We are told that those who do not hold what is called the High-Church doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, wish the clause to pass, in order that, being thus left at liberty (such is the veracious representation adopted) to believe or disbelieve the statements of the Prayer Book, they may be safe from further molestation. *One consequence, then, inevitably follows from this view of the case, namely, that it is admitted by the advocates of this doctrine that it is not contained in the Thirty-nine Articles.* There is no possible escape from this conclusion. And consequently, any charge to the contrary effect from those who have announced this to be their judgment, is altogether inadmissible. The complaints of the Bishop of Exeter against the clause are perfectly suicidal.’—*Defence*, &c. P. 28.

As truly might it be said, that the Apostles’ Creed is admitted to be Arian, because Arian heretics have offered to subscribe it, and have taken exception to the Nicene and Athanasian confessions. The three express the same truth: that which is expressed generally and shortly in the one, is expressed in the others more fully and particularly; we value them, not because they really add anything to the doctrine which we know to be in the other, but because the sophistry of heretics find it at least more difficult to deny the meaning of the Nicene and the Athanasian than that of the Apostles’ Creed. The Catechism and the Offices are, to such as Mr. Goode, what the Arians found in the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds. He subscribes them indeed, and uses them as Whiston and Samuel Clarke used the Creeds, but they could not wince more under the words of the Creeds than Mr. Goode does under those which he is forced to use. In common consistency he must admit the Arianism of the Apostles’ Creed, before he again calls us to acknowledge that the Article on Baptism favours him.

In the same sense, then, in which the Apostles’ Creed may be called imperfect as a statement of the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity, in that sense we admit the Articles to be imperfect as regards several important doctrines. These are chiefly the two sacraments, the gift of ordination, the importance of private confession, the power of absolution left in the Church, and perhaps some others. Upon these points we admit that the Articles, though they advance nothing that is not true, are yet capable of being perverted, and accordingly have been perverted by disputers whose errors are explicitly and in plain terms contradictory to the express and full statement of the Catechism and Offices.

This is notoriously the case, and admitted by all impartial men, whatever their own opinions may be as to the truth or

falsehood of the doctrines which are thus expressed. Of all men—Churchmen, dissenters, and Roman Catholics, Englishmen and foreigners, who have ever read a Prayer-book—we never heard of any one individual who doubted that it plainly expresses what is commonly known as the High Church doctrine, upon the subjects which we have enumerated, except only those who, like Mr. Goode, are resolved to use the Prayer-book and deny the doctrines. That this state of things is uncomfortable cannot be denied; yet, knowing what we do of the power of self-deception even in good and able men, we should not have questioned that to them alone, of all men, their own views seemed consistent with the formularies which they are content to use, if they had not come forward with a proposal of alteration. But when they advance a request that no Bishop or Ecclesiastical court may henceforth have the right of inquiring whether their doctrines are consistent with those formularies, it is utterly impossible to resist the conclusion, that they feel their position to be untenable, and have a secret unacknowledged sense, that however they may reconcile their views with the formularies of the Church, no fair tribunal could fail to pronounce them utterly at variance.

And this it is which makes this proposal so discreditable. That men should dislike the formularies which they use, and to which they have repeatedly subscribed as the condition of their ecclesiastical position, is an unpleasing spectacle; but that, objecting to them, they should ask, not to be rid of them, but only that while they continue to use them, no authority shall have the power of finding fault with them for preaching and teaching doctrines utterly contradictory to them,—this seems hardly reconcileable with the commonest rules of Christian integrity. They demand to be allowed to use the prayers and the Catechism and the Offices, and yet to avow their conviction that the doctrines which they evidently contain are false and dangerous.

That the claim really and *bonâ fide* amounts to this, no fair reader of Mr. Goode's pamphlet, we think, can deny or doubt. He says indeed—

‘Am I, then, here advocating liberty being granted to the Ministers of the Church to give or withhold their assent to the Prayer-book as accordant with Holy Scripture? Far from it. The proposed clause does not touch in the slightest degree any subscription now required to the Prayer-book. The Prayer-book will remain in the possession of all the authority which can now *legally* be attributed to it.

‘By the 36th Canon, all Ministers will still be required at ordination, institution, &c., to testify by subscription their belief that the Prayer-book “containeth in it nothing contrary to the word of God, and that it may lawfully so be used.” Any man, therefore, who believes that any portion of the Prayer-book conveys unscriptural doctrine, will be bound at once to retire from a ministry which he can only lawfully exercise through the

instrumentality of a subscription to the contrary effect. And if he does not do so, and attempts to propagate his view of the unscriptural character of any portion of the Prayer-book, he will still be most justly amenable to the Ecclesiastical courts, as one who is violating his subscription and breaking faith with the Church.'—*Defence*, &c. Pp. 26, 27.

But it will be observed that he says here, not that a man may not deny the plain and undoubted meaning of the Prayer-book, but only that he must not say of the Prayer-book itself, that what it says is the sense in which he himself is pleased to interpret is contrary to Holy Scripture. He must not say, in so many words, 'the Prayer-book is contrary to Scripture,' but he may assert any doctrine he pleases; and, so that only it is not contradictory to the Articles, he cannot be reproved, however plain to all men may be the contradiction of the Prayer-book. That this is his real meaning, is plain from another passage, where he says—

'While the assent required to the Articles pledges their subscribers to certain definite doctrines, *so far as their plain meaning and literal and grammatical sense extend* (the precise dogmatical nature of their statements giving them a certain fixed meaning, to which the Clergy are bound), the subscription to the Prayer-book, (as a work of a different character,) purposely leaves it open, *SO FAR AS THE ARTICLES HAVE NOT DETERMINED ITS MEANING*, to different doctrinal interpretations, *saving only* that it must be held to contain, *according to that view which the conscience of every man directs him to take of its meaning*, nothing contrary to the word of God; the Thirty-nine Articles being esteemed a sufficient guard for orthodoxy. The system of our Church thus is, Uniformity of doctrine agreeable to the Articles, Uniformity of worship agreeable to the Prayer-book.'—*Defence*, &c. Pp. 25, 26.

For instance, a man may not assert that the Ordination service is contrary to Scripture; but he may teach and declare that the Holy Ghost is not given in Ordination, and that those who are ordained, receive no power of binding or loosing; although all men will agree, that the service states the opposite on both points. Again: he may not say that the Visitation service is contrary to Scripture; but he may say that Priests have no authority committed to them to absolve men from their sins, if his own conscience allows him to take that view of the Absolution contained in that service. In like manner he may treat the assertion of the preface to the Ordinal, which declares that, 'It is evident to all men diligently reading Holy Scripture' and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time, there have 'been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church: Bishops, 'Priests, and Deacons,' and 'that none might presume to execute any of them,' without 'imposition of hands,' &c.

It is plain, we say, that this, and nothing less, is the liberty really claimed: it is the liberty of using the Prayer-book, and

the while openly denying and abjuring the doctrines plainly and unequivocally contained in it. We insist upon this, because while it is painfully clear that this is his real meaning, Mr. Goode (we must say very disingenuously) strives to conceal the fact, by representing the question as if it were, whether a Bishop may put upon the words of the Prayer-book some meaning of his own, which they do not fairly bear, and may then require of the Clergy to adopt, not the real fair meaning of the formularies, but this new and puerile doctrine of his own. All men, we suppose, will feel that this would be a case which warranted, and indeed required, an appeal to higher ecclesiastical authority; at the same time, it is a case which we may safely say will never occur. But in truth, these insinuations, which recur in almost every passage, are but devices to draw the reader from the real question. Mr. Goode, indeed, talks of a 'Bishop requiring men to take precisely his view of the doctrine inculcated by each part of the Prayer-book.' He repeats this over and over again; but his real demand is, as we have seen, that the clerk may advance what doctrine he pleases, and if all other men on earth agree that it is diametrically opposite to the plain and undoubted meaning of the Church, he shall be at liberty to hold his own doctrine unreprieved, if he only abstains from declaring that the words of the Prayer-book, in the very sense in which he himself uses and understands them, are contrary to Holy Scripture—a statement which no sane man, of course, would think of making.

The real meaning and object, then, of the proposed innovation is this: that in future, Clergymen may avow doctrines openly contradictory of the formularies of the Church, so that they continue to use these formularies. And that Mr. Goode himself really contemplated this monstrous conclusion in all its deformity, is plain from another fact: he reasons at large with some ingenuity, that when the Clergy declare, as they are now by law required to do, 'I, A. B. do here declare my unfeigned assent and consent to all and every thing contained and prescribed in and by the book intituled the book of Common Prayer,' &c., this declaration does not at all mean, that the said A. B. believes the doctrines of the Prayer-book to be true, but only that he consents to use it.

And Mr. Goode ventures to contrast the liability of the statement of the Prayer-book to be interpreted in different ways, (p. 18,) with the 'plain certainty' of the Articles. We have, we trust, made it clear, that the real matter of complaint is, that upon certain subjects, the Prayer-book expresses that which is also the true and *bona fide* meaning of the Articles, with more of 'plain certainty' than he likes. Will he gravely

say, for instance, that the Twenty-third Article, on 'ministering in the congregation,' is more plain than the words of the Ordination service, or the Article on Baptism less ambiguous than the words of the Catechism?

The truth is, what is claimed is this: that whenever any Article will in any way admit of two senses, any Clergyman may receive it in whichever of the two he pleases. This in itself might seem reasonable; but they go on to demand, that if this sense is plainly contradictory to any words of the Prayer-book, however plain and unambiguous, he is to be at full liberty to declare, that these words mean no more than the interpretation which he has already put upon the Article. Thus, the plain meaning of one formulary may be denied, if it be possible to do so, without contradicting also the unquestionable meaning of the other.

It is also worthy of remark, that Mr. Goode wholly ignores the existence of the CATECHISM; a fact so remarkable, that we can but wonder at his venturing upon so bold a step, although the reasons are very obvious. His one argument to prove that the Articles are the sole dogmatic authority of our Church, turns upon this point: that they are a form doctrinal, while the Prayer-book is devotional. Of course he is open to the reply, that as far as regards the Catechism, at least, its very form is as much doctrinal as that of the Articles themselves. This objection could not well be met, and therefore the Catechism is never alluded to at all. We have little doubt it would have made a very prominent feature in his argument, if it had happened to contain nothing contrary to his views. In that case, we should, no doubt, have heard enough of the superior value of the Catechism, as a doctrinal document, as compared with the devotional offices. But, alas! it teaches, that each infant was 'made, in his baptism, a member of Christ, the child 'of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven,' 'called 'to this state of salvation;' and that, 'being by nature born in 'sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children 'of grace.' It teaches too, that, 'the body and blood of 'Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the 'faithful in the Lord's Supper.' Now, we do not expect that any who have the opportunity of inquiring, will find that the children of S. Antholin's, London, assuming that there is a school in the parish, are, according to the Prayer-book, which the rector has promised to use at least, though he thinks he never said anything about believing it, 'diligently and openly instructed and examined in this Catechism,' on 'Sundays and holidays, after the second lesson.' Still we can hardly conceive that the rector himself was ignorant of its existence; and knowing it, we think

common honesty required that he should not omit so very important a fact on the subject which he undertook to discuss.

We believe we have already fully stated the real reason of this desire to limit all doctrinal authority to the Articles. It is not simple love of the Articles, nor yet simple dislike of the Prayer-book and Catechism; but it was a device to get rid of the plain and unambiguous language of the services upon three or four special subjects. If these gentlemen had felt it prudent to speak out, we suspect they would have been content to leave the rest of the Prayer-book binding on the Clergy, if they could have inserted a clause, that no man shall be found guilty of false doctrine for teaching anything contrary to the doctrine of the Prayer-book upon the following points, viz. Baptism, the Holy Communion, Ordination, Private Confession, and Absolution. Unfortunately, however, this would have been a measure rather too bold to be ventured upon; and, by way of obtaining the desired end in a more circuitous manner, the clause which would limit all authoritative doctrine to the letter of the Articles was devised. Unfortunately, however, this clause goes farther than we really believe its authors would willingly have it. They would take it, indeed, as we have seen, in order to be rid of the doctrine of the Church upon the points already enumerated, but its farther effects they would not, we believe, desire, if they could have secured these without them. In that which follows, therefore, we are not intending so much to describe the wishes of Mr. Goode, of Lord Ashley, (who is understood to have been the intended mover of this clause in the House of Commons,) and of those who agree with them; it is not so much their wishes which we are now about to describe, as the effect of their measure. This, however, is very important, for the other doctrines which their clause would throw overboard must be regarded as the price which they were willing to pay, in hopes of being rid for ever of the present doctrines of the English Church upon the points already mentioned.

Let us observe its bearing upon Confirmation. The Bishop of Exeter has put this difficulty strongly in a well-known passage of his Charge (Pp. 43, 44.) Most low Churchmen approve of the practice, as a practice, though they divest it altogether of its true character: and a Clergyman who wrote against it a few years ago was suspended by the Ecclesiastical Court. How would Confirmation be affected by the proposed innovation? It is mentioned in the Articles, and therefore is one of the points on which they are conclusive under the proposed clause. The Article then says, that it and four others 'are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel, being such as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the Apostles,

‘partly are states of life allowed in the Scriptures,’ &c. Now it can hardly be needful for us to declare, that we are fully persuaded that those who drew up this Article never for one moment intended to denounce Confirmation; they did not mean to call it ‘a corrupt following of the Apostles,’ yet no fair man can deny that this is the most literal and obvious sense of their words. For it is most certainly no ‘state of life allowed in Scripture,’ and the words at first sight seem to mean (though they were not intended of course to express) that all the five were one or the other. It is plain, therefore, that under this clause if any Clergyman were to publish and preach that Confirmation is a corruption, and if, when the Bishop came to confirm in his parish, he should openly teach this, he could in no way be corrected and silenced, unless he chose to go and say that the words of the service, *as he* understood them, are contrary to Scripture.

We will mention another instance. We have generally spoken as if the contrast were drawn in the proposed clause between the authority of the Articles, on the one hand, and that of the Prayer-book on the other. This, of course, was really the intention of those who drew it up, and it was therefore important to see what are its true bearings upon the Prayer-book; but it is evident that the clause itself excludes, as tests of doctrine, all other authorities whatever, except the Articles, as rigidly as the Prayer-book itself. For instance, the consent of antiquity is of no more weight in these scales than the Church Catechism. This would not distress the framers of the clause. But its most remarkable bearing is upon the authority of the Holy Scripture. Nothing is henceforth to be false doctrine, on any point treated of in the Articles, which is not contrary to the Articles. Now, Scripture is treated of in the Articles, and therefore no doctrine concerning Scripture could henceforth be false if not contrary to them. Let us see what they say of Scripture. That ‘Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to ‘salvation; so that nothing may be required to be believed as an ‘article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation, ‘which is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby;’ ‘that the ‘name of holy Scripture expresses the canonical books of the Old ‘and New Testament;’ that ‘the Old Testament is not contrary ‘to the New; but that in both everlasting life is offered to mankind ‘by Christ,’ &c.; that ‘the moral law is binding on Christians, ‘the ceremonial and political are not;’ that ‘the three Creeds may ‘be proved by Scripture.’ Now this we believe to have been a very sufficient account of the matter when the Articles were framed, for no man then denied that Scripture was inspired, though they did dispute which were the canonical books;

neither did any school deny that in order to be saved it is needful to hold true doctrine, although they did dispute how the truth of doctrines should be proved. But observe how far these statements (if we were limited to them, which, blessed be God! we are not,) would meet the exigencies of the present day. The most extreme rationalists, Strauss, Paulus, and Bauer, never think of asserting that any doctrine may be enforced as necessary to salvation which is not in Scripture; far from it, they deny that any doctrine at all may be so enforced. (Bishop Hampden goes on to deny that there are in Scripture any doctrines at all.) All of them, therefore, will willingly and *ex animo* adopt these declarations. Moreover, they do not deny that the books we receive are canonical, *i. e.*, as the word implies, sanctioned by the Canons of the Church. Meanwhile they will admit that the Creeds may be framed from, or proved by Scripture, but they will deny the inspiration of Scripture, and, in fact, allow to it no greater sacredness than to every other ancient and wise book. To these heresies, then, which are those of the present day, the Articles say nothing at all; and, consequently, were the proposal now made once carried into law, they might be taught and preached without rebuke by every Clergyman of our Church at his own pleasure.

Such is the amount of Scripture doctrine on which Mr. Goode so warmly exclaims — ‘The great truths of Christianity are clearly and distinctly laid down in the Thirty-nine Articles. Let us be content with that standard!’ So great is the amount of doctrine which, though holding it himself, he will allow other men to deny without reproof, if he may be suffered in exchange to deny the plain and categorical statement of the Church upon Baptism, and a few other points!

Other instances might easily be mentioned, in which the Articles, from the change of times, and the ebb and flow of men’s opinions, and errors, and follies, would be at the present day a most imperfect safeguard of the faith of the Church, if they were to be taken alone. But after all this, there would be a lower deep beyond. When we had conceded to every man his full right to deny every truth, however sacred, which is not enumerated in them, it would still be a question: Who shall say what is the meaning of the Article? Here, for whatever reason, Mr. Goode is inconsistent. He says that no Clergyman has a right to reject the doctrines of the Prayer-book; but then he is himself the only judge whether he does reject them or not. If a Bishop ventures to examine whether he does accept the words of the Prayer-book in their true meaning, immediately he is ‘ruling the Church by a private standard of faith, instead of the Church’s own standard,’ requiring the

Clergy to 'receive his interpretation,' and the like. But when we come to the Articles, which the Clergy are also bound to believe, he says, 'Here, no doubt, a Bishop is bound to see that the doctrine maintained is what he believes to be that of the Articles, so far as their literal and grammatical sense extends; and for that end is permitted, by law, to subject an applicant for orders or for institution to an examination.'—P. 11. Strange, that he should not perceive that his objection is to the principle of a Bishop examining the soundness of a candidate's faith at all, not to the particular standard by which he is to try it. For if the examination be really for the purpose of enforcing the private opinions of the Bishop unauthorized by the Church, then may he deduce these private opinions from the Articles or the Creeds, as well as from the Offices or the Scripture.

We believe the truth to be, that Mr. Goode and his friends, convinced that the interpretation formerly put upon the Articles by Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward was one which they will not really bear, is anxious that the Bishop should have the power of examining and rejecting any candidate less Protestant than they believe to be required by the Articles; while, on the other hand, they feel that an examination which should try whether they themselves believe the doctrinal statements of the Prayer-book in their natural sense, would be highly inconvenient; and, therefore, upon this subject, the subscriber is henceforth to be checked by his own conscience (well or ill formed and informed) '*according to that view which the conscience of every man directs him to take of its meaning,*' [sic] p. 26, and by nothing more. It is plain, however, that impartial men will agree to nothing of this sort. If the Bishop may properly examine a clerk who subscribes the Articles, to see whether he subscribes them in a natural or non-natural sense, assuredly he may also examine whether he who declares his assent and consent to all that is contained in the Book of Common Prayer, assents to that in a natural or non-natural sense. The common fairness of Englishmen will rebel, if it is proposed to subject the one to a scrutiny from which the other is to be exempt.

Neither would Mr. Goode's proposal suit his own convenience and that of his friends. If examination is allowed on the Articles, then certainly on the Creeds, which are part of them. What prevents a Bishop from examining any candidate upon the sense in which he uses the words, 'I believe in one Baptism for the remission of sins?' or, again, 'the holy Catholic Church?'

We say, then, Mr. Goode and Lord Ashley would find their own measure, if it were carried, to be but a half measure, too much and too little,—enough to destroy the faith of the Church, but too little to secure the individual. There is a lower depth beyond, as before said, and we should soon sink to it. Either we

must admit the power of the living acting rulers of the Church to try the soundness of the candidate's faith, by personal intercourse and examination, whenever they see reason to require it; or else you must limit the trial of faith to the mere subscription of a document by each candidate, on his own sole responsibility, and in such sense as shall satisfy his own conscience. It will be remembered that in the Hampden case this was gravely maintained on the part of the Crown. It was said the Church had full security of the soundness of faith of every nominee, because at his consecration he must answer, according to the form in the Consecration service, the questions of the Archbishop. To this state Mr. Goode's plan would of necessity reduce us, as to Ordination and institutions; and the real government and administration of the Church would be, not in a living man, himself sanctified by the indwelling of the Blessed Spirit, as our Lord and Master left it, but in a dead, dry system,—a mere corpse, cold, stiff, inflexible, incapable of accommodation to the changing circumstances of God's earth and of His Church.

Neither would the matter end even here; for when once it was publicly settled and provided that Clergymen might disbelieve and deny the most solemn doctrinal statements of the Prayer-book, it would be impossible long to continue in force the law which requires them to use it. Common sense and common honesty—to say nothing of piety and reverence—would reject so revolting a farce, so impious a desecration of the Divine worship. If, then, this first step be conceded, and men are allowed to disbelieve all except the Articles, we may be sure that the use of the Prayer-book cannot long be maintained.

To sum up, in one word. We are well assured, that the present proposal, if the Church allows it to take effect, will imply a denial of her most sacred principles,—will separate her from the primitive ages, the holy fathers and apostles,—will consecrate the principle that laymen, not even baptized, much less in communion with the Church, shall henceforth have power to mould and alter her doctrines at their discretion; finally, that it is proposed by men who do in truth object to some of the doctrinal contents of the Prayer-book, and wish to be free from them, but who, in order to secure this object, will in truth cut off from us not the Prayer-book merely, but also almost the whole of Holy Scripture, and of the faith once committed to the saints, while it is greeted by politicians as a favourable opportunity of subjecting the Church wholly, even in things the most sacred, to the power of the Government.

May He who has so often delivered His Church among us from the most imminent perils be with her now, and save her alike from the assaults of enemies and from the errors of misguided

and ignorant friends. But we must, meanwhile, up and be doing. For the present, the rulers of the Church have deferred the attempt to alter her doctrine by the sole authority of Parliament, by postponing, to another year, the farther progress of the Bill which they had introduced for the better conduct of proceedings against criminous clerks, in which it had been intended to propose it. But that the danger is not passed, and that all Churchmen ought to be alive to it, and at their posts to withstand it, is, we think, but too manifest from the following document, which we extract from the June number of the *Christian Observer*, a journal, as we find from a correspondent in the *Morning Herald*, edited by Mr. Goode himself:—

‘ *Form of Petition to the Houses of Parliament, on the subject of the Proviso proposed to be added to Clause iii. of the ‘ Clergy Offences Bill.’*

‘ To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, [or, To the Hon. the Commons] of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled,—

‘ The humble Petition of the undersigned Clergy of the Church of England :

‘ Sheweth,—That your Petitioners have been informed, that a Bill, entitled “ The Clergy Offences Bill,” is now before your Right Honourable [or, Hon.] House, in which it is proposed that a New Court of Appeal should be constituted for the trial of charges of heresy, false doctrine, blasphemy or schism.

‘ That your Petitioners, not knowing the precise form which the Bill has now assumed in other respects, refrain for the present from expressing any opinion on other provisions said to be contained in it; but they are desirous of humbly representing to your Right Honourable [or Hon.] House their sense of the great importance of adding to that Bill a declaratory Clause, which shall have the effect of formally recognising the Thirty-nine Articles, as, with regard to all points treated of in them, the standard of doctrine and test of orthodoxy in those called to minister in the United Church of England and Ireland; and shall declare, That nothing shall be adjudged, by any Bishop or in any Court of England and Ireland, to be false or unsound doctrine, on any subject treated of in the Articles of Religion agreed upon in the Convocation holden at London in the year 1562, commonly called the Thirty-nine Articles, that is not opposed to the doctrine of the Church of England as there laid down; the Articles being understood, according to the direction of the Royal Declaration prefixed to them, in their plain and full meaning and literal and grammatical sense.

‘ That your Petitioners humbly conceive, that the very title under which the said Articles were set forth, as intended “ for the avoiding of diversities of opinions, and for the establishing of consent touching true religion,” as well as the Royal Declaration prefixed to them in the reign of his Majesty Charles I., pointing them out as containing “ the true doctrine of the Church of England,” and “ prohibiting the least difference ” from them, and directing them to be interpreted in their “ plain and full meaning ” and “ literal and grammatical sense,” show that they were intended to be the standard and test of doctrine in the Church of England in all points treated of in them.

‘ That by divers canons of the Clergy in their Convocation, passed at various times, when parties applying for ordination or institution are examined by the Bishop, they are required to give him an account of their faith agreeable to the *Thirty-nine Articles*.

‘That by the 13th Elizabeth, c. 12, which is the present Statute law of the land, entitled “An Act for the Ministers of the Church to be of sound religion,” it was enacted, that the test of “pastors” being of sound religion” should be the agreement of their doctrine with that of the Thirty-nine Articles; of which Act it was declared in a decision of all the judges in the 23d year of the reign of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, that it was “made for avoiding a diversity of opinions,” and that the prevention of such diversity “was the scope of the statute;” and that consequently such a Provision as they humbly pray your Right Honourable [or, Hon.] House to insert in the Bill before mentioned would not introduce any new test of heresy or false doctrine, or be in any respect an alteration of the Law, but only a more distinct recognition and establishment of the Church’s own standard of faith in the Thirty-nine Articles, such as would ensure to the said Articles upon all occasions their due place and authority.

‘That while your Petitioners most willingly and heartily assent to the Book of Common Prayer, not merely as containing nothing contrary to the word of God, but as having the highest claims upon their love and respect, they hold that it would be most dangerous to the welfare of the Church to allow dogmatical inferences deduced from it to be erected into a standard of faith controlling the Church’s own standard as given in the Thirty-nine Articles; and they humbly pray your Right Honourable [or, Hon.] House to take effectual means to prevent the peace of the Church from being disturbed, and its ministers harassed, by attempts to set up any unauthorized standard of faith as the test of orthodoxy.

‘That your Petitioners, deeply impressed with the importance and necessity, under the present circumstances of the Church of England, of some such declaratory enactment being made as that proposed in this Petition, humbly pray your Right Honourable [or, Hon.] House, that even should the ‘Clergy Offences Bill’ be withdrawn, or not passed through Parliament, some Act be agreed to by your Right Honourable [or, Hon.] House, embodying the Provision which your Petitioners have above prayed to be added to that Bill: And they humbly entreat your Right Hon. [or, Hon.] House to take it into your early and serious consideration, whether a *Separate Act* might not afford the most suitable means of dealing with a subject of so much importance to the peace and welfare of the Church.

‘And your Petitioners will ever pray, &c.’

The following gentlemen have already undertaken to receive the names of those who are desirous of signing the Petition :—

<i>Brecknockshire</i>	Rev. D. PARRY, Llywel, Brecon.
<i>Bucks.</i>	Rev. J. B. MARSDEN, Great Missenden. Rev. W. R. FREMANTLE, Claydon.
<i>Cambridgeshire</i>	The Rev. Professor SCHOLEFIELD, Cambridge.
<i>Carmarthenshire</i>	The Ven. Archdeacon BEVAN, Carmarthen.
<i>Carnarvonshire</i>	The Very Rev. the Dean of Bangor. Rev. T. THOMAS, Carnarvon.
<i>Cornwall</i>	Rev. J. TODD, Liskeard. Rev. C. GIBSON, St. Clement’s, Truro.
<i>Cheshire</i>	Rev. A. KNOX, Birkenhead.
<i>Cumberland</i>	Rev. J. DALTON, Whitehaven. Rev. P. VON ESSEN, Harrington, near Workington. Rev. J. FAWCETT, Carlisle.
<i>Derbyshire</i>	The Ven. Archdeacon HILL, Chesterfield.
<i>Devonshire</i>	Rev. J. HATCHARD, Plymouth. Rev. J. W. BURROUGH, Totnes.
<i>Dorsetshire</i>	Rev. I. R. CAPEL, Wareham. Rev. R. O. WILSON, Poole. Rev. H. WALTER, Hasilbury Brian.

<i>Durham</i>	The Rev. Prebendary G. S. FABER, Sherburn Hospital, near Durham.
<i>Essex</i>	Rev. S. CARR, Colchester.
<i>Flintshire</i>	Rev. H. JONES, Holywell.
<i>Glamorganshire</i> .	Rev. E. JENKINS, Dowlais, Merthyr Tydvil. Rev. R. PRICHARD, Llandaff.
<i>Gloucestershire</i> .	The Rev. Canon J. HALL, Bristol. Rev. J. HENSMAN, Clifton. Rev. F. CLOSE, Cheltenham.
<i>Herts</i>	Rev. J. WHITING, Royston. Rev. E. BICKERSTETH, Watton.
<i>Huntingdonshire</i>	Rev. F. BOURDILLON, Huntingdon.
<i>Kent</i>	Rev. C. PLUMPTRE, Wickhambreux. Rev. T. HARDING, Bexley. Rev. T. BARTLETT, Kingston. The Rev. Prebendary E. G. MARSH, Aylesford, Maidstone.
<i>Lancashire</i> . . .	Rev. J. TURNER, Lancaster. Rev. J. O PARR, Preston. Rev. J. HULL, Poulton le Fylde, near Preston.
<i>Lincolnshire</i> . .	The Rev. Canon C. S. BIRD, Gainsborough. Rev. W. M. PIERCE, West Ashby, near Horncastle.
<i>Middlesex</i>	The Rev. Canon T. HARTWELL HORNE, Rector of St. Edmund, Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, London. Rev. W. GOODE, Rector of St. Antholin, 31, Charterhouse Square, London. Rev. E. AURIOL, Rector of St. Dunstan, 8, Guildford Street, London. Rev. C. SMALLEY, junior, Bayswater, London.
<i>Monmouthshire</i> .	The Worshipful Chancellor HUGH WILLIAMS, Bassaleg, near Newport.
<i>Norfolk</i>	The Rev. Canon J. COTTERILL, Blakeney. Rev. P. C. LAW, North Repps, Cromer.
<i>Nottingham</i> . . .	Rev. J. W. BROOKS, Nottingham.
<i>Oxon</i>	Rev. H. D. HARRINGTON, South Newington, near Banbury.
<i>Rutlandshire</i> . .	The Hon. and Rev. LELAND NOEL, Exton.
<i>Shropshire</i>	The Hon. and Rev. Canon O. W. FORESTER, Broseley. The Rev. Canon R. B. HONE, Hales Owen.
<i>Somersetshire</i> . .	The Ven. Archdeacon LAW, Wells.
<i>Suffolk</i>	The Rev. Canon F. CUNNINGHAM, Lowestoff. Rev. C. BRIDGES, Old Newton.
<i>Sussex</i>	Rev. H. V. ELLIOTT, Brighton. Rev. T. VORES, Hastings. Rev. G. BLISS, Funtington, near Chichester.
<i>Warwickshire</i> . .	Rev. J. C. MILLER, Birmingham.
<i>Wills</i>	Rev. E. W. ESTCOURT, Long Newton.
<i>Worcestershire</i> . .	The Rev. Canon C. BENSON, Worcester (late Master of the Temple.)
<i>Yorkshire</i>	Rev. R. MOSLEY, Rotherham. Rev. J. KING, Hull. Rev. J. BIRTWHISTLE, Beverley.

‘The names of the Clergy in their neighbourhood will be received by all the above-named persons; or names may be sent to the London Clergy above mentioned from any part of the country.’

The diligent and active canvassing which this machinery for establishing centres of action in every county set to work, resulted in securing something more than 1,700 signatures to the petition, which was presented shortly before the prorogation of Parliament. That it was not more numerously signed, caused surprise in some quarters, considering its alleged object, *viz.*

the utter suppression and extirpation by parliamentary enactment of that formidable movement in the Church—that dreaded ‘Tractarianism’—which has excited so much of the common, so-called Protestant, dread and malignity. Seventeen hundred names after three months’ canvassing against the Prayer-Book; and seventeen hundred signatures (see *Christian Remembrancer*, vol. xv. p. 484), after a few days’ circulation, to the Protest against Dr. Hampden’s consecration. On either side, then, the most determined, both for, and against, the Church’s inherent spiritual life,—for it comes to this,—are about equal. While it is a melancholy reflection that seventeen hundred clergymen should be found, (if only seventeen hundred,) thus pledged, however ignorantly, it becomes something more than an interesting speculation how best to influence the 10,000 who are as yet not committed. That the subject only hibernates, the next session of Parliament will doubtless show; though in the mean time the case of Mr. Gorham is advancing, in those steps, regular though not over-speedy, in which the tardigrade ‘suit ecclesiastical’ moves. Mr. Gorham is prosecuting *duplex querela* in the Court of Arches, and the Bishop of Exeter, we believe, is now specifying to the Court the particulars on which he charges Mr. Gorham with unsoundness of doctrine. Mr. Gorham has published his Examination Papers, with copious illustrations, and, let us add, mystifications. If, on the one hand, it is felt that the Bishop might have simplified his grounds by not prolonging the examination after the first, or at the furthest the second, day, it is quite certain that Mr. Gorham has overloaded his points with verbiage. For the Bishop of Exeter may reasonably be urged a desire, sincere, we are assured, to get Mr. Gorham to adopt a *sufficient* view to allow him to pass: while on the opposite side, the desire to make a book, and to increase the pathos of his tale of misery by adding to its length, is obvious.

The importance of this question it would be difficult to magnify; we do not know that on either side the case could be more fully, or indeed, more ably stated. If it be ruled that the Church of England does not hold *this* doctrine, it certainly can hold none: anybody may henceforth hold anything. That a person, when regenerated by baptism, is regenerated, not by baptism but, by a prevenient act of grace, (Answers 19 & 74): that the filial condition is given *before* baptism in all worthy recipients, (Answer 40): that the new nature may be given without baptism (Answer 27); this may be set down as the substance of Mr. Gorham’s 230 pages. We cannot doubt—for we are not of those who willingly speculate on judicial prejudice, a case which has yet only occurred once, and that in a civil court—what the result will be, when the plain facts are brought before a legal mind.

The connexion of Mr. Gorham's case with Mr. Goode's movement for the New Heresy Test, it were superfluous to indicate. They stand or fall together. The Bishop of Exeter's vigorous movement against Mr. Gorham raised the whole phalanx; and Mr. Goode is always the *cheval de bataille*: under similar circumstances, he got up the Stone Altar case. This gentleman is also editor of the chief organ of the Low Church party: he is active, and he can write and has read—qualifications not without their value among such names, not distinguished for literary eminence, as compose the Committee of Public Safety, whose names guarantee the petition which we have cited above. Mr. Goode's 'Defence,' his petition and committee, his 'Vindication in reply to the Bishop of Exeter's Charge,' which has just reached us, and in which he promises another lengthy pamphlet; all are intended to converge on the Gorham case, which will be argued next term in Doctors' Commons. Mr. Goode seems to believe that his especial mission is to aggrandize the xxxix Articles. For this he laboured and wrote in the Oakley case; for this he battled and wrote, and wrote and battled, in the Stone Altar case; for this he put forth those weighty tomes 'The Divine Rule of Faith;' for this it is understood that he accepted the honour—always a thankless and ungracious one—of helping his party by undertaking the editorship of their theological organ: to this one object, honestly, we can believe, Mr. Goode dedicates health and leisure and personal tastes. And until we had seen this 'Vindication' we had certainly not desired a fairer or more honourable antagonist, than we, perhaps partially, were disposed to see in Mr. Goode. But our estimate must change.

We might have tried to make some allowances for a person in Mr. Goode's position, since as time advances it becomes clear that there are certain indications that this Heresy Test is *not* popular, even in quarters where its promoters looked for cordial support. The Bishop of Worcester, with a noble disdain of prudence, affects to disbelieve that the clause ever had, or was meant to have, existence; and pronounces that, somehow or other,—for the steps by which his Lordship arrives at a conclusion are not exactly easy to accompany—'it seems impossible in the face of the Articles . . . Catechism . . . and services for Baptism and Confirmation, to deny that 'the doctrine of baptismal regeneration is distinctly the doctrine 'of our Church.' (Charge, p. 9.) Then, again, the *Morning Herald* has not only distinctly and emphatically condemned Mr. Goode and his New Test, in two articles of Sept. 12 and 26, but has actually pronounced the Bishop of Exeter's Charge decisive, and significantly treated very lightly a letter which Mr. Goode himself—so urgent was the difficulty felt to be—inserted in that journal of Sept. 19. At the present moment, indeed,

it seems that Mr. Goode is left entirely to depend on the very lowest *clique* of his party. This ominous state of things will account for, though it can barely justify, Mr. Goode for losing his temper.

He actually speaks, p. 54, of the Bishop of Exeter's 'temerity;' his 'indelible disgrace;' his 'deplorable ignorance;' his 'abuse;' his 'puerilities,' 'intemperate haste,' 'vituperative arrogance, and brow-beating;' his 'tirade;' and characterises him as 'the unhappy writer.' Merely to cite these expressions of Mr. Goode about the Bishop of Exeter is sufficient.

A single observation, however, though we have received Mr. Goode's 'Vindication' at the very last moment, we will venture upon. It is upon the only point which will weigh with any readers. Mr. Goode triumphs, perhaps too soon, on the Bishop of Exeter's deplorable ignorance of the writings of the Reformers, because his Lordship—in a passage which, as we have already observed, (p. 473, note,) was withdrawn long before Mr. Goode's 'Vindication' was published—happened to think better of the theology of Zurich and Heidelberg than it deserved. Be it so: the credit of superior knowledge of the writings of Calvin we are fully willing to yield to Mr. Goode; but there is one kind of literature in which we think that the Bishop of Exeter is somewhat Mr. Goode's superior—and that is theology: a somewhat different thing from the books of Mr. (or Dr.) Bennet, or even of Henry Bullinger. Mr. Goode wishes to persuade himself, that the Bishop and those who think with him must be inconsistent, because it is, he argues, impossible that the Service for the Baptism of Adults can be construed in any other way than in the language of charity, which he thinks that the Bishop admits, and, therefore, that the Service for Infant Baptism *may* be so construed. The case contemplated is, of course, that of an adult who comes to Baptism in sin or hypocrisy. Such an one cannot be actually spoken of as 'regenerate,' and 'grafted into the body of Christ,' and as 'having his sins forgiven, &c.' except upon the hypothesis of charity: so it is argued. But be it remembered, that in whatever state such a person comes to Baptism, his Baptism, being good, valid, and sufficient, is never repeated. His hypocrisy has prevented, instantaneously upon his receiving it, the grace of Baptism from being other than a savour of death unto death; but, if such an one were earnestly to repent, that baptismal grace, once given, and once for all, would be revived, the bar of sin being removed, and that one 'Baptism for the remission of sins,' never to be reiterated, would become in him a savour of life unto life; hiding even that great sin, the reception of Baptism in hypocrisy and fiction.

It is quite conceivable, therefore, how, not only in the language of charity, but of fact, of even an impenitent adult coming to Baptism, it may with truth be said, as the Church of England says, that he is 'born again,' and 'grafted into the body of Christ's Church,' that he is 'regenerate;' and even though such regeneration and salvation are given only conceptionally, and though the presence of sin closes instantly round the baptismal seed and renders it unfruitful, and prevents his sins being actually forgiven, still he has then and there, though in hypocrisy, received the gift of what, should he ever at any time truly repent of his present hypocrisy and past sins, will be to him, when thus truly penitent, the presence of life and salvation. Baptism, if given by a heretic, is never to be repeated, because its grace is seminal, and rendered active by subsequent reconciliation to the Church; and Baptism, if given to an impenitent sinner, is never to be repeated, because its grace is seminal, and may be rendered active by subsequent repentance, as S. Augustine teaches in a passage of such importance that it is incorporated into the Canon Law. (Decret. Tert. Pars, De Consecr. Dist. iv. De Baptism. cap. 32. *Ostenditur illos.*) 'Si ad baptismum fictus accessit, dimissa sunt ei peccata, an non sunt dimissa? Eligant quod volunt: utrumlibet elegerint, sufficit nobis. Si dimissa dixerint; quomodo ergo Spiritus Sanctus disciplinæ effugiet fictum, si in isto ficto remissionem operatus est peccatorum? Si dixerint non esse dimissa; quæro, si postea fictionem suam corde concusso et vero dolore fateretur, an denuo baptizandus judicaretur? Quod si dementissimum est dicere; *fateantur vero baptismo Christi baptizari posse hominem, et tamen cor ejus in malitia, vel sacrilegio, perseverans peccatorum abolitionem non sinere fieri*: atque ita intelligant in communibus ab ecclesia separatis posse homines baptizari; ubi Christi baptismus eadem Sacramenti celebratione datur et sumitur: qui tamen tunc prosit ad remissionem peccatorum, cum quis reconciliatus unitati, sacrilegio dissensionis exuitur quo ejus peccata tenebantur, et dimitti non sinebantur.'—S. Augustin. lib. i. contra Donatistas, cap. 12. Op., tom. ix. col. 89.—So the Master of the Sentences. *De Fictis accedentibus.* 'Qui sine fide vel fecte accedunt, sacramentum, non rem suscipiunt. . . . Videtur tamen Augustinus [contra Donatistas, ubi sup.] dicere quod etiam fecte accedenti, in ipso momento quo baptizatur, omnia condonentur peccata, et post baptismum mox redeant, &c. [ubi sup.]. . . . Hoc autem non sub assertionem dixit: quod ostenditur ex eo quod ait, Si ad baptismum fictus accedit, &c. [ubi sup.]. . . . Idem enim Augustinus ait, Tunc valere incipit ad salutem baptismus, cum illa fictio veraci confessione recesserit: quæ, corde in malitia perseverante, peccatorum ablutionem non sinebat fieri. Non ergo fecte accedenti peccata

'dimittuntur.' Pet. Lombard. Sentent. IV. Distinct. iv. Quæst. 2. 'Art. 1.—And so of course S. Thomas Aquinas. 'Baptismus est quædam spiritualis regeneratio. Cum autem aliquid generatur, simul cum forma recipit effectum formæ, nisi sit aliquid impediens, quo remoto forma rei generatæ perficit suum effectum. . . . quando aliquis baptizatur accipit characterem quasi formam, et consequitur proprium effectum qui est gratia remittens omnia peccata. Impeditur autem quandoque per fictionem: unde oportet quod remota ea per pœnitentiam, baptismus statim consequatur suum effectum. *Ad primum* dicendum, quod sacramentum baptismi est opus Dei, et non hominis. Et ideo non est mortuum in ficto qui sine charitate baptizatur. *Ad secundum* dicendum, quod fictio non removetur per baptismum, sed per pœnitentiam subsequentem: quare remota, baptismus aufert culpam et reatum omnium peccatorum præcedentium baptismum, et simul existentium cum baptismo.'—Summ. Tert. Pars, Quæst. lxxix. Artic. 10, in conclus. It is by no means therefore unimportant that those words of the Office for Infant Baptism, 'he being dead unto sin and living unto righteousness, and being buried with Christ. . . . and made partaker of His resurrection'—phraseology which can only be received on the full admission that all the person's sins are remitted—are in the Office for Adults paralleled by the much more restricted phrase, 'born again and made an heir of everlasting salvation.' The question is precisely one which shows that the language of our forms can only be understood by reference—not to the Reformers, but—to the theology of the schools: a department of divinity in which Mr. Goode is as ill-read as some of his opponents are content and desirous to remain in Mr. Goode's foreign Protestants. In neither case, neither in the Office for Infant, nor in that for Adult, Baptism, does the Church speak hypothetically.

With respect to the signatures to the Petition at p. 488, we have heard much in the newspapers of the 'Dignitaries, Deans, and Archdeacons,' &c. whose names are attached to it. Some natural curiosity on this head we could not but entertain: and we speak on the authority of one who has paid some attention to the subject when we declare that the list, if published, would not be very overpowering, either as to the rank or any other eminence of those whose names it embraces. That the canvassing was severe and minute was to be expected: Mona and the Channel Islands have been diligently swept; Brighton and Cheltenham, Hastings and Bath, towns already remarkable for the idleness and consequent theological acumen of their resi-

dents, and for the peculiar character of their clergy, maintain that reputation which they have long enjoyed. Wales, of which the Clergy also enjoy a certain reputation both for learning and the consequent value of their judgment, adds a quota far beyond its proportion in population. It is significant that the Welsh signatures are nearly one-twelfth of the whole. Norwich is the diocese which seems to have contributed most largely; and it is satisfactory to think that the party must have been pretty nearly polled out, since we believe that at least in another diocese almost every clergyman of Calvinistic views has subscribed. All this proves the activity of the solicitations. Abating then a percentage of those few who probably have signed the petition, not altogether symbolizing with the movers, but who were early caught by the clever pretence of the dogmatical character of the xxxix. Articles, as well as for those whose names, probably *honoris causa*, appear twice, as in the case, amongst others, of Messrs. Venn, Hayward Cox, Faber and Bricknell, the list is remarkable rather for what it does not contain, than for what it does. The Deans are those of Bangor, Bristol, and Llandaff. The Archdeacons, those of Carmarthen, Sodor and Man, Derby, Stafford, Wells, Raphoe, and Chester. The Canons are Messrs. Villiers and Dale, of S. Paul's; Benson, of Worcester; Lee, of Bristol. Of Heads of Houses, the list contains not a single name, while of resident academics there is only the Vice-Principal of S. Edmund's Hall, balanced by the *late* Vice-Principal of S. Mary's Hall. Professor Scholefield singly represents the Faculty of Arts, while Canon Law appears under the more imposing list of the Chancellors of Llandaff (Williams), and of S. Paul's (Soames). The 'Ministers' of 'German Churches' (?) at Hull and Liverpool have been diligently impressed. Mr. Goode modestly heads the list, and upwards of a hundred signatures, transmitted through him, attest the vigour of his exertions, and the personal character of the whole movement. Besides those already mentioned, the only names which are in the least degree known are, among the London Clergy, Messrs. Burgess, Champneys, Kingsley, Auriol, Baring, Hartwell Horne, Stone, Dr. Vivian, Messrs. Harding, Short, and Hall; while the theological stars of the greatest magnitude seem to be Messrs. Jordan, Close, McNeile, Daniel Wilson, Hugh Stowell, Capel Molyneux, Dr. Holloway, Messrs. Falkner, Beamish, C. I. Yorke, Bickersteth, Cunningham, and Leland Noel. Mr. Baptist Noel does *not* sign. No other name in the slightest degree familiar to the world appears, among the whole seventeen hundred:—seventeen hundred indeed they are not; for the names actually attached to the Petition as presented are 1630.

NOTICES.

‘EXTREMES meet’—‘Scepticism is the mother of credulity,’ &c.: the proverbs are none of the freshest, but we have lately met with so forcible an illustration of their truth, that they may well stand, in all their vapidness, for a motto, to introduce to our readers the ‘Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind: by and through Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer and Clairvoyant,’ (Chapman). The present is a stereotype edition, the plates having been imported from that Egypt of this later world, fruitful

‘With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused,
Fanatic,’

New-England. From the soil where our ‘pilgrim fathers’ sowed the wind, we may well expect to reap the whirlwind. And what a whirlwind! The present work purports to be about something more than the *omne scibile*: it comes forward in the distinct shape of a direct ‘New Revelation.’ It conveys—we prefer to use the phrases provided for us—‘from existences in the spiritual world, impressions’ (Pref. p. 29) revealing the exact truth on ‘the subjects of cosmogony, astronomy, geology, etherology, archæology, mythology, theology, psychology, history, metaphysics, &c. &c. &c.’ (Intro. p. xvi.) The ‘inhabitants of the spirit-world—the associated spirits and angels of the second sphere’ (p. xvii.) from whom all this knowledge is derived, have selected as the medium of their communications one Andrew Jackson Davis, a youth of twenty-one, who, after being employed successively ‘in the capacity of a keeper of cattle,’ ‘working with his father at his trade, the respectable occupation of a shoemaker,’ (p. vii.), and subsequently ‘in the grocery of Mr. Lawrence,’ with ‘only five months’ schooling’ (p. ix.) his ‘education barely amounting to reading, writing, and the rudiments of arithmetic’ (ibid.) ‘happened into the tailor-shop of Mr. Levingston at Poughkeepsie, in the state of New York, in December, 1843,’ which Mr. Levingston had ‘discovered in himself considerable powers in producing the magnetic phenomenon;’ and, as a mere trial, proposed to ‘magnetize young Davis,’ who forthwith ‘exhibited powers of clairvoyance trully surprising,’ (p. x.) ‘From that time he was frequently thrown into the abnormal state;’ until, in March 1844, ‘phenomena occurred to him of the most surprising character, and he received information as to his future and peculiar mission to the world.’ (p. xi.) While in the magnetic state, according to the statement of witnesses duly authenticated, Davis dictated ‘one hundred and fifty-seven lectures,’ comprising the present work. During the magnetic sleep, ‘his perceptions, conceptions, and reasoning powers are immeasurably expanded;’ ‘he is elevated above all the narrow local and sectarian prejudices which pervade the earth;’ while in the normal state he is represented as being much the same

ignorant, uneducated Davis as before. We certainly cannot charge the 'inhabitants of the spirit-world' with an Epicurean indifference to the controversies of this lower sphere: they seem very well read in Swedenborgianism for religion, and Fourierism, and the writings of Owen, for the social state, while they are quite at home with the positive philosophy of Comte, and the speculations on development by Oken, and the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' on physics and natural science. The new Revelation is nothing more than an audacious attempt to construct, on alleged supernatural authority, a system which embodies most of the modern doctrines of progress, and criticism, as they affect to be called: interspersed with some wonderful 'intimations' concerning 'the structure, geography, atmosphere, and vegetable and animal life, including the analogue of man, of several of the planets;' in which we are told how 'the inhabitants of Jupiter, having an expansive and sweeping intellect . . . inhabit edifices lined with a bluish bark . . . their constitutions being composed of light and changing particles they do not die, but sink into repose by an expansion of their interiors' (pp. 190, 191); while in Saturn we find that one animal is just as much below the *homo* of Earth, which of course is only a developed ourang-outang, as another, 'the most perfect specimen of animal organization, of which the surface is almost transparent,' the 'mind telescopic,' and 'who reasons inductively' (p. 145), in powers of reasoning exceeds our own poor, rudimental, Caucasian variety of the Tellurian biped. It is consoling, however, to think, that to this Saturnian *homo*, under the auspices of the New Moral World, with the aid of phonography and photography, the electric telegraph, and M. Geoffroy S. Hilaire, some of ourselves, or at least Miss Martineau and the editors of the Prospective Review, are sweeping onwards. We are also favoured with notices of the flora and fauna of the several planets, in which 'revelations' we discover traces of that daring pair, chronicled in Don Quixote, who voyaged 'to the fiery region lying between the sphere of the moon and the uppermost region of the sun,' and whose trans- and ultra-mundane exploits take off the edge of Mr. Davis's novelty. 'I neither lie nor dream,' answered Sancho; only ask me the marks of the same seven she-goats' (*vulgo*, the Pleiades), 'and by them you may guess whether I speak the truth or no. . . . Two of them are green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley-coloured.' 'A new kind of goats are these,' said the Duke; 'in our region of the earth we have none of such colours.' 'The reason is plain,' quoth Sancho; 'your highness will allow, that there must be some difference between the celestial goats and those of this lower world!'—Therefore, as we have neither flown by the aid of Clavilenon, nor the mesmeric manipulator, we, like Cervantes, do not 'choose to question either Sancho [or the Seer] any more concerning his journey, perceiving him to be in the humour to ramble all over the heavens, and tell us all that is passing there, without having stirred a foot from the place where he mounted.' How far Davis is dupe or duped, we care not to inquire: a clever writer, Mr. Sandby, in a work which has come before us, 'Mesmerism and its Opponents,' (Longman,) with a very reasonable apprehension of the consequences to the science of which he is a devoted partisan, thinks that while there may have been 'some cramming in the matter,' 'the very peculiar exaltation of the faculties in an unusually intense and elevated state, accompanied by a transference of thought of no common force from

those *en rapport*, may solve the problem ;' in other words that Davis, when under the magnetic influence of a Swedenborgian, discloses the blasphemies of that wild heresy ; while under the receptivity of a Kantian, he discovers the Teutonic mysteries of the inner man ; and in obedience to the Rationalist or Communist, he pours out the criticism of Strauss, or the theories of Fourier. This may be so : Davis appears in suspicious proximity with Mr. Bush, the Swedenborgian and Universalist professor of New York ; and that his associates have imbibed the infidel philosophy, there can be no doubt.—What we mean is,—there may be in New York some persons who have adopted very extravagant views in religion and politics, or rather who are opposed to all received notions on the very highest of subjects, and who, in order to recommend these views to the world, have got hold of a lad highly susceptible of the mesmeric state, and employ him as a mouth-piece, or mere unconscious instrument, to palm off their views under the awful sanction of a new revelation. But our main concern is with the appearance of the 'Revelations' in this country. Mr. Chapman was 'fixed upon as the English publisher' by Davis's associates in New York ; an honour, for accepting which he partly accounts and partly apologizes in a preface written by himself, and prefixed to the English edition. Mr. Chapman is known to our readers as the accredited organ of English infidelity : it might well be asked, then, Does the school represented by the Catholic Series—the English edition of Strauss—the 'History of the Hebrew Commonwealth'—Theodore Parker—the Editors of Blanco White and the Prospective Review, adopt as a 'divine revelation,' the Poughkeepsie ravings ? By no means : while in a semi-apologetic preface, Mr. Chapman states that the lectures are 'intrinsically luminous and profound,' 'the aim of the work is exalted, the style and thought impressive and dignified, the tone and spirit profoundly reverent and moral ;' yet he 'believes that there is a large amount of error blended with the truths which the book contains ;' still 'that it is impossible to meet the external and internal evidence of the truth of the statement of its origin' (Pref. 28) ; but that 'revelation,'—not this or that revelation, but all revelation—'does not consist of an emanation of truth direct from God' (p. 29). He observes, that 'a revelation to the human race can only be from beings but a few degrees 'exalted beyond the highest human intelligence, and hence must necessarily 'contain truths . . . blended with error.' What is true of all revelations is true of each revelation. Therefore—but it is quite clear to what all this points, and with reference to *which* revelation we are favoured with this significant enthymem. Its publication is only a step to the advancement of the grand era of 'the present age, when the creeds and dogmas of the past shall have lost their influence,' and 'in which this mysterious and mediatorial element between mind and matter, the magnetic fluid, will open up treasures more commensurate with our yet unfolded capacities.' (Ibid. p. 30.) Mr. Chapman is by no means open to the simple *argumentum ad hominem* which would be thrust upon a disbeliever in the Bible and a believer in Davis. His aim is larger, his purpose deeper. What his preface *suggests* is : Here is a revelation, or what claims to be so ; it consists of true and false ; it embodies much knowledge, and fairly generalizes upon what has hitherto remained unknown ; it is suited to the present moral state of mankind, and it points to important future developments : it is not final

nor complete, but suits the present conditions of knowledge and of the social state; it is revelation, 'not that it is a distinct emanation from God,' but because it results from communications with, or of, certain hitherto undeveloped intelligences. What it may have been, as well as may be; and *all* revelations can be explained exactly on the same principles. This is what Mr. Chapman's school *means* by even his partial and inadequate *imprimatur*, though his preface does not contain, *totidem verbis*, what we have drawn out.

A popular view of the principles of the same school, with especial reference to geology, the nebular theory, and Bible criticism, as supposed to be affected by 'Egyptology,' as it is called, has been published under the title of 'Peter Jones; or, Outward Bound: an Autobiography,' (Chapman.)

From the same publisher, we have also received 'Memoirs of Channing,' (Chapman,) put together chiefly from his correspondence. In private life, Channing seems to have been real and amiable: and the picture presented in these volumes, though lacking individuality and compactness, chiefly from the vague character of the materials, occasionally reminds us of Arnold.

The very heaviest volume of Sermons which we ever saw—a bold statement—is one by a Swedenborgian preacher, Mr. Noble, on the 'Divine Law,' *i. e.* the Ten Commandments, (Simpkin). Agreeing therein with Luther, from whose followers Swedenborg never separated, we remark that these religionists observe that ancient division of the Decalogue with respect to the Second Commandment which some popular preachers think an especial peculiarity of Rome.

הַדֶּךְ הַאֲמִינָה 'The Way of Faith: or, the Abridged Bible,' (Bagster), assumes to be a sort of Mrs. Trimmer somewhat expanded, for the benefit of Jewish schools. It is translated from the German of a Dr. Büdinger by Mr. David Asher. Emanating from a Christian publisher, it is, we believe, meant to be used also in English schools. There is something very revolting in this: especially as the book has some notes for the benefit of what the translator calls 'his co-religionists.' In these notes, not only of course is there no reference to the whole typical and evangelical purpose of the Old Testament, but from the Old Testament itself is carefully omitted all that could offend a rationalizing criticism. Thus the great deed of her who is saluted as 'blessed above women—Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite,' is styled (p. 121) 'barbarous and revolting.' We notice the book only as an illustration of those tendencies of new Judaism which have been detailed in these pages,—an illustration the more remarkable, as the work, which is certainly nothing more than an instalment of Germanized Judaism, purports to come out under the sanction of Dr. Adler, the chief Rabbi of the orthodox Jews in England.

'The Analytical Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon; consisting of an Alphabetical Arrangement of every Word and Inflection contained in the Old Testament Scriptures, precisely as they occur in the Sacred Text, with a Grammatical Analysis of each Word,' &c.; 4to. (Bagster.) This is a specimen of very great, but misdirected, industry. Every word as it stands in

the Bible is taken and *parsed*; and so, since in Hebrew the prepositions and article and pronouns are not separate particles (as in the Western languages) but are prefixed or postfixed to the verb or noun, the number of (apparently different) words to be parsed is multiplied far beyond the real state of the case, without any necessity or advantage. We venture to assert that half-an-hour's explanation would enable a person who knew the elements to say, without any likelihood of being wrong above once in twenty instances taken at random, whether any particular word was compounded of a preposition or not. And what is true in this particular example may be applied to the whole Lexicon. The treatise which is prefixed, containing tables of paradigms with explanations and remarks, is a summary of all the verbal and nominal inflections. This is carefully done, and likely to be useful;—at any rate it gives one the satisfaction of seeing a subject exhausted. But the Lexicon is quite out of keeping with the Grammar. The latter puts before the student *instruments* of analysis of such a kind, that even a moderate acquaintance with them would be sufficient to make three-fourths of 'The Analytical Lexicon' mere supererogatory lumber.

A writer complains of our remarks on 'Irvingism,' expressing 'his regret that we should use that term, one which the body disowns and dislikes.' Will our correspondent tell us what name he would like and does use?—a matter, like many other things in this anomalous body, not yet settled, as at least we may gather from the pamphlet with which, as a summary of their views, he has favoured us, 'A Few Words about *Irvingism*.' (Nottingham: Simpkin and Dearden.) The rite and vestment which we spoke of was that of a (pseudo-)priest administering the chalice in albe and stole only, or, if it is a deacon, with crossed stole, still worse.

Mr. Dale, of S. Paul's, has printed the 'Sermon' which he 'preached at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy.' (Rivingtons.) It is written in that anti-theetical—some call it jerking—style, which all who have heard Mr. Dale preach must remember: a style which marks familiarity and satisfaction with the world, himself, his pulpit, and his cause. On such an occasion a vindication of the dignity of the married Clergy were seasonable alike and to be expected; but Mr. Dale must have believed that his hearers had forgotten, not only ecclesiastical history, but even Holy Scripture, when he ventured upon the statement, that 'the Bishops and Pastors of the Primitive Church were *preferably* chosen from those who had acquitted themselves faithfully in the responsibilities of the father and the husband;' or to assert not only 'the lawfulness, but, in reference to the *completeness* of the Christian ministry, the NECESSITY of the conjugal and parental relation' to the priest. (p. 17.) We were pleased with the reverend preacher's recollection of each 'newly-erected temple, and each newly-formed district, too often 'endowed with a pittance that rarely exceeds, and sometimes does not equal, 'the hire of the mechanic,' &c. (p. 23.) Such an interest in such a quarter, on behalf of the poorer Clergy, is creditable.

Mr. Burgess of Chelsea, in so far as he is Secretary of the London Diocesan Board of Education, has a claim to be heard on the subject which is more nearly connected with that function. He has put forth a 'Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on National Schools and National School

Teachers,' (Hatchard,) which might be, and probably is, passed over in the usual mass of statistics on this question. But this letter contains a very extraordinary proposition, which has not attracted attention, apparently from the fact of the letter itself not having been read. This proposition is, in plain words, to make the teaching of the Catechism in CHURCH schools optional, *i.e.* to admit the children of all dissenters into our schools, 'reserving ' the first four questions of the Catechism and the questions and answers on the Sacraments in the case of children of dissenters,' (pp. 21, 22,) *i.e.* to put it a little more plainly, Mr. Burgess, in order to secure the Government grant, thinks that Church schools would best answer the Church's ends by admitting unbaptized and heathen children. Such being the case, might not the London Diocesan Board come to an understanding with its Secretary? The proposition, by the bye, as far as Mr. Burgess is concerned, has not even the questionable merit of originality; the case put is that invested with so much pathos by Lord John and the Minutes of Council: in his language, the case of ' a district where one school was all that could be ' supported, that school . . . in connexion with the Church, where the dissenters were forced into a school where the Church Catechism would be ' taught, to which these nonconformists might have a conscientious objection; ' in other words, where the solitary dissenter, in order to gain instruction ' for his child, must make a sacrifice of his conscience in some matters of ' religion,' (Burgess, pp. 16, 17;) or, as it is phrased by Mr. Binney, in his pamphlet ' Education,' (Jackson and Walford,) p. 67, ' in neighbourhoods ' where there could only be one school, that would generally belong to the ' Church, and that there a dissenter's child would not be able to receive ' secular learning except at the price of religious apostasy. It must learn ' a catechism objected to by its parents,' &c. And then Mr. Binney's remedy of 1847, addressed to Protestant dissenters in general, and to the ' Trustees of the Mill-hill School' in particular, ' that in no Church school, ' especially where such school existed alone, should any children be compelled to learn a catechism . . . to which their parents, on religious ' grounds, object,' seems exactly identical with that which Mr. Burgess in 1848 addresses to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A ' Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by a Layman, late Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge,' (Hatchard,) has the same object. It professes, with a sneer, little respectful to His Grace, to misunderstand the ' High Church Party,' and affects to think, on Mr. Wilberforce's principle in his valuable tract on ' Unity,' that as the Creed is the sole test of admission into the Church, so no more ought to be taught in schools. If it were possible that this writer speaks in sincerity, it were enough to inquire whether he believes the Church to attach any exclusive sense to the Creed? Are these letters feelers?

Mr. J. H. Parker has commenced a work which promises well, ' The ' Ecclesiastical and Architectural Topography of England.' Bedfordshire has appeared. It consists only of notes, which are too much compressed. The sentence, ' windows of a good character,' *ex. grat.* conveys but little information; and something more than the fact, if such it be, of ' an

original fireplace and chimney of the fourteenth century in Carlton 'Church,' (No. 20,) ought to have been given. A second edition will remove such a slip in English as, (No. 35,) 'The upper part of the windows are ramified;' and such in sense as that, (No. 47,) in the account of All Saints, Leighton Buzzard, 'The lectern . . . represents an eagle, here called 'a Buzzard,' as though in connexion with the name of the town. Now, if our chronicler 'knew a hawk from a hernshaw,' he ought to know that neither at Leighton, nor in any other part of the *orbis terrarum*, is an eagle called a buzzard; and that the Buzzard suffixed to Leighton has nothing to do either with hawk, or buzzard, or eagle, but is a corruption of Beaudesert, the place being the corps to a prebend in Lincoln Cathedral. The value of an accurate collection like the present is unquestionable.

A very lively and well-principled work, 'Sketches of some Northumbrian Churches, Castles, &c.' (Pickering,) has been published by Mr. W. Sidney Gibson. We have detected no blunders in the history and ecclesiology; and the distinct and intelligible language in which Mr. Gibson calls neglect, sacrilege, and profanity by their right names, while it is praised ought to be imitated. The 'Sketches' in their original form attracted local attention, and we are glad to see them finding a permanent shape.

Mr. Petit's forte in ecclesiology is decidedly a relish and appreciation for the picturesque and grouping; he has paid great attention to the value of relative masses, and of light and shade. On this class of subjects he discourses like a master; and in his recent work on 'Tewkesbury Abbey Church,' (Cheltenham: Davies,)—historical and monumental Tewkesbury—a disquisition on the pictorial character of towers is very effective. That minute elaboration of historical ecclesiology, which is the character of Professor Willis, Mr. Petit does not take up; but his works are always enriched by very suggestive etchings. We should have at least wished a suggestion about the original arrangement of the west front.

Mr. Boutell's work on 'Brasses,' (Bell,) goes on regularly and successfully.

A useful epitome of 'Alison's History of Europe,' (Blackwood,) has been published.

'Emily Vernon, or Self-Sacrifice,' (Hamilton, Adams & Co.)—a very nice and good young lady, but very, very dull.

'Testimony to the Truth, or the Autobiography of an Atheist,' (Smith and Elder,) is probably real; but the writer,—whose theology is most perplexed and perplexing—seems to lack the Church's tone of reverence. The single fact that such a course of life should end in writing a book at all, is not what we quite like. And for practical purposes—that is, as an argument to the infidel—the book, though it has one very powerful incident, will not tell.

Mr. Pickering has republished the very curious 'Poems of Henry Vaughan: Silex Scintillans,' &c. The 'Silurist,'—the 'Olor Iscanus,' as he was affectedly called—is not much known. Though of Herbert's school, Vaughan has quite an individual character; his diction is distinct and tessellated, his images standing out in a marked angular way. Though cramped and formal in language, we must bear in mind that art affected at that time a harsh and stiff outline. This grave and rigid aspect was the

form, and that not its least important one, which poetry took, not by compulsion, but choice. Perhaps we have, as in gardens so in all art, lost stateliness and precision by straining too exclusively after the wild careless flow and wanton ease of nature. Poems like Vaughan's have a depth of matter often in a single line; they have that best characteristic of religious poetry, that they induce meditation. To slur them over is all but impossible.

'Baptismal Regeneration opposed to Scripture, Articles, Liturgy,' by Mr. Brooke, B.A. of Wistaston, (Hamilton, Adams & Co.) The title which Mr. Brooke possesses to the aforesaid B.A. must be a very grave reflection on the examining master who passed him, since we find Mr. B. printing for hexameters (p. 127,) these two lines—

'Et Alfenus vafer omni abjecte instrumento,
Artis, clausâque tabernâ—sutor erat.'

The following sentence will serve to show the extent of Mr. Brooke's historical studies. 'Arminius was born about 1540 A.D., and his doctrines 'had scarcely entered into the Protestant Churches until about the end of 'the sixteenth century. Even in 1550 there were but three separatist 'congregations of Protestants in England, and all three were on the ground 'of Arminianism,' (p. vii.) Mr. Brooke has been already praised by anticipation: 'Thou art clerkly! Thou art clerkly! Master Brook; you are 'a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place, generally allowed for your many court-like 'and learned preparations!'

One of the series, 'Small Books on Great Subjects,' (Pickering,) is 'On the state of Man before the promulgation of Christianity.' It seems in important particulars a prelibation of M. Bunsen's views on the Scripture chronology.

'The Island of Liberty,' (Masters,) is a well-principled attack on Communism, in the shape of a story. The details remind us sometimes of the latter part of Robinson Crusoe. The summary rose-colour is at last dashed in too suddenly and too plentifully upon the previous horrors of the story, which, while it had improbability at its commencement, is not very engagingly worked out. The object, however, is good.

Whitehead's 'Sketch of the Church in India,' (Rivingtons,) is extremely interesting. *Did* Xavier ever say 'that Christianity can only make its way by the sword?' (p. 136.) A reference to where such a sentiment is recorded of such a man ought to have been given.

We are not sure that we have quite realised the laws, if any such there be, which rule the misty realms of allegory and allegory writing. They seem neither many nor stringent. Sometimes this kind of composition fulfils its end when it has invested certain virtues and vices with that tangible personality which is conferred by capital letters, a 'robe,' and a 'voice,' soft or harsh, according to circumstances. Sometimes it takes an enlarged range, and meets with many rivers, many dells, sundry streams, and dismal plains. Its dialogue deals in cries; its scenery abounds in sudden lights. It is religion rather under a melo-dramatic aspect. But there are many on whom allegory tells, and to such we can commend the 'Path of Life,' (Masters.)

'Songs of Christian Chivalry,' (Masters,) is by the author of a work which we have already mentioned with approbation, 'Hymns and Scenes of Childhood.' These poems are vigorous and warm; among the best of them are those stirring verses, 'Our Mother Church,' by S. M., familiar to many of our readers. But there is one poem, 'A Lay of Holy Land,' (p. 121,) an answer to the poem called 'Dreamland,' which could only have been written by an Irvingite. How is this?

'Harry and Archie,' (Masters,) is a very touching, even pathetic, story, quite suited for a gift-book in boys' schools.

It is a remarkable proof of the advance of liturgical and ritual studies, that a new edition of the famous work of Renaudot, '*Liturgiarum Orientalium Collectio*,' has been undertaken by Baer, the Frankfort publisher, in connexion with Leslie of London. It is an accurate and handsome reprint, in two vols. 4to. Whether, with our present appliances, a mere reimpression is enough, may perhaps be questioned; and we think that an admirable opportunity has been lost of making Renaudot's work what he and his great patron Bossuet projected, (and which was only not executed by the death of the latter,) a collection of the original texts as well as of their translations. Scholars equal to the task neither in England nor Germany are wanting. This reprint of a standard work in the continental Church seems parallel to the similar undertaking in our own communion. Renaudot, by the way, seems to mark—indeed it was quite a Gallican tradition—the superiority of our own Liturgy to those of the bodies with whom, evidently under some reluctance, one in his position was obliged to class ourselves.

Mr. Garden, of Edinburgh, has printed a series of 'Discourses on Heavenly Knowledge and Heavenly Love,' (Edinburgh: Grant.) Whatever comes from Mr. Garden's pen is written with great beauty and attractiveness of style; these qualities are conspicuous in the present volume. Mr. Garden has added some notes, illustrating in a more controversial way his cardinal point, viz. what dangers religion has to dread from formal and logical deductions. And while pursuing this subject, Mr. Garden has been thrown, as it were, across, for he has never sought, Dr. Hampden's statements, which seem to run in much the same tone. The difficulty, however, is, that Mr. Garden has, what Dr. Hampden has not, a firm grasp and living appreciation of the received ecclesiastical dogmas. He is, therefore, on the one hand, led partly to apologise for Dr. H. by hoping, and even representing, him to mean something which Dr. H. never has said that he means—viz. that the creeds are practical and positive, whatever the history of their language may be, and that the fact that they are couched in scholastic language is no objection whatever to them;—and, on the other hand, Mr. G. is himself minded to screw up his own language a little, to avoid what he properly enough feels would be an unpleasant propinquity to the theology of the late Divinity Professor, and to admit that, as a fact, theology does task and employ the intellect. Now if logical statement be only the answer to the appeal thus made to the intellect, the danger against which Mr. Garden started by protesting, amounts only to that of no very probable occurrence—arguing for argu-

ment's sake on holy things. In his last note Mr. Garden has provoked a controversy on a point which most of the Clergy in his own communion are extremely sensitive about,—the 'unchurching of non-episcopal communions,' as Mr. Garden somewhat pointedly words it. It were as beneath ourselves as beneath Mr. Garden, to suppose that this note was penned with any reference to the more intellectual Porches or Groves of polished Presbyterianism, on the Scotch Illissus, but at the same time we cannot see more than a convenient theory in Mr. Garden's view. The Fathers never had the case of Danish Lutherans before them, therefore they are not, on patristic principles, schismatics. How do we know? Who knows what estimate S. Augustine would have placed on such an act as the Knoxian and Hanoverian expulsion of true Bishops, to put a little nearer case? Does the essence of schism only consist in refusing to pay obedience when the true Church challenges it? And must this challenge be repeated at every generation? And again, does Scotch Presbyterianism, or Berlin Protestantism present but one plane to the theological eye, the mere sole negative absence of the legitimate Episcopate? Admitting, for an instant, that this defect were not fatal, is there a mere protestant body upon earth which has not a dozen other most positive aspects, the cardinal one of which is the denial of the necessity of any dogma except it be held *per accidens*? Surely Mr. Garden's other answer, (p. 124,) saves a world of talk and trouble. 'For myself, like the majority of the Christians around me, [*i.e.* the Presbyterians,] I know no right that the Fathers have to rule the matter for us.'

The connexion of Scotland reminds us to recommend, while we acknowledge, the nine published numbers of the 'Scottish Magazine,' (Lendrum,) written by active and zealous defenders of the Church.

Mr. Huxtable, Crosse Scholar at Cambridge, has printed an 'Evangelical Essay on the Baptism and Temptation of our Lord Jesus Christ,' &c. (J. W. Parker.) It is full, and composed with a reverent and earnest purpose, to submit all private speculations to authority. Mr. Huxtable uses, but generally with judgment and a just disparagement, the German writers. He appears on the whole to have an orthodox hold of the dogma of the mystery of the Incarnation: his collections on the Temptation are especially satisfactory. On one point we must dissent altogether from Mr. Huxtable: he thinks, from Mark i. 4, that the Baptism of John conveyed remission of sins. This is the view of Calvin and Vossius, which substantially identifies the two baptisms, and explains away pardon in either case: even Luther marked the distinction, as that our Lord's baptism did, and the first did not, remit sins. Mr. Huxtable will find that the Fathers, we believe, *uno ore*, construe, as in the passage cited by Mr. Huxtable from S. Chrysostom, the remission in the text, as afterwards to be fulfilled in Christ. The only distinction between the two baptisms admitted by Mr. H. is the gift of the Holy Ghost. But the Church is loth to conceive one freely and fully pardoned without being privileged with the gift and indwelling of the Spirit. Mr. Huxtable must see the inconsistency of holding, (p. 41,) that it, 'John's baptism, sealed the forgiveness of sins to every true penitent, but it was not endued with the power of renewing the soul, or of sealing to it such grace as should cleanse and spiritualise.' A forgiveness of sins which does not cleanse the soul!

'Stanley's Faith and Practice of a Church-of-England-Man,' is a well-known book, and a valued one of its kind. It is by no means rare, for it has been reprinted within these few years; but the Rev. Robert Eden, of Lambeth, has induced Mr. Pickering to put his name, and Mr. Whittingham his types, to another 'edition, with Notes and an Introductory Essay on the leading principles of the Church of England;' and this with the view of 'providing a new career' for Dean Stanley, 'of the greatest possible usefulness.' Mr. Eden's qualifications as an editor and theologian our readers may judge, if they can recal a certain 'Churchman's Theological Dictionary,' which owned this gentleman's authorship, and created a good deal of amusement a few years ago. Mr. Eden has now the satisfaction of having produced an edition of a standard writer which is worthless and dear; dear, because it is swelled by Mr. Eden's notes and essay, which in more than one sense are impertinent, and worthless from the character of those notes. No 'editor' has a right to piece out an old English divine with common-place scraps of the Rev. Geo. Townsend, and Whately's 'Dangers,' and Mr. Hallam. To do this is perhaps only the ordinary book-craft, but to contradict his author through the medium of his notes will be thought in an editor rather dishonest. If people like to pay their money for seeing Dean Stanley contradicted by Mr. Eden, they will buy this book, otherwise they will avoid it as a counterfeit. The system must be protested against which permits that anomalous functionary 'an editor,' to bestow his tediousness and, in this case, heterodoxy, upon unsuspecting readers, under the cover of the respectable names of English theology; thus, at p. 76, Dean Stanley mentions 'obedience' as the way of life; Editor Eden informs us that this 'is not scripturally correct;'—at p. 95, the author recommends 'that excellent book, the Whole Duty of Man;' an uncalled-for note informs us that Mr. Venn's Complete Duty of Man is more evangelical;—at p. 162, the text strongly blames people for leaving their parish church; the gloss complacently assures us, that 'judicious and sober-minded' people are quite right to desert their pastor if his preaching is 'unedifying;'—at p. 106, the good, steady Church-of-England Man describes himself as keeping to Church 'not only on Sundays but other days;' the Lambeth Clergyman, in a note, informs us that the Clergy may be much better employed than in reading prayers daily;—and at p. 154, the author lays it down that fasting is prescribed in Scripture, and that it means 'some kind of denial in meat and drink,' while the scholiast coolly doubts whether fasting is 'prescribed under the Gospel,' and if it is, that fasting does not mean 'abstinence from food.' In its present form, Stanley, incrustated with Eden, is highly to be condemned.

Every subject which Mr. Neale takes up he treats with the hand of an artist: his little touches of description are quite pictorial. He has an admirable field for his peculiar powers in the 'Ecclesiology of Man, Sutherland, and Orkneys,' (Masters,) which route seems to have been his 'summer pilgrimage' this year. He has produced a very engaging little volume, quite a monograph of this ecclesiologically unknown district. He has not found even Thule barren; and had he prolonged his journey to Zetland, the work would have been in this region complete. At the risk of verging upon an archæological heresy, we will hazard a feeling of other than entire coincidence with Mr. Neale's *crux* about the westernmost arches

of Kirkwall Cathedral. The tradition is that they were erected in 1540; the fact is, that they are Romanesque in character, while the co-ordinate bays of the aisle are First Pointed. Hence Mr. Neale concludes that the three westernmost piers being Romanesque, are not of the date of 1540, but about three centuries and a half earlier. Now the popular tradition, that these piers were built by Bishop Reid in 1540, and left imperfect, on account of the Reformation, is not lightly to be set aside. We think it very likely that he did build them, and did build them in Romanesque. Art in its decline has a tendency to recur to its original elements. At the period of the Renaissance, debased Gothic freely admitted the pseudo-classical forms. Very depressed arches would naturally, and almost imperceptibly, expand into the circular. We know in wood-work, and even in the stone of Bishop Fox, how classical forms reasserted their original presence. There was the unquestionable Romanesque of an early date to imitate, and the rude artists of the Orkneys would follow what was before them: and Bishop Reid was no more bound to touch the aisles when he rebuilt the western part of the nave, than Wykham was to disturb the aisle-vaulting of Winchester when he altered the piers. As a fact, he only cased the aisle-vaulting, leaving the original Norman work. As to the presence of the First Pointed western porch piercing this second Romanesque front, why should it not have been preserved from the older building,—have been rebuilt or left untouched,—just as we know early doorways were so often preserved in later works, Norman doorways being of constant occurrence in buildings of all stages of the Pointed period?

We have only just received a volume of Sermons, published some two years ago by Mr. Fawcett, of Carlisle, 'The Christian Life,' (Straker.) This being Mr. Fawcett's fourth volume, we presume that the public rank him high among that enterprising section of the body clerical who are adventurous enough to publish sets of sermons. The verdict of the sermon-reading world, whatever it may be, it is too late in this instance to try or to wish to disturb; but conceiving that to send a volume of such standing to ourselves, implies asking some sort of opinion or judgment, which it were discourteous to refuse, we must say that we consider it thin and meagre in doctrine, and common-place in style; and to express our unfeigned wonder—for we do not even profess to read thick volumes of 'thirty discourses' each—at the possible character of an unsuccessful collection of Sermons, if the present is an average specimen of the more fortunate class.

'Mesmerism tried by the Touchstone of Truth,' by Mr. George Corfe, of Middlesex Hospital, (Hatchard.) If ill-temper, want of judgment, and mere fanaticism are the qualities by which Mesmerism, or any other ism, may be successfully opposed, Mr. George Corfe may be congratulated on this publication.. This we say without adventuring a word on the side of Dr. Ashburner, whose 'Remarks,' &c. to which Mr. Corfe replies, we have not seen.

The Duke of Argyll has published a book, 'Presbytery Examined, an Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation,' (Moxon.) In a preface, his Grace admits that the work was written for

'one of our periodical reviews,' as an article on the publications of the Spottiswood Society, for which body, and for the Church which it represents, as a professing Presbyterian, he entertains a very unfeigned aversion. We are bound to say that the Duke of Argyll quite equals what may be expected of a Duke, in fields of literature. He is more readable than the Duke of Manchester, who also writes religious books. There is a degree of fairness in the Duke which will prevent his getting many admirers. However imposing his claim to Presbyterianism, he is only a Presbyterian on grounds foreign to the pure profession of the Kirk. He is a Presbyterian because he thinks that he detects in the Kirk 'a solid and real foundation 'in the empire of ideas,' p. 87; because in it 'is wanting the very root, the 'essential principle, on which the priestly idea of the Christian ministry 'depends,' (p. 38.) But this description is something less than an accident of Presbyterianism; elsewhere he will find this negation of 'caste' more positive. In Islamism, for example, it exists in its purest form. Instead of having his infant heir baptized at Exeter Hall the other day by Mr. Cumming, he should have done it himself, or got Lord John Russell to officiate. This would be a genuine protest against a 'Clergy-Church' and 'hereditary priesthood.' Presbyterianism as a fact, and by virtue of its name, by the very force of terms, embodies one form of that, the absence of which the Duke, contrary to fact and experience, makes its chief boast, viz. that 'it has no invariable rite of institution, no law of perpetual succession,' (ibid.) The Duke is, in fact, a pure Arnoldian; he clings to a theory, a floating vision, into which he would fain etherealize and sublime the sullen *de facto* Kirk as it is. Only, to anathematize the Catholic Episcopate no more makes a sound follower of Knox and Melville, than to do the same makes M. Bunsen a just exponent of Reformation principles. The Duke has mistaken his standing; he is an apostle, and by no means likely to be an undistinguished one, of the Church of the Future: the crude, coarse, moribund system of the Kirk only shackles him. He protests against the Scotch neglect of Festivals, Liturgies, Christian Art, and Ecclesiastical Architecture: his tendencies are all towards the coming Church, which shall be poetical, and solemn, and beautiful, anything and everything but sacerdotal and dogmatic. As a book, in the way of composition and knowledge, this volume reflects considerable credit on its author.

The S. P. G. Report for 1848 is just published, and a very able and cheering document it is.

Mr. Barrow, of Queen's College, has published, from the autograph MS., a tract of Jeremy Taylor's, 'On Reverence for the Altar,' (J. H. Parker.) The MS., formerly Bishop Barlow's, is preserved, with that Bishop's own authentication, in the fine library of the College of which Mr. Barrow is Fellow. For ourselves, we are satisfied with the evidence of the authenticity; having had opportunities of comparing the MS., of which the Editor has fac-similed a page, with some of Taylor's known MSS., our individual judgment is satisfied. That the work was not that of a copyist, is clear from the circumstance that the MS.—written on alternate quarto pages—has on the blank sides additions in the same hand. One of these additions occurs at p. 37, the page of which the Editor gives the fac-simile. We think that Mr. Barrow ought to have mentioned this feature of the MS., as it would not only have helped to strengthen his argument for the

authenticity, but would have accounted for the apparent discrepancy between the fac-simile and the printed text. In the fac-simile, a †, somewhat unintelligible at present, marks the insertion. That the tract is Taylor's we feel convinced by the Editor's very satisfactory and interesting argument, to which we refer those alive to the importance of the subject. If it be urged that Taylor would have published it himself had it been his, it may fairly be answered that, being a juvenile production, he thought he had done enough by inserting the chief part in the 'Life of Christ,' or that, in the difficult days of the Church, he did not think it necessary to give, as his first publication—for hitherto he had only printed a single sermon in 1638—a tract on a subject which, prominent among those details of the Laudian reform which had attracted a considerable amount of unpopularity, had also secured able defence in works already printed. Apart from and superior to all this, remains the palmary argument of the internal evidence arising from style and manner, which in Taylor's case are quite unmistakeable. To have recovered such a tract, on such a subject, adorned with Taylor's eloquence and flow of illustration, is very important; and we congratulate Mr. Barrow, both on the service which he has rendered to theological literature, by the recovery of the tract itself, and on the way in which he has discharged his duty as Editor. From a strict fidelity in not varying from the MS. he has deviated seldom; but at p. 14, he has introduced into the text a conjectural reading which is incorrect: 'to ly [lie] east and west,' as the MS. has it, is quite right.

There is a body of people purporting to call themselves Vegetarians, who have favoured us with the 'Vegetarian Advocate, No. I.—late the Truth Teller.' The alias is odd, perhaps significant. Their line is to abstain from animal food on principles moral, religious, physiological, and economical. We have no call to disturb their complacency or to question their taste. Only we cannot but think, as they tell us how character is formed by food, and that beef makes the eaters thereof bloody and truculent, that a surfeit of green meat must produce a caterpillar temperament, and that we are not surprised at the evident greenness which their publication and scheme evinces. Like their diet, their literature is thin and cold. One gentleman, however, finds his diet so 'exhilarating,' he has so much elasticity and vigour, that he hardly knows what 'to do with himself; and he has actually been obliged to run six or 'seven miles to expend his superfluous physical energy,' (p. 14,) forgetting to inform us that in one of these races from himself he actually ran so far and so fast as to have left his wits behind him. Doubtless he will soon become so rarified and elastic as to soar away into the regions of space—a floating emanation in the vegetarian world—a human fern-seed. Another gentleman thinks that he has proved his case by alluding to the effects of the 'vegetarian' principle in its influence on 'the intellectual faculties.' This is strong ground; for Mr. Brotherton is president of the 'Vegetarians.' By the bye, it must be a bed of herbs, not a bed of murdered goose feathers, which the honourable salad-eater so diligently clamours for every night as the House of Commons' clock points to eleven.

Mr. J. H. Röhrs, Lee Fellow of Jesus College, in a preface to a little volume of 'Poems,' (Madden,) speaks of them as 'occasional trivialities,'

and 'contemptible in point of literary merit.' We are sorry that the critic cannot reverse the decision of the author.

From the Rev. J. G. Lyons, LL.D., we have received a graceful volume of Poems, 'Christian Songs.' (Philadelphia: Appleton.) To a smooth and graceful versification, Dr. Lyons adds considerable feeling as well as good sentiment.

The Vicar of Newcastle, Mr. Coxe, has printed, and in a pretty form, some Poems, under the title of 'Wood-Notes.' (Newcastle: Richardson.) They consist chiefly of a version of the 'Silviludia' of Casimir. Of all Casimir's poems these least bear translation; or, to say the truth, they read a good deal better in Mr. Coxe than in the original. False and cold in metaphor, the 'Silviludia' are only remarkable for the fantastic metre in which they are composed; which in rhythm bear the same relation to poetical melody that one of Mr. Listz's variations does to Beethoven, while the poetry is quite that of Rosa Matilda, done into broken jerking Latin, something like Catullus galvanized. Appended to this work of Casimir are some original sonnets, 'Musings at Tynemouth,' and 'North and South.' These are much above the average; some, especially in the last set, are very solemn in their cadences, and rich in diction.

Mr. Masters has published a very correct and beautiful Prayer-book; it is an exact reprint of the authorized revision of 1662, carefully verified with the Tower 'Sealed Book.' In form it is neat and compact, and in typography remarkably elegant. For all purposes where accurate quotation is necessary, the present is *the* edition; the edition, that is, for the majority of the Clergy who are not book-collectors, yet whose study tables need an authoritative and standard Prayer-book. With this view we recommend it, and trust that the enterprising publisher will not be disappointed in his just anticipations of its success. It is important, too, as illustrating the liberties which have been taken with the text of our ritual and liturgical formularies; such as (to select the most obvious specimens) the insertion of 'may' (Cambridge) in the clause, 'that we shew forth Thy praise,' in the General Thanksgiving—'impatient' for 'unpatient,' Ps. xcix. 1,—the direction about the proper and only legal time for publishing banns,—the omission of the State Services, as well as of certain documents, such as the Thirty-Nine Articles, the Table of Consanguinity, the Queen's Proclamation about the Accession-Day, and any Metrical Psalms, which, however convenient it may have been found to append to the Prayer-book, still, it must be borne in mind, are no authorized parts of it.

We are anxious to give the widest possible circulation to an announcement which has appeared, of an elaborate, and, we doubt not, from the high reputation of its author, a profound and solid, refutation of the Chevalier Bunsen's views as to the chronology of the Bible, being now ready for publication. It bears the title of 'Hiero-Grammata; a new 'Inquiry into the structure and contents of the Ancient Egyptian Chronographies, with a view to ascertain the true position of Egypt in the 'Times of Universal History,' (pp. 400,) by the Rev. Henry Browne, Canon of Chichester, author of 'Ordo Sæclorum.' A prospectus of the work has been put forth in the shape of an introductory chapter, (Baxter, Oxford.) We earnestly trust that the author's anticipations, that 'the

'subject of his Inquiry is too remote from the ordinary course of study in 'these times, for him to expect sympathy and encouragement from more 'than a very few,' may be found to be mistaken. True it is that chronologers are rare, and the patient and acute searchers into that region of inquiry can carry but few, comparatively, with them into the mazes of it; but the practical bearings of the study are intelligible to all; the whole Christian world is interested, *e.g.* in the issue of the controversy to which M. Bunsen's work on Egypt has given a new impetus. And let it be remembered that it is not every one who is qualified to enter such lists. It requires a very peculiar training, and a widely varied reach of study. Mr. Browne has proved that he possesses these qualifications; and he asserts that he can disprove by FACTS the views of the German theorist. The work only awaits subscribers, as it is beyond the author's means to publish it. Can it be that a work of such material, nay, *œcumenical* interest, will be allowed to remain unpublished for want of such encouragement? Subscribers' names are received at Parker's, Oxford and London.

We augur well for the prospects of sacred scholarship, from the re-appearance of something not unlike the old 'Scholia' and 'Lexica,' in illustration of Liturgical and Biblical study. What the old Scholia are to Homer and Aristophanes, what Timæus is to Plato, and Harpocration to Demosthenes, *that*, in a manner, is Mr. Grinfield's 'Scholia Hellenistica' to the Greek Text of the New Testament, (Pickering.) The latter is supplementary to the same author's 'Editio Hellenistica' of the New Testament, noticed in our April number; it must, therefore, share the hearty recommendation which we gladly gave to Mr. Grinfield's previous work, so far, at least, as it keeps to the same field of illustration. Of course we should much have preferred having the entire body of illustration derivable from the LXX. version presented in one work; and it is much to be wished, though scarcely to be expected, that a second edition of the 'Editio Hellenistica' and its supplement might shortly be called for, in which this might be done. We would also fain see the additional illustrations from Philo and Josephus, and the Apocryphal Books, relegated into their proper positions in like manner. We should then have, as a *residuum*, the illustrations derived from the Apostolic Fathers, which form the staple of the so-called 'Scholia Hellenistica' before us, but which really constitute, we cannot help considering, a totally distinct kind of 'Scholia' from those which it was the laudable object of Mr. Grinfield's original work to set before the student. However, this is only a defect of form, and one which was, as the learned author pleads in his preface, almost unavoidable in a work of so *growing* a nature as this. To the *ten years* bestowed on his former work, the Editor has added, he informs us, well nigh *five more* in preparing the present one; so that he might well take to himself the historian's words, 'Dedimus 'profecto grande patientiæ documentum . . . per quindecim annos, grande 'spatium mortalis ævi.' (Tac. Agric.) These 'Scholia' then (Apostolico-Patristica they might be called,) will be found to register for the student in a convenient form the sense of the more immediate successors of the Apostles on such parts of the New Testament as are quoted or alluded to in their writings. The value of such a conspectus is evident, whether considered as concentrating these notices, or as sending the student in search of them. The well-read Patristic scholar will make the former use of them,

the novice the latter. We should not omit to notice that the contents of the Codex Pseudepigraphus (v. Horne, vol. ii. p. 138,) are also ransacked to furnish canons and apposite illustrations, ranging, as its authors do, in point of date, from a few years B.C. to the fourth century. We hope these works will be taken up with the attention they deserve. Like the old standard critical works to which we have compared them, they present us with the *dicta* of contemporaneous or comparatively proximate ages to writers, as to the proper acceptation of words and phrases. But the Patristic scholia do more than this—they exhibit the combined tradition of the earliest ecclesiastical writers on many important points of faith, practice, and ritual.

In 'Talmon and Hadassah,' (Masters,) the author, Mr. Slight, of C. C. C., Oxford, has produced a prose tale on the subject of the first Fall of Jerusalem. The subject suggests an obvious comparison with Mr. Milman's well-known dramatic poem. Such a theme in hands far inferior to Mr. Slight's could not but have proved affecting and interesting: the present work has not only these requisites, but displays considerable accuracy in the manners and scenery of the period. It wants compression and a quicker play of incident. It is illustrated with some very striking and original woodcuts; and in an appendix we find a metrical version of the Book of Lamentations.

We are by no means satisfied that the Church's more formal and objective language, to be found in her Offices and Collects, is the right source from which to construct *any* devotional exercises for private use. We may be wrong; but mere extracts and arrangements of the Prayer-book, dislocated from their connexion, and labelled with new titles, do not, we think, make practical books of private prayer for individuals, or for families. We hardly think what we have spoken of to be a very reverent use of the most solemn voice of the Church, intended only for her speaking in her public and authoritative function; an extreme case is when private forms are taken from the Liturgy and rite of administering Baptism. With these feelings, we are dissatisfied with much of the construction of the 'Christian Child's Book,' (Masters).

A packet of small gift-books, 'The Seven Corporal Works of Mercy,' (Masters,) are of a tender and religious spirit; quite suited to children.

The second and concluding volume of 'The Devout Churchman,' (Masters,) compiled and edited by Mr. Alexander Watson, makes a complete and useful manual for families—especially for emigrants.

'Ecclesiæ Curæ,' (Rivingtons,) is a poem on 'a parson's cares,' by a Vicar. With somewhat of Crabbe's familiar style, and something occasionally of his terseness, we cannot quite see the aim of these lines, or indeed that the author had one.

The Bristol Architectural Society has published a 'Report,' (Leech,) enriched with a very good account of S. Michael's Othery, and some coloured illustrations of its curious frontal. It is a church which has been restored under the Society's auspices, and, as far as we can judge, the work is creditably executed: one exception we cannot but notice in the case of a 'double lectern, from which' not only 'are the lessons read,' but 'the

prayers are said.' This last is *not* the use of a lectern: indeed, how it can be so used puzzles us.

'Heartsease and Dewdrop; a Fairy Tale, by C. M.' (Cleaver,) seems to us to mix up the notions—very separate ones—of the allegory and fairy tale. It is, moreover, somewhat of the longest.

'The Holy Oblation; a Manual for the Eucharist,' (Cleaver,) is a high-toned and reverential book of devotion. Use, however, is the only test of such compositions; but, unless we are mistaken, the present work will suit a large, and, we believe, increasing class of minds. From this sentence of approval, we desire to exclude the illustrations, which are doubly mischievous, because, while needlessly offensive, they are also most incorrect and vulgar representations of the very sacred subjects which, professing to adorn, they in fact degrade. One opposite p. 37, in so far as it has any meaning, symbolizes a false doctrine: indeed, it will only be when the pictures are destroyed that the present book can be safely recommended.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper—not for the first time religiously alive to immediate national needs and distresses—publishes, in hymn-form, a 'Prayer for the Land,' (Hatchard,) which is striking, and suitable to the distracted state of Christendom.

Mr. Dennis, of Maxey—a name new to us—has published an extremely able pamphlet, 'Some Thoughts on the Necessity of Ceremonies, &c. and on the Apostolical Succession,' (Rivingtons.) The writer before us treats his subject with much temper and dignity, and with forbearance perhaps excessive when we mention that he is replying to a visitation sermon—the writer of which he does not name—preached at Peterborough, and as remarkable for its weakness and captiousness as Mr. Dennis is for the very reverse of these qualities.

We have received, in its authentic form, Mr. Lowe's 'Protest, &c.' (Funchal: Machado.) It is a document valuable in itself, as well as for the occasion which called it forth. We are glad to find a committee on the whole 'Foreign Chaplaincy Question' organized in London; and we can safely recommend our readers to assist their labours, and adopt such practical measures as may be suggested. Mr. W. S. Vaux, of Clifton Chambers, 13, Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, is the hon. secretary.

Mr. Henry Formby thinks 'The Plain Chant the Image and Symbol of the Humanity of our Divine Redeemer and the Blessed Mary.' Such, at least, is the title of his recent tract, published by Mr. Burns. There is some good writing in it, but we are not quite able to say that we exactly grasp Mr. Formby's idea.

'Remarks on Fasting: by a Physician,' (Rivingtons,) shows, among many other happy signs, that religious exercises are being done, as well as written and talked about. This pamphlet is very practical.

A stirring 'Letter to Lord John Russell,' has been addressed 'by Lucius, on the Appropriation of the Revenues of the Irish Church,' (Rivingtons.) It exposes, from well-known examples, the sin and danger of sacrilege.

'Hints on Female Parochial Schools,' (Hatchard.) Sound, simple, and sensible.

Mr. Maskell has printed a sermon preached at the Bishop of Exeter's Visitation, at Totnes, 'The Outward Means of Grace,' (Pickering,) which seems to ask something more than such acknowledgment as we can ordinarily bestow on single sermons, or indeed on sermons at all. The occasion was important, since not only in desiring its publication the Bishop guarded himself from stamping an immediate approval on its contents,—by the way, Mr. Maskell is not, as Mr. Goode says, the Bishop of Exeter's *Examining* Chaplain—but we find that those contents have attracted some local comment. Mr. Maskell's view we believe to be, that sacerdotal absolution—for it is of course on this, among the 'external means of grace,' that difference would most naturally be expected—pronounced orally, is not necessary for the remission of sins; but that in the case of the baptized, the Church of England leaves to her members the discretion, or responsibility, of availing themselves, or not, of private confession. Still that the 'full grace of sacerdotal absolution is tied down to oral confession.' In other words, that sins may be forgiven by God immediately on earnest private repentance; or that they are, positively, forgiven by God mediately, through the power of the Keys, but then only on and after oral confession. We cannot perceive that a statement like this need either cause alarm, or is extravagant in its suggestions as to the value or need of private confession. But Mr. Maskell proceeds to say that 'sacerdotal absolution' is as a fact conveyed only in one of the three forms contained in the English Prayer-book and Liturgy. Of the first, that repeated in the daily Offices, Mr. Maskell takes only what we have been used to understand as the low-church view; that it is a mere statement of a fact, viz. that God is a God of mercy; but that it confers sacramentally no grace whatever. Of the second, that contained in the Liturgy, Mr. Maskell holds that it is only a conveyance of pardon of venial sins, mortal sins having *ex hypothesi* been actually pardoned in the case of all faithful and penitent communicants, either *in foro exteriori*, by sacerdotal absolution after private and direct confession, or *in foro interiori*, by an immediate act of grace. While of the third form, used in the Visitation Office, Mr. Maskell, in common with us all, holds that this form does,—and Mr. Maskell argues, does alone,—exhibit the full power of the Keys. We are loth certainly to say that there is any sacramental absolution pronounced, *ex cathedra*, to a whole congregation, in the daily choir office of Matins and Evensong; still we are not disposed to lower even the first form as much as Mr. Maskell does. Whatever is its value, it would appear to be at least equivalent to the *Misereatur VESTRI*, and the *Indulgentiam absolutionem et remissionem peccatorum nostrorum tribuat nobis* of the ordinary Breviary Offices. With respect to the second point, it seems that Mr. Maskell is somewhat hampered by following the stream of the ancient ritualists, with respect to the distinctive character of the liturgical absolution. Dr. Pusey, we may observe also, in his Sermon on the Eucharist, (p. 26,) understands the present Roman doctrine to be that 'venial sins only are remitted'—not in the liturgical absolution, but—'by the Eucharist' itself. But if Mr. Maskell's reading of the old theology is correct, his mode of adapting it to present facts seems hardly consistent; because in the Church of England

the absolution of venial sins was formerly sequential upon the sacerdotal and mediate absolution of mortal sins, always after oral confession. But does it now, in later days, follow, that the same restricted value or nature is to be attributed to a form of absolution, which, while it may have been given under the same circumstances as that in the ancient Liturgy, still may be, and as a fact in the majority of our communicants is, pronounced when there has been no oral confession at all? Some, and those highly valued, in our communion, might probably adopt a kind of middle view; as that absolution *is, in genere*, necessary to the remission of all sins, and that its especial grace is conveyed to the faithful communicant, not restrictedly and entirely, either in the liturgical absolution or in the holy communion, but, in the combination of the liturgical absolution, and of the grace given directly in the Body and Blood itself. At the same time, without desiring to commit ourselves to a decided opinion on this immediate point, especially in this place, we may be allowed to say that, while we are convinced, from the natural flow of inquiry into dogma, that, sooner or later, there must of necessity come the successive survey of every part of Christian truth and ecclesiastical decision, and of the doctrine of absolution among the rest, it is with some satisfaction we find Mr. Maskell treating this most delicate subject, which he has not gone out of his way to force into prominence, with so much calmness. The Sermon itself merely attempts to set before its auditors 'the results of inquiry;' the process by which such results were attained, while we do not doubt that it is, at a proper time, forthcoming, might, in the publication of the Sermon, reasonably displace much of its introduction, which, though true, is out of proportion with the more important conclusion. We may observe, in all fairness, that we expect Mr. Maskell can produce high authority for what many will be most disposed to question,—his restriction of the absolution in the Communion-Service to the case of venial sins. By the bye, the citation on the last page of this Sermon, 'Malus Sacerdos,' &c. is not, as Mr. Maskell takes it, from S. Jerome, but from the Auctor Operis Imperfecti in S. Matth. (apud S. Chrysost.) It is incorporated into the Canon Law; Decret. par. I. Distinct. XL. cap. (12.) *Multi*. Again: we know at what disadvantage we speak on any ritual matter on which Mr. Maskell has pronounced an opinion—and the point is one which little, if at all, affects his argument,—but how far can he substantiate the statement, that 'for a thousand years, in our Church, the service of the Holy Communion has never been celebrated, without this or a similar form of confession and absolution, immediately preceding consecration and reception?' (p. 30.) This may be quite true as regards *an* absolution; but the sentence is worded as though this were the only absolution. Did not the confession and absolution of the laity in the mass take place *after* consecration, and immediately before their communion? In the present Roman Mass there are two confessions and absolutions; one in the beginning, which is certainly of the precatory character, and which is used mutually by both priest and people; and the second, which is used only when any besides the celebrant communicates, and which is found, not in the Canon, but in the *Ritus celebrandi Missam*, and occurs after the celebrant has himself communicated. The present practice, as we understand upon good authority, is, in High Mass to sing the Confession in this place, followed by the Absolution of the Laity, if there be but one communicant; and of this abso-

lution a recent authority observes, ('Order and Ceremonial of the Mass,' p. 101,) that 'the form not being simply precatory, but authoritative also, it is accompanied by an act of benediction.' The question is, was a similar confession and absolution in use before the Reformation; a confession and absolution, that is, after consecration? A passage has been pointed out to us in the Order of the Coronation of Henry VII. which seems to the point:—'After the Cardinal hath communed himself, he having between his hands the same chalice whereupon the Holy Sacrament shall be laid, shall turn himself to the King and Queen, and they lying prostrate before him, shall say their *Confiteor*, and the Prelates answering *Misereatur*, and the Cardinal singing *Absolution*. That done, the King and Queen shall somewhat arise kneeling, and with great humility and devotion receive the Sacrament,' &c. Nor again, if Mr. Maskell intends his sentence to imply that in one unbroken line for a thousand years the present English arrangement of Absolution preceding Consecration has obtained, do the facts seem to us to confirm his statement; for it is unquestionable that the order of Edward's First Book was—Consecration, Oblation, Lord's Prayer, &c. Exhortation, Confession, Absolution, Comfortable Words, Prayer of Access, Communion of Celebrant and Assistants, Communion of the Laity,—an arrangement which, with the exception of the position of the Prayer for the Church Militant, is still in the main followed in the Scotch Liturgy.—This mention of Mr. Maskell reminds us that in publishing a second edition of his recent work, 'Holy Baptism,' &c. he has put together an Appendix on Practical Difficulties, which may be had, on application to the publisher, (Pickering,) by purchasers of the first edition.

Among practical works, we have to recommend, with entire confidence, 'Instructions, &c. for Afflicted Christians,' (Masters,) emanating from the same quarter as the consoling 'Devotions for the Sick Room,' which we have more than once commended. The present little collection is of a deep and sacred character. Also, from the same author—one on this occasion especially qualified to aid—'Prayers and Intercessions against the Visitation of the Cholera,' (Masters.) We may, we believe, announce some sanitary and medical directions, immediately connected with the prayers just mentioned, which will shortly be on sale by the same publisher. We must place confidence in some directions; and if called upon to select one guide in such an emergency, we, for ourselves, have great confidence in the quarter of which we are speaking; and it is well to mention only one, for the mischievous practice of the daily newspapers in inserting so many and so contradictory remedies, cannot be too seriously deprecated. Recurrence may also be had to the Bishop of London's Pastoral Letter on the subject. Nor are we without hope that the Bishops will individually address their flocks, if need be, after the manner of 'Thomas, unworthy Bishop of Bath and Wells, to all persons who come to the Bath for cure,' &c.

In immediate connexion with the last subject, we desire to recommend,
1. 'Ventilation Illustrated; a Tract for the Schools of Rich and Poor.'
2. 'A Manual of Public Health,' &c. (Churchill and Wertheim.) The cholera has been productive of great and lasting benefits to the human race, inasmuch as it has aroused men from their senseless indifference to the important subjects of drainage and ventilation, and compelled them to adopt such sanitary measures as will tend materially to alleviate suffering

and prolong life. It is well known to those whose attention has been called to the subject, that in one of the most wealthy establishments in London, all the clerks but one have fallen victims to the poisonous effluvia of (we believe) a cesspool, which a few pounds would have cleansed. Disgraceful as such selfish conduct in individuals is, it is not worse than to allow the population of whole districts,—and such neglect rests on other than individual cupidity,—to be *annually* decimated by typhus and other epidemics, when a few simple sanitary measures would render them comparatively healthy. We take up the subject because it is unchristian to suffer hundreds of families to drag on a sickly, miserable existence, from the mere want of a due supply of fresh air, which may be freely admitted into every cottage in the land, at the cost of a few pence, by means of perforated zinc, and into the houses of the middle classes for as many shillings, by the use of Mr. Bowie's perforated glass, and Dr. Arnott's chimney valve, to which we may add a very ingenious air-pump, invented by Dr. A. for pumping air into and out of schools and large buildings. It being the bounden duty of every intelligent person to give due attention to these most important subjects, especially at a time when the cholera is so near our own shores, and it being an especial office of the Clergy, not only to instruct their people in such matters, but to prevent their schools and churches being actual *foci* of disease, which too many of them are, we beg the especial attention of those connected with parochial duties to these cheap yet most valuable publications. The first is from the pen of an eminent surgeon, and needs no commendation from us—the cost is one penny. The second may be bought for nine-pence. It contains some excellent Tracts (published by 'The Working Man's Association for Improving the Public Health,') on the subjects of 'Ventilation;' 'The Causes of Disease, and the Means of Preventing it;' 'Drainage;' 'Household Cleanliness;' 'The Rearing and Training of Children,' &c. The country Clergy need fear no expensive apparatus; the machinery is neither costly nor complicated; and the instructions presuppose not the slightest scientific knowledge. One hour, and the commonest sense, may lead to the healthiness of a village or township: and if the Clergy think either their own health, or that of their school children and congregations, worth a thought, they will master these subjects. There never was a popular cry which we so desired to swell as that of Sewers, Washhouses, and Ventilation.

Mr. Major, of King's College, London, has published some 'Outline Scripture Maps,' (J. W. Parker,) likely to be useful in schools.

Mr. J. H. Parker has advertised a new series of 'Tracts for the Christian Seasons.' The plan and title promise well, and something on system is required. One caution we may venture to hint to the conductors—avoid prosiness; and, by way of beacon, look to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

'Poems, by Dora Greenwell,' (Pickering.) There is a tone of genuine and tender feeling in this little volume, which disarms criticism, and predisposes the reader to be pleased. The authoress succeeds best in expressing the simpler emotions of childhood and humble life, as in 'The Sisterless,' 'The Old Family,' 'The Deformed Child,' which have a reality and pathos about them atoning for occasional flatness and prolixity. The poems on more ambitious themes, and implying a wider range of thought,

fail in the all-important point of originality. This indeed is almost acknowledged by the writer, who, with praiseworthy honesty, perpetually confesses in a foot-note, or a heading, the source of her inspiration; as if she would have felt it a sort of presumption to say anything new, or of her own, on such subjects as death, youth, poetry, love, parting, &c. &c. which have already been treated in every variety of aspect, by the loftiest geniuses of all ages. She is evidently well read in poetry, and it is her *reading* which suggests her own efforts. If, however, there is nothing new in her mode of viewing the higher concerns of our being, the feeling and tone in which they are dwelt upon are always good, the verse flowing, and the diction cultivated and graceful.

‘Predestination and Election, Vindicated from Dependence on Moral Necessity, and Reconciled with Free-will and a Universal Atonement; Preceded by an Answer to the System of Edwards. By George M‘Clelland,’ (Edinburgh: Bell and Bradfute.) This is a treatise against the Calvinistic theory, and seems to have been elicited by the publication of Dr. Chalmers’s ‘Five Lectures on Predestination, delivered before the University of Edinburgh.’ Dr. Chalmers’s theological reputation, suspected now for some time of having been too high, has been no gainer by these lectures. He hands himself over to the Calvinism of Edwards with a blind impetuosity, and takes in that writer’s arguments with a servile readiness, which tell anything but favourably, both for his judgment and originality. Mr. M‘Clelland’s book is written with considerable closeness of argument, and some originality.

Some important Charges have been published during the quarter. 1. The Bishop of Exeter’s, (Murray,) elsewhere alluded to. 2. The Bishop of Worcester’s, (Rivingtons.) It is simply unfortunate, neither more nor less, for his Lordship, that his period should coincide with that of the prelate just mentioned, but something other than unfortunate that they should take the same path. We do not exactly criticize Bishops’ Charges, but we do express unfeigned wonder at the way in which his Lordship thinks proper to write down words in inverted commas, and then pass them off as Holy Scripture. For example, he cites as Heb. x. 2, ‘When the worshippers were once purged, then ought sacrifices to be no longer offered.’ His Lordship observes that ‘a very significant argument’ against confession ‘may be drawn from the total disappearance of confessionals from our churches.’ Total, indeed. We remember something of the same sort in a newspaper report of a speech of the Bishop of Oxford at Aylesbury. Can anybody prove, on any authority whatever, written or unwritten, constructional, ritual, or dogmatic, archæological or ecclesiological, that ‘confessionals’ ever existed at all—in any single instance, in any age—in ‘our churches?’ But further: the Bishop of Worcester ventures to speak, in connexion with the New Heresy Test and the Clergy Offences’ Bill, of ‘a supposed clause,’ and ‘this phantom clause,’ p. 22. Now, really, after all that has been said and done for the last six months—after what the Bishop of Exeter has said, and what Mr. Goode has said, and what seventeen hundred Clergymen have signed—to talk of ‘a phantom clause’ is—just simply language which might be expected from the Bishop of Worcester. And there we leave it.—3. The Bishop of Salisbury’s (Rivingtons).—4. The Bishop of Fredericton’s, (Masters,) a

valuable document, which we recommend, if only as a memorial of this noble-hearted Bishop's visit.—5. Archdeacon Wilberforce's, (Mozley,) which is quite a model, and contains some important notes on the Northern Convocation. Mr. Dixon has replied in a pamphlet, 'Synodus Eboracensis,' (Simpkin.)—6. Archdeacon Manning's, (Murray,) on which we had designed to say something; but the subject has been perhaps sufficiently ventilated. What our judgment on the particular view put forth by the respected Archdeacon would have been, may be judged by what we have already said with reference to the Bishop of Oxford's dealing with the Hampden case. We cannot but be grateful, however, for the high tone and principle with which this Charge is composed. There is one matter treated of in Archdeacon Manning's notes in which we are not sure that we follow him:—In the canon law, Pars I. Distinct. lxiv. cap. *Episcopi*, and gloss. *d. Quo ad confirmandum*; and Pars II. Caus. ix. Quæst. 3. gloss. *c. ad fin.*, it appears that the Metropolitan alone had the power to confirm, the assent of the comprovincials being necessary to consecration. We cannot find, as the Archdeacon seems to argue, that the consent of the comprovincials is necessary to confirmation, as well as to consecration; that it is necessary in the trial of an accused Bishop is certain, from cap. *Salvo in omnibus*, of the last citation. What is needed is to show how far the protest of any one of the comprovincials against a proposed consecration would have been maintained in the Court Christian; that such protest would have been valid seems to be, at least the early form of, the doctrine of the Canon Law.

Of Sermons, we have received 'The Words from the Cross, Lent Sermons, by Mr. Anderdon, of Leicester.' (Pickering.) 'Harvest Time, by Mr. T. A. Holland.' (Rivingtons.) 'On the Consecration of Ellerton Church, by Mr. J. D. Jefferson.' (Hatchard.) 'The Uncontroverted Preaching of the Parochial Clergy, by Mr. J. Wood Warter.' (Rivingtons.) 'Discerning the Signs of the Times, by Mr. G. E. Bruxner.' (Rivingtons.) 'Christian Loyalty, by Mr. J. T. Robinson.' (Simpkin.) 'Be not many Masters, by Mr. J. R. Woodford; preached at the Archdeacon of Bristol's Visitation.' (Masters.) And, from across the Atlantic, a clear and closely argued 'Letter to P. Winsor, Esq. on leaving the Church,' by Mr. Bridge, the active and estimable Rector of S. John's, Newfoundland: while last, though not least, we gladly recognise a very religious Ordination Sermon, 'The Presence of God in His Church,' by Dr. Jarvis, of Connecticut, (Hertford, U. S.: Parsons;) to which is prefixed a learned and temperate reply to Professor Kingsley, who had attacked Dr. Jarvis's important work, which it is a discredit to ourselves not to have noticed at large, his 'Chronological Introduction to the History of the Church.' (Cleaver.)—We may as well mention, which we learn from this reply, what is the true meaning of Dr. Jarvis's misunderstood title, 'Historiographer of the Church.' It is used in the sense, not of any appointment as from the Church, but of writer of the history of the Church. Dr. Jarvis will pardon us for saying that he ought, we judge, to have called himself 'Historian of the Church;' at least there is, or was, an office of 'Historiographer of the King in Scotland,' meaning a royal appointment. According to this analogy, the phrase adopted by our respected friend Dr. Jarvis does suggest that 'the Church' in council conferred it.

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